Oct. 19, 1963

THE NEW YORKER

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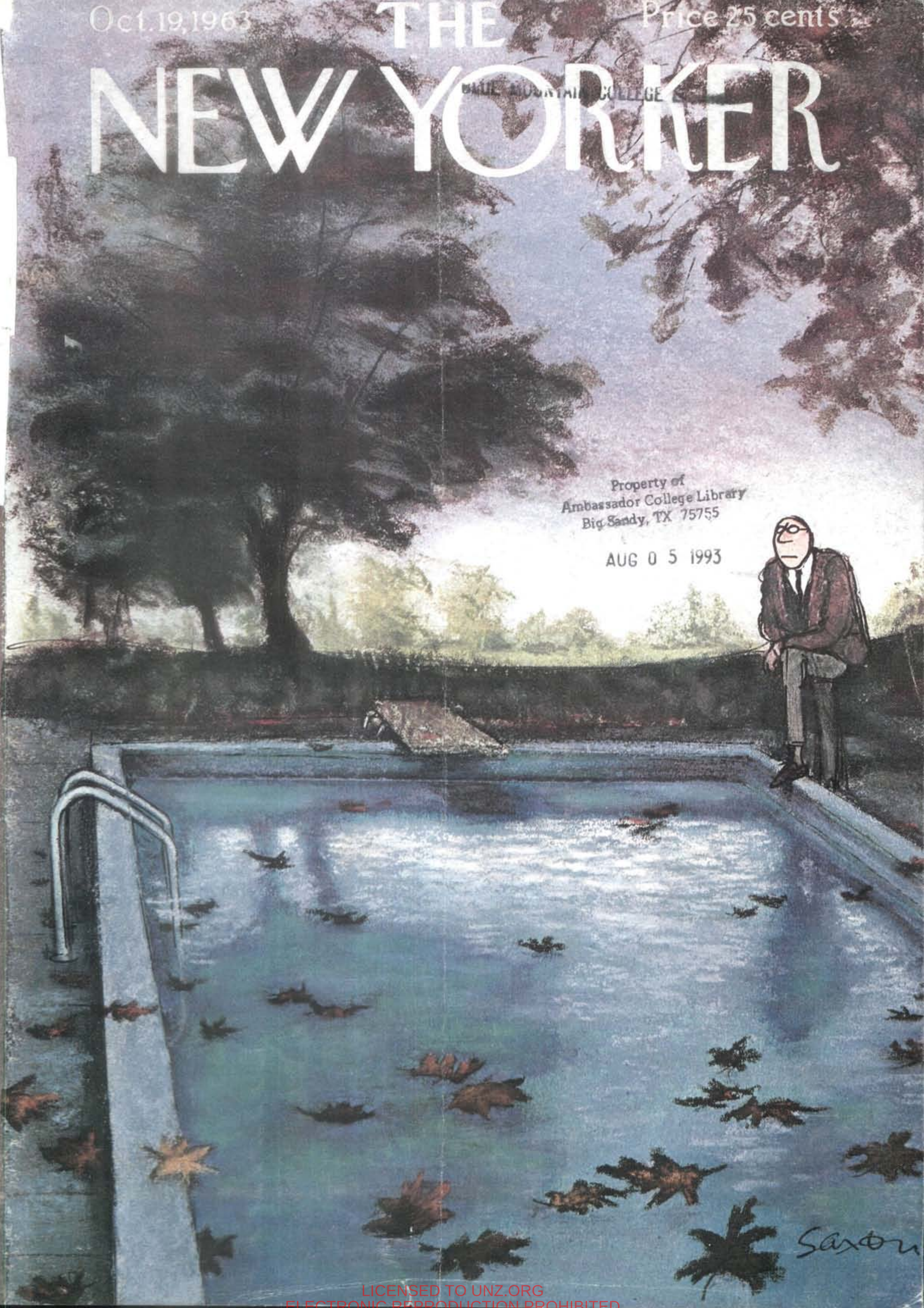

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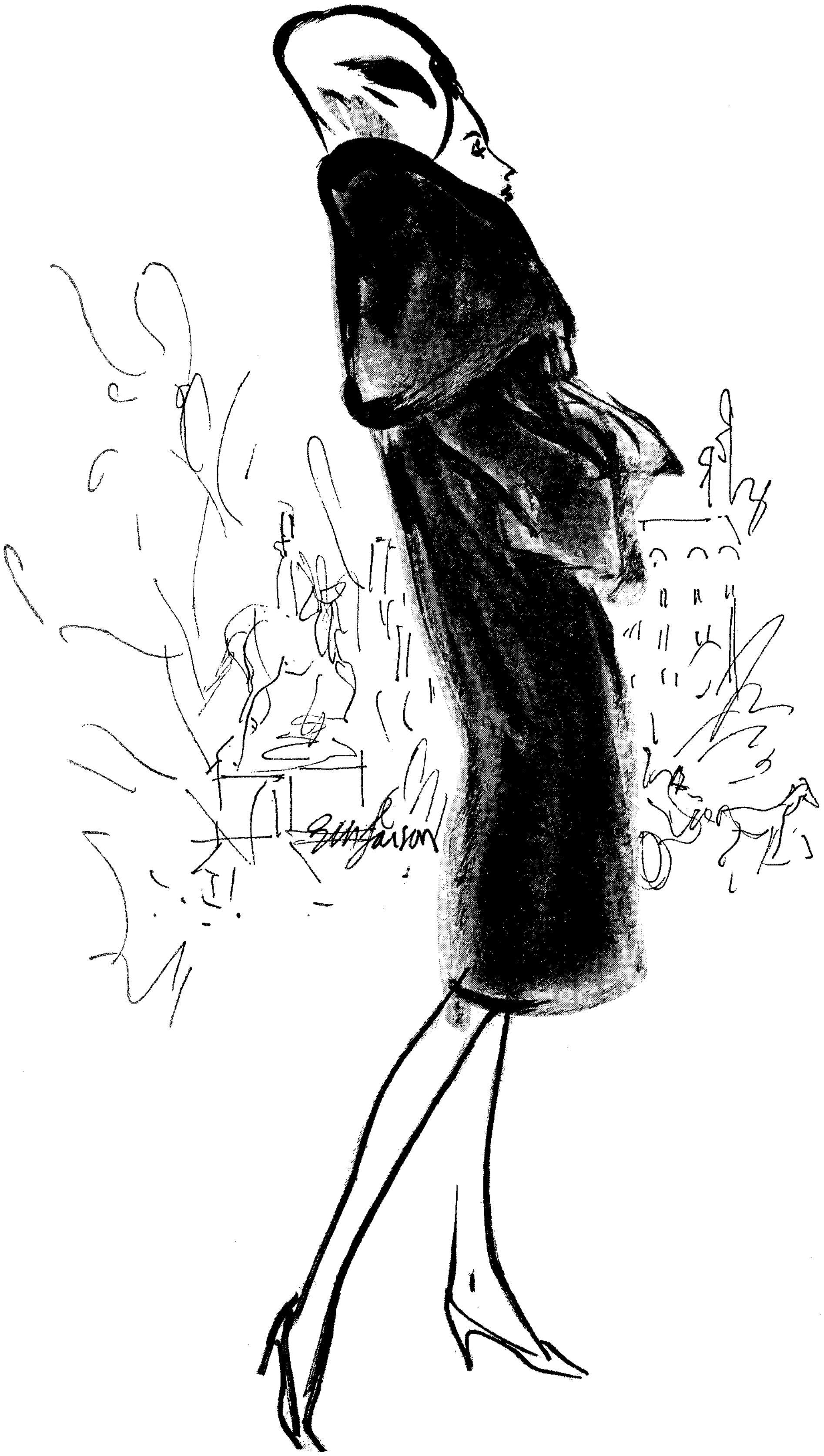

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

A Case of Libel—In this play based on the Reynolds-Pegler libel suit, Van Heflin is superb as the plaintiff's lawyer, and the others in the cast back him up stoutly. Despite the fact that most of us know the details of the real case, Henry Denker, the playwright, who based his findings on a chapter of "My Life in Court," by Louis Nizer, keeps an element of suspense alive throughout the proceedings. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Chips with Everything—All kinds of youthful English types having a hard time in an R.A.F. boot camp. Their woes are overemphasized, and their plight doesn't seem as awful as they seem bent on making it out to be. Arnold Wesker wrote the play, which may be amorphous but does have a dramatic moment or two. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Enter Laughing—A funny show by Joseph Stein, who adapted his play from a novel by Carl Reiner. It concerns itself mostly with the adventures of a Jewish boy who wants to escape a machine shop and become an actor, despite his parents' determination to make a druggist out of him. Alan Arkin is very comical as the youth in question, and Alan Mowbray, Vivian Blaine, Irving Jacobson, and Meg Myles contribute further gaiety to the affair. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Irregular Verb to Love—An assortment of eccentrics gathered together in a loose-jointed comedy in which Cyril Ritchard and Claudette Colbert figure prominently. Mr. Ritchard directed. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Luther—John Osborne's perceptive drama reveals the great German reformer, warts and all. Albert Finney is commanding in the title role, and the rest of the cast keep right up with him. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 1:50 and Saturdays at 2:20.)

The Private Ear and The Public Eye—Two care-free exercises by the English playwright Peter Shaffer. The first is rather a nuisance, and the second fairly witty. The acting, by a small cast, is uniformly commendable. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Rehearsal—No one can fault the performers in this comedy by Jean Anouilh, but maybe the pace of the piece, which concerns some modern French aristocrats, is a trifle leisurely. Still, there is a scene toward the conclusion, in which Alan Badel appears, that makes the whole thing worthwhile. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Semi-Detached—A minor English comedy about a provincial conniver and his family that gets the art of satire no forrader. The outfit enacting it is the Coventry Belgrade Theatre Company. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Spoon River—Some fine dramatic readings of Edgar Lee Masters' famous account of the way things used to be in the Middle West. Betty Garrett, Robert Elston, Joyce Van Patten, and Charles Aidman participate. Mr. Aidman, by the way, conceived the whole project. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—beyond the fringe: Various aspects of modern life surveyed by a quartet of very breezy young men—Leigh Wharton (who has just replaced Dr. Jonathan Miller), Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.)... **mary, mary:** An estranged couple making their way back to the old nest. Patricia Smith, Murray Hamilton, and Michael Evans are now in Jean Kerr's comedy. Tom Helmore will substitute for Mr. Evans for one week starting Monday, Oct. 21. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **never too late:** A comedy having to do with a man in his sixties who learns to his dismay that he is about to become a father again. With Paul Ford, Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **who's afraid of virginia woolf?:** Edward Albee's representation of some denizens of a New England college. The cast at the evening performances consists of Uta Hagen, Arthur Hill, Ben Piazza, and Rochelle Oliver; for the matinées it is Haila Stoddard, Donald Davis, Bill Berger, and Eileen Fulton. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Advocate—A play by Robert Noah, with James Daly in the leading role. Howard Da Silva is the director, and the producers are Michael Ellis and William Hammerstein. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Here's Love—Macy's vs. Gimbels, Santa Claus, and general innocent merriment all around. Not the best show Meredith Willson ever put together, but a reasonably jolly affair. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

She Loves Me—An old-fashioned romantic comedy about a small shop in Hungary, back in the thirties. The songs are by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick, the dances by Carol Haney, and the book, an adaptation of a play by Miklos Laszlo, is by Joe Masteroff. All these contributors have done well enough, but it is the performance, under the direction of Harold Prince, that really sets the mood—light and gently mocking—of the show. With Barbara Cook, Jack Cassidy, Barbara Baxley, and Daniel Massey. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Tovarich—No memorable songs, no original dances, and no particularly witty patter distinguish this musical version of the Jacques Deval-Robert E. Sherwood comedy. Vivien Leigh's presence in it is not fully assured at the time of going to press. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—a funny thing happened on the way to the forum: Zero Mostel and a number of others, clowning about ancient Rome. For two weeks starting Monday, Oct. 21, Jerry Lester will fill in for Mr. Mostel. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **how to succeed in business without really trying:** The saga of a young egomaniac who skips to the top of the mercantile world by duplicity, chicanery, and just plain gall. Darryl Hickman has succeeded Robert Morse as the youth on the upswing, and Rudy Vallée plays his employer. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **oliver!:** An adaptation of Dickens' "Oliver Twist." Lionel Bart is responsible for the book, music, and lyrics, and the cast is headed by Clive Revill, Georgia Brown, Paul O'Keefe, and David Jones. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **stop the world—i want to get off:** Pantomime and other such diversions supplied by Anthony Newley in a revue that takes a man through his seven ages. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Jennie—Mary Martin in a musical with lyrics by Howard Dietz, music by Arthur Schwartz, and a book by Arnold Schulman. Produced by Cheryl Crawford and Richard Halliday, and directed by Vincent J. Donehue. Opens Thursday, Oct. 17. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30;

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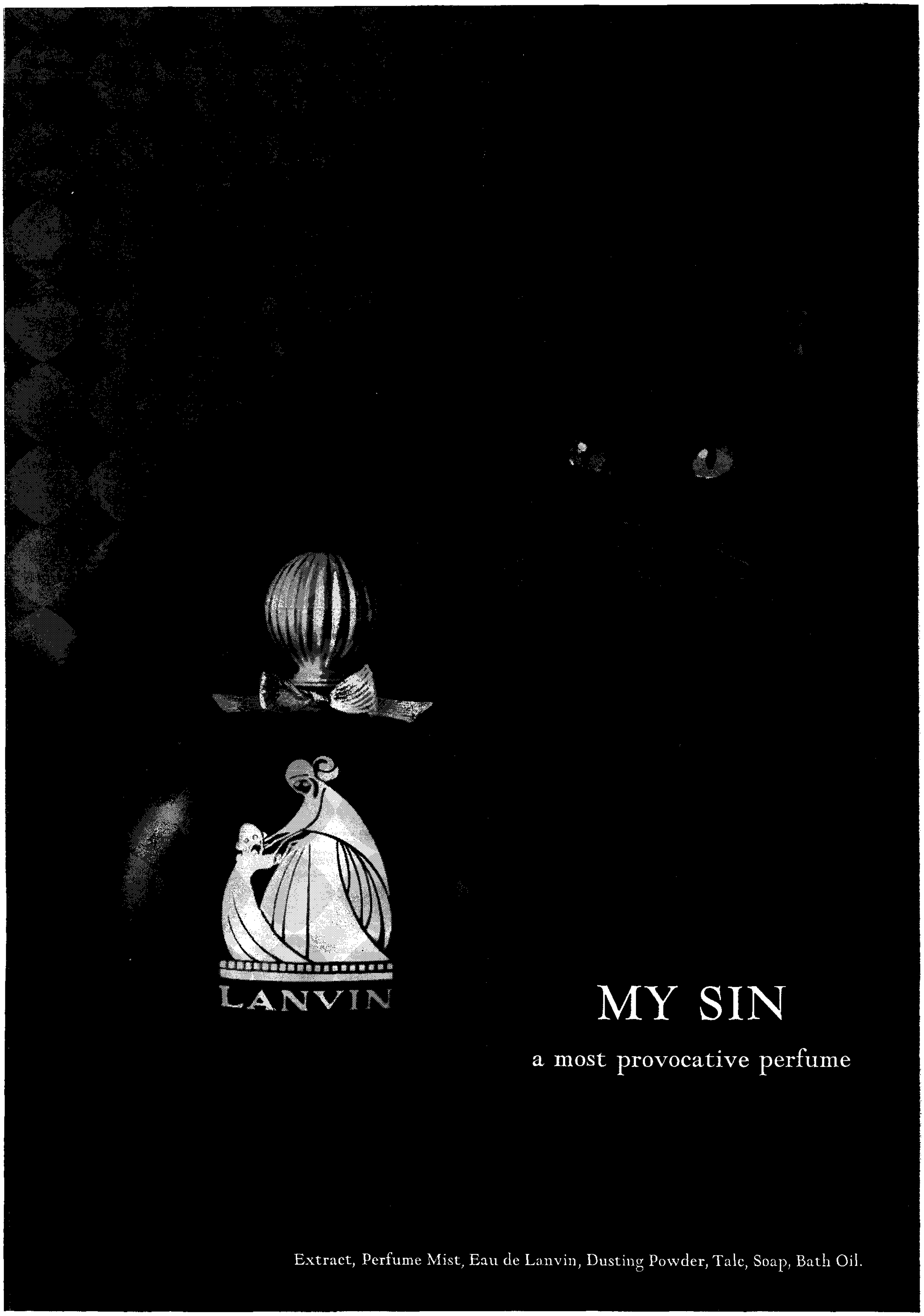
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Marie Bell and Her Company—In its first appearance here, this troupe from Paris will present a two-week repertory, in French, of Racine's tragedies "Bérénice" and "Phèdre." The engagement opens on Sunday, Oct. 20, and will end on Sunday, Nov. 3. "Phèdre" will be performed through the matinée on Sunday, Oct. 27. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Mondays and Sunday, Oct. 27, at 8:45; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

A Rainy Day in Newark—Howard Teichmann's new comedy, with Eddie Mayehoff, Dody Goodman, Zachary Scott, and Mary McCarty. Directed by Albert Marre and presented by Stevens Productions. Opens Tuesday, Oct. 22. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées the first week on Thursday at 2 and Saturday at 2:40; *subsequently on Wednesdays at 2 and* Saturdays at 2:40.)

Barefoot in the Park—Elizabeth Ashley, Robert Redford, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar in a comedy by Neil Simon. Staged by Mike Nichols and produced by Saint Subber. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 23. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

110 in the Shade—A musical by N. Richard Nash, based on his play "The Rainmaker." Harvey Schmidt wrote the music, Tom Jones is responsible for the lyrics, and the cast includes Robert Horton, Inga Swenson, and Stephen Douglass. The director is Joseph Anthony, the producer David Merrick. Opens Thursday, Oct. 24. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

The Bald Soprano and **The Lesson**—A revival of two nonsense plays by Eugène Ionesco, which at their best hit a kind of comic lunacy and at their worst are merely frisky or tiresome or both. Except for a funny performance by Ronald Weyand, as a mad professor, the acting doesn't amount to much. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Ballad for Bimshire—Ossie Davis in a Negro musical, with lyrics and score by Irving Burgie, who, with Loften Mitchell, also wrote the book. (Mayfair Theatre, 235 W. 46th St. CI 7-6180. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Blacks—Jean Genet ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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The Boys from Syracuse—An exhilarating revival. The Rodgers and Hart songs, which include "Falling in Love with Love," "Sing for Your Supper," "This Can't Be Love," and "The Shortest Day of the Year," sound considerably better than new, and they are well sung by an attractive company. The book, in spite of some bright moments, is rather painful but no more so than "The Comedy of Errors," on which it is based. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Brig—This dramatization of one day in a U.S. Marine prison is grim and relentless. It is also wholly believable. Judith Malina is the director. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cages—Two rubbishy one-acters with Shelley Winters and Morgan Sterne. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Color of Darkness: An Evening in the World of James Purdy—Five dim one-act plays adapted from the work of Mr. Purdy. (Writers' Stage, 83 E. 4th St. GR 7-7030. Thursday, Friday, and Sunday at 8:40, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 20.)

Corruption in the Palace of Justice—A philosophical whodunit by the late Italian dramatist Ugo Betti, in which a government official investigates the judicial authorities of "a foreign city" to find out which one of them has been dealing with the underworld. The first act is good; the second and third acts tend to get a little high-flown and stagy. With C. K. Alexander, Leonardo Cimino, and Muni Seroff, all of whom do well. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Desire Under the Elms—José Quintero's production of the O'Neill melodrama is never dull, but it does become so overwrought at times that one almost forgets that the setting is meant to be New England. Betty Miller is the young woman who marries an old farmer and then seduces his son, and Carl Low is the farmer. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Opening Night and **A Matter of Like Life and Death**—A brace of one-acters that are not very strong in themselves but that certainly provide some playable roles for performers. The performers who make the most of the roles are Peggy Wood and Ruth Gates, as an alcoholic old star and her dresser, and James Karen, Frances Sternhagen, and Marlene Warfield, as a scientist, his wife, and a cheeky maid. (East End Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. OR 3-3377. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Penny Change—A comedy-fantasy by Helen Eisner. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Pinter Plays—Sinister and fascinating comedies by the English playwright Harold Pinter. They have in common the theme of mischief, but their settings range from a dank basement in Birmingham to a fussy house in Belgravia. Mr. Pinter's dialogue is a joy to hear. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-1515. Moves on Tuesday, Oct. 22, to the Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St., YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

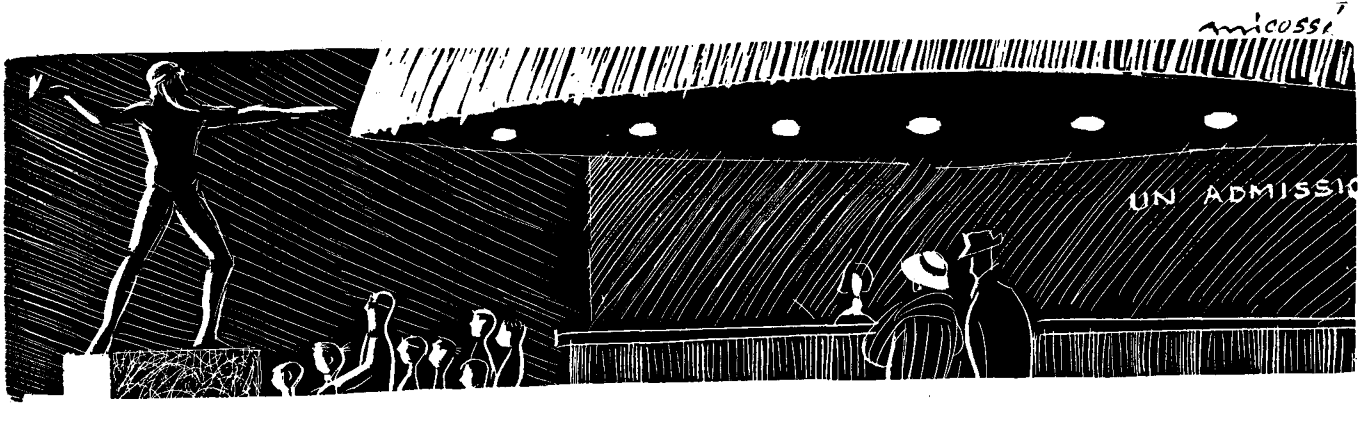
Riverwind—A brisk and unpretentious little musical comedy. The music is the work of a promising newcomer named John Jennings, who wrote the lyrics, too, and the setting is a motel on, of all places, the banks of the Wabash. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Six Characters in Search of an Author—A revival of the Pirandello classic about a group of characters who mysteriously appear at a theatrical rehearsal and refuse to leave. The translation, by Paul Avila Mayer, is lively, and the staging, by William Ball, is highly satisfactory. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—The return of Ann Corio, as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is comic in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully gamy. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

Martha Graham and Her Dance Company—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday evening, Oct. 17: "Clytemnestra." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 18: "Diversion of Angels," "Secular Games," and "Legend of Judith." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 19: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Circe," and "Acrobats of God." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 19: "Diversion of Angels," "Legend of Judith," and "Acrobats of God." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 20: "Embattled Garden," "Secular Games," and "Night Journey." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 20: "Clytemnestra." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 22: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Secular Games," and "Phaedra." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 23: "Diver-



DECORATOR'S DREAM HOUSE

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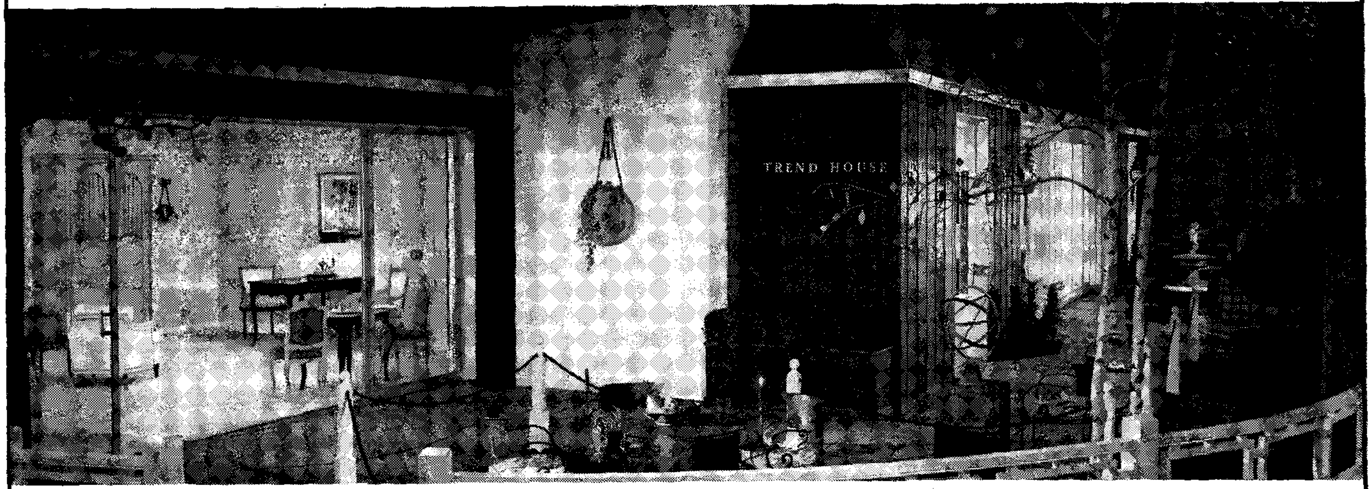

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sion of Angels," "Circe," and "Acrobats of God."... ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 24: "Circe," "Embattled Garden," and "Legend of Judith."... ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 25: "Night Journey," "Secular Games," and "Phaedra."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 26: "Embattled Garden," "Secular Games," and "Legend of Judith."... ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 26: "Clytemnestra."... ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 27: "Seraphic Dialogue," "Diversion of Angels," and "Acrobats of God."... ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 27: "Circe," "Secular Games," and "Legend of Judith." (Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. JU 6-5555. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

DONALD McKAYLE—With his company and Carmen de Lavallade. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Sunday, Oct. 20, at 3.)

MISCELLANY

OBRATSOV RUSSIAN PUPPET THEATRE—Performances in English by a company appearing here for the first time. "An Unusual Concert" will be performed every evening and at the Wednesday matinées. "Aladdin and His Wonderful Lamp" will be done at the Saturday and Sunday matinées. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 3, and Sundays at noon and 3:15. Through Saturday, Nov. 23.)

HELMUT QUALTINGER—A Viennese satirist, in a one-man show (in German). A one-week engagement that will run from Wednesday, Oct. 23, through Wednesday, Oct. 30. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. Opening-night curtain at 8; thereafter nightly, except Monday, Oct. 28, at 8:30. Matinée Sunday, Oct. 27, at 3. For tickets, call LO 4-6990.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Buddy Greco, in excellent voice, is popping around the Royal Box in the course of an inside-show-business sort of song recital, a specialty act he can do better than almost anyone else. A trigger-happy band and pianist, Dick Palumbi, accentuate Mr. G.'s positive declamations. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The "No Casting Tonight" sign is forever conspicuous by its absence from the offices of this famous old talent agency. Freddy Alonso's Latin band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra perform for anyone who likes to dance. In the adjoining Champagne Room, Freddie Fassler, a New Yorker from way, way back, takes a bow and fiddle in hand for people who just have things to talk about. On Sundays, only the peninsula known as Perona's is active, and there's no dancing.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Infra dig has no place in the Café Pierre, where Stanley Worth's small band does sedate dance music. Mondays, another band takes over.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—If girl singers must upholster their recitals with props and prancing young men, they could study with advantage the swift and sly merry-go-round of ballad and ballet indulged in by Carol Lawrence and her flexible flyers, Robert Lone and Johnny Harmon. This pink of perfection romps in the Persian Room to the music of a big band under the skilled control of Joe Harnell. Their occasions are dinner and supper; Mark Monte's little fireflies and Emil Çoleman's tireless Trojans do dance music all through the evening. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano, supported by a violin, starts the day in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and brings it to an end in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. Mondays are silent.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): The Apaches (Paris division) would be no match on any floor for the troupe of Argentine tangoists led at breakneck pace through the Grill by Juan Carlos Copes. Their final feats of derring-do occur on Saturday, Oct. 19. Milt Shaw's orchestra gets to work at seven; the balletomanes appear at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Peter Duchin and his billowing band are swarming in the Maisonette, thereby making it the winter palace of Southampton. Quintero's Continentals are on hand, too, for anyone who needs coaching in Latin. Closed Sundays.... ¶ La Boite, a *dinner-and-supper-*with-music alcove, offers Walter Kay at the piano and Jani Sarkozi at the fiddle. These familiar characters-about-town operate from eight to two every night but Sunday.

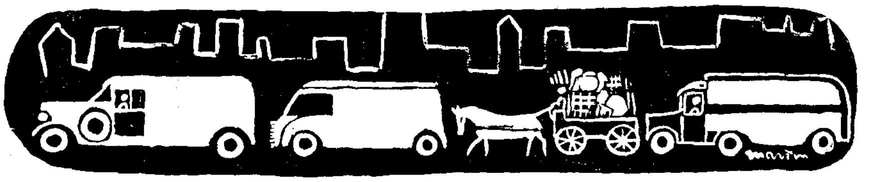
SAVOY HILTON, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Red as true love's rose is this year's edition of the Columns, wherein Arturo Arturos's tiny dance band disports itself with vigor and great change of pace on a schedule like this: Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty, and Sundays from six (tea dancing is back on Fifth Avenue at last) to eleven. Closed Mondays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Gordon and Sheila MacRae, who are doing their partying at dinner and supper in the Empire Room, prove again that it's not what you do (some of their skits are too old to be out this late at night) but how you do it—a department in which they excel. They come to an end on Saturday, Oct. 19; on *Monday, Oct. 21, Alan King starts* distributing a high-grade brand of gag lines. Viva-voce dance music—by a Meyer Davis orchestra and the band of Horace Diaz—will go right on. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): A free-associational setup (everyone knows everyone) for all ages. The *padrone* is Goldie Hawkins himself, who alternates at the piano with Wayne Sanders during the evening, and joins him at double piano along about midnight. Sam Hamilton patrols one of the pianos from five-thirty to eight. Closed Sundays.... **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Boy (Rodolpho) meets girl (Mimi), and now and then some other Puccini character meets doom, during the course of dinner and supper. Aldo Bruschi, *régisseur* of this minuscule opera company, is also soloist, pianist, and—from Thursday through Sunday—dance master, in charge of a dreaming junior-size dance band. Closed Mondays.... **CAFÉ AMBASSADOR,** in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): No illusion of grandeur decorates the little palace that surrounds Bobby Short; instead, it's grandeur in person. Mr. Short's ditties, which could be called Ballads of the Blithe Café, take place between ten and three every night but Monday, and they're paced by Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan, those eminent sidemen. Otis Clements plays piano from five to ten every night but Sunday, and Mondays he's there until twelve.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): A game fit for a king who would rather play ace, queen, and joker than play house. Norbert Faconi would rather play Stradivarius, and does, in serenade fashion. No music Sundays.... **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about *domestic architecture,* which were, basically, that one good laugh deserves an-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

other. George Cardini, whose violin is incurably romantic, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays. . . . **RITZ BAR,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): It stays open later than any other bank, but then there's a bar, to say nothing of mannerly piano at the cocktail hour and again from nine to one every night but Sunday. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A Latin Olympics in miniature takes place twice a night to keep the diners in touch with the world of flamenco. Dancing for the diners as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bubbly Londoner, is at the piano in the bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic portfolio, principally British and New York. He gets rolling at nine. No music on Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): A subdued Eternal City is on the horizon, and the hillbillies, singing and playing, who thread the dining tables between six and two are from the Seven Hills, not the Kentucky ones. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Grand-manner is the attitude of the café over which Cy Walter presides. His pianoforte, which is lightning ever so loosely chained, operates from cocktails until one in the morning. Sundays, Forrest Perrin gets to use the keyboard. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): This thoroughfare, a sort of Via Veneto West, is a refectory gently but firmly dominated by the perambulating corps of fiddlers led by Herman Honigsberg, a sound (in every sense) man. Closed Sundays. . . . **MÉDITERRANÉE,** 575 Park Ave., at 63rd St. (TE 8-6130): Mare Nostrum in a mood so calm that you can easily pick out the fish you want for dinner. On one shore sits the piano of Ralph Strain, who is prepared—at nearly any moment between six and one—to be poetic or philosophical or puckish. Sundays are his vacations. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): This reëstablishment of the Age of Ornamentation is the locale of the flamenco guitar wielded by a Spanish import named José Luis Franco, who's around from eight to one. No music Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The undergraduate segment of the amusement world sends delegates here every evening to look at or sing along with the jazz threesome at one end of the pavilion, or just to table-hop. Sundays, a jazz twosome does duty. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): The Regency Room cocktail lounge, an accurate replica of the halls of Montezuma, affords—from five-thirty to twelve-thirty, every evening but Monday—Rack Godwin, whose drawing-room piano exhibits a vivid imagination. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Henry James would have slept, dined, and wined in this ancestral pile; he might, too, have been amused by the soulful organ music (five-thirty to seven, and again after the theatre) in the bar. No music Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Handsome is as handsome does, and all that sort of thing. George Feyer's feather-duster piano is the accompaniment from eight-thirty to one or two. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The natives are restless tonight and every night, what with their constant barrage of zimbalon, piano, violin, and voice (Lili France), all of which are devoted to the last time they saw Budapest. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): You can't tell the waiters from the opera singers even with a program, for the two professions are plainly interchangeable here. Their seemly uproar begins at dinner and runs (and how) through supper. Closed Mondays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): A citizens' rally made up wholly of urbanites, and local ones at that, who are escorted from dinner through supper by Budd Gregg's piano. Mondays are Twist nights (the Commanders make the requisite noise) for charity, which is just about the only excuse for this rerun of ancient history. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Short is the shrift this season for Conrad Monjoy, who strolls along his piano only from six to nine-thirty, and spends Saturdays and Sundays in seclusion. . . . **BILTMORE,** Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): Joan Bishop executes her courteous piano recitations (five to eight-thirty, except Sundays) under the Clock of the Palm Court, that old Ivy League trysting place. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The Casino-on-the-Park, a necessary breathing space in the middle of New York, affords the calm, collected keyboard work of Steven Weltner, international traveller, from five-thirty to midnight. No music Sundays.

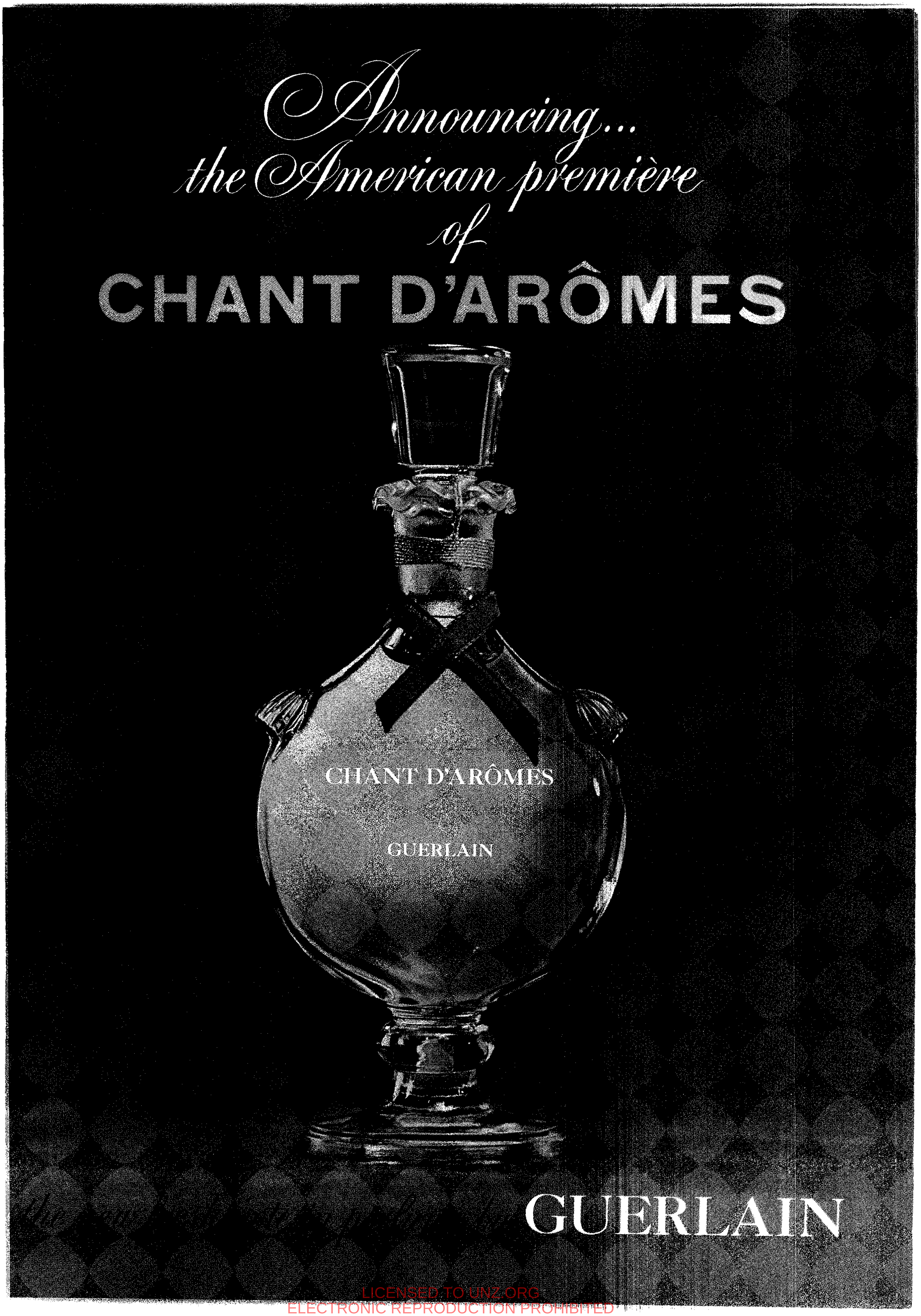
BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Around the world with eighty dames, some of them Amazonian and some of them little dolls, and every last one of them in the best of spirits and the least of costuming. Also aboard ship are François Szony and Nancy Claire, a nearly nonpareil brace of balletomanes, who do a trapeze act without any trapeze, and Bert Wheeler, a roguish comedian if there ever was one. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The main event is Tony Bennett, doing his best to make run-of-the-mill arias into silken purses, and making silken-purse ones a little better all around. The rest is rumpus. Dancing. . . . **INTERNATIONAL,** Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): George White's new elocution class, restricted to great big beautiful blondes, and blondes who can do the Charleston, is proudly exhibiting its mastery over a dozen two-syllable words. The pace of Mr. W.'s "Scandals" is decrepit, the singing depressed, and the humor deplorable, but America need fear nothing as long as it has girls like these in its first line of defense. Dancing.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): "Dime a Dozen," a revue that can (and often does) serve as copybook for other entrepreneurs, spares no rods, spoils no points, plays no favorites—even to show. The troupers are Jane Connell, Gerry Matthews, Gordon Connell, Jamie Ross, Carol Morley, and Susan Browning. The music is lyric, the choreography is action precisely suiting the words. The pit band is the concert grands of Carl Norman and Robert Colston; the hours are eight-forty-five and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Vaughn Meader, who had the shortest but the merriest term of office of any President of these United States, is again going to the people, this time with new ideas about humor. Patricia Scott is the lively songbird of the occasion. There is background music by a trio, and four-course nourishment is part of the scheme, too. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): The Second City group of players is forever scheming up original tricks to play on its audience, and most of them are wholehearted pleasure. Barbara Harris, MacIntyre Dixon, Bob Dishy, Andrew Duncan, Anthony Holland, and Paul Dooley are the splendid cast. The revue they keep reconstructing operates Tuesdays through Fridays at eight-thirty and eleven; Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty; and Sundays at eight-thirty. . . . **THE PREMISE,** 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020): Many a true word is being said—and not alway in jest, either—by the five-strong cast of a revue that's sometimes informal to the point of formlessness but is always intent upon its theme—live-and-let-live has got to be the American way of life. The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine; Fridays at eight and ten-thirty; Saturdays at seven-thirty and ten-thirty; and Sundays at three and eight-thirty. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Soft and fragrant winds on the Spanish Main, all because Los Chavales de España are crooning, mooning, and burbling their way through life, accompanied by a set of flamenco dancers. Dining as well as dancing is in order. Mondays through Fridays at nine and twelve-thirty; Saturdays at nine, twelve, and two; and Sundays at nine-thirty. Sundays, there's also a rampant tea dance. The Chavales' own dance music and Emilio Reyes' band are the perfect stimulants for the whole thing. . . . ¶ Juan de la Mata, whose flamenco guitar is top-of-the-evening, has just returned to the little den next door to the bar. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244):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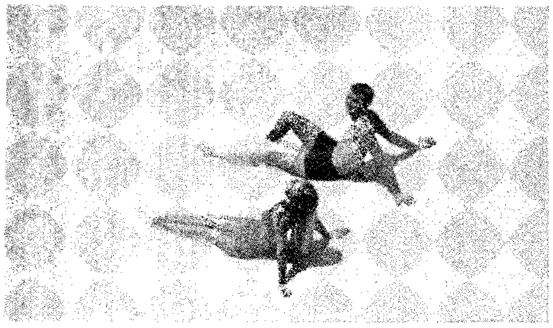

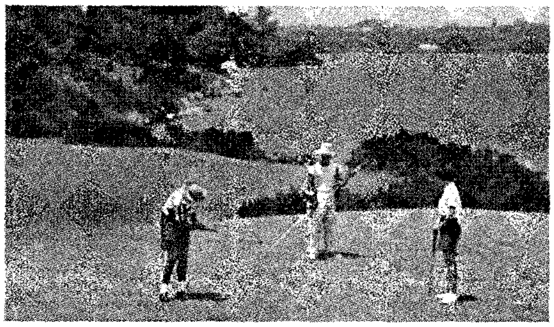

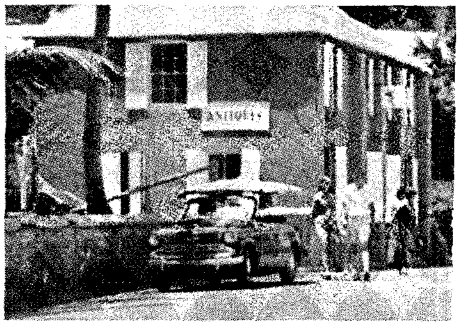

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"Money" is a two-by-four play with music in which jokesmiths laugh at American-style young love. The pleasurable object of adoration is Barbara Quaney; the lovelorn lads are David Rounds, Jon Stone, and George Coe. The jokesmiths of the wry whimsey are Tom Whedon and David Axlerod; the composer is Sam Pottle; the director is the mordant Ronny Graham. The hours are nine-thirty and midnight; closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **DOWNSTAIRS,** Mabel Mercer's advice to everyone (wear your heart on your sleeve) is being distributed after ten-thirty in the best of all possible lyrics and in her celebrated bittersweet fashion. Sam Hamilton is her pianist. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE SHERIDAN SQUARE,** W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. (YU 9-1334): "The World of Kurt Weill in Song," a revival of the deserving musicologist's important American phase, as well as of his Bertolt Brecht phase, is done disarmingly (a solitary piano is the entire background) and to perfection by Will Holt and Martha Schlamme. Sunday, Oct. 20, is the last night. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB,** 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): Sackcloth and ashes are to be worn on Saturday, Oct. 19, when John Bird, Eleanor Bron, Jeremy Geidt, and John Fortune, four of the never-to-be-forgotten crown jewels of the London revue called "The Establishment," wind up their stay in this country. On Tuesday, Oct. 22, a new version of "The Establishment," with a new and imported cast, will begin its career. Carole Simpson, the fifth jewel of the original company, will stay on. So will Teddy Wilson's jaunty jazz threesome. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): It's stampede time when Felicia Sanders puts her spurs to a song and makes for the high hurdles; it's Caribbean-cruise time when Enid Mosier struts and sings; it's sidewalks of New York when Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames rage unchecked through their ballads. The rest of the cast is just something to sit bravely through. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Among those present are Bill Evans, whose piano calls for the unwavering collaboration of the listener's imagination; Helen Merrill, a soft-spoken singer we don't often hear any more; and Walter Bishop's present-day trio. There are Sunday matinées from four-thirty to seven. Closed Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Dick Gregory, a newscaster, editorialist, and philosopher (homespun) who's apt to have the last word about everything, actually has his last word on Saturday, Oct. 19. The Ramsey Lewis trio withdraws the same night. On Monday, Oct. 21, a new parade begins. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Brock Peters and his shiver-the-timbres voice deal efficaciously with folk music, and Dakota Staton gets fairly fancy with cantatas. The band belongs to Mongo Santamaria, so the bongo makes itself heard, and often. The next cast, due on Tuesday, Oct. 22, is headed by Carmen McRae, an even fancier balladeer. On Friday, Oct. 25, the trio run by Charlie Byrd, that great guitar man, will be added. Mondays are visitors' nights. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): A worthy coffeehouse specializing in folklore, which is at present narrated, full voice, by the Tarriers. An interesting sideline is Woody Allen, who doesn't sing at all (his voice is still changing); in place of song, he provides vivid memories of his just-around-the-corner childhood daydreams and nightmares. Tuesdays are given over to visiting undergraduates. . . . **THE MOST,** 875 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-5738): This rumpus room has restored (after a decade's absence) Joe Mooney to Manhattan. He's now an organ soloist, not the owner of a band, but his touch and his voice make one unaware of the lacuna. He alternates with Kenny Burrell's new-era trio. Nine to two is their run. No music Sundays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Pulling of punches is against the rules here. Rant-and-roll sound prevails from three in the afternoon until eight-thirty; then the Dukes of Dixieland and Red Allen's bang-bang band become the blowhards. Sundays, other players have the use of the hall. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The incumbents are Horace Silver's tremolo quintet and the foursome of industrious Terry Gibbs. Visitors' days are Mondays, when the regulars are at rest. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): A house of worship attended by the outlying faithful. The fivesome led by Zoot Sims and Al Cohn is again exerting its squatters' rights. Closed Mondays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Herman Chittison's easygoing trio checks out on Wednesday, Oct. 23. Closed Sundays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): In this academy for the study of modern influences on music is Thelonious Monk, whose seemingly spur-of-the-second chords keep his piano continually off balance. He runs a quartet. Roland Hanna's trio does the other chores. Mondays, they give way to the Upper Bohemia Six, organized and participated in by Larry Rivers, a modern-age painter whenever he lays down his saxophone. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Convention Hall, and the callooh-callay that goes with it. Dorothy Donegan, who considers the hammer throw an important part of piano technique, runs a trio in which Jo Jones is involved. Harold Quinn this season is a solo pianist. On Monday, Oct. 21, Tyree Glenn's cheerful quartet succeeds the Donegans. Sundays, Louis Metcalf's traditionalists are the whole show. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The trio belonging to Howard Reynolds is contemporaneous, without a single over-the-shoulder glance at *les temps perdus*. Monday is its night of rest. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Saturday's children will find the customary roughhewn course in Early Americana. For Saturday, Oct. 19, they are promised Buck Clayton, Buster Bailey, Hank Duncan, Jimmy Archey, and Louis Metcalf's quartet. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The celebrated 52nd Street hot potato, transplanted here, has piano during the week by Cliff Jackson, who is joined every Thursday, Friday, and Saturday by Zutty Singleton and Tony Parenti. No music on Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

HERMAN AXELROD—Abstract sculptures in wood and metal; through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Bodley, 223 E. 60th St.)

FRANCIS BACON—A loan exhibition of paintings that coincides with the showing (starting Friday) of this British contemporary's works at the Guggenheim Museum; through Nov. 2. (Granville, 929 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALBERT BIERSTADT (1830-1902)—Studies in oil; through Nov. 16. (Lewison, 50 E. 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

AL BLAUSTEIN—Figurative drawings and etchings; through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

NORMAN BLUHM—Abstract water colors; through Nov. 2. (American Gallery, 156 E. 64th St. Closed Mondays.)

ILYA BOLOTOWSKY—Geometric abstractions; through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

JEAN CHABAUD—Paintings by a young French artist; through Nov. 2. (Thibaut, 799 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

PACHITA CRESPI—Impressionistic paintings; through Oct. 31. (Crespi, 1153 Madison Ave., at 85th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

VIEIRA DA SILVA—Gouaches by the Paris abstractionist; through Nov. 2. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

SEENA DONNESON—*Tondo* paintings, collages, and drawings; through Oct. 31. (Pietrantonio, 26 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

AKIBA EMANUEL—Stone carvings and terra cottas; through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

JAMES ENSOR—Etchings by this Belgian artist,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

who died in 1949; through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

Edward Giobbi—Paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 26. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Theo Hios—Paintings; through Nov. 2. (Smolin, 19 E. 71st St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 12:30 to 6.)

Roy Lichtenstein—Comic-strip and commercial-image paintings; through Thursday, Oct. 24. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Karl Mann—Collages; through Monday, Oct. 21. (Bianchini, 16 E. 78th St.)

Henri Matisse—Etchings, lithographs, and linoleum cuts; through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Deitsch, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Mayhew—Landscapes; through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

Richard Miller—Abstract Expressionist paintings; through Nov. 2. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kyle Morris—Abstract oils; through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Alice Neel—Portraits; through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alfonso Ossorio—Abstract panels; through Nov. 9. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Picasso and Klee—Paintings and drawings; through Nov. 2. (Saidenberg, 1035 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Constance Richardson—Paintings of Antigua, Guatemala; through Oct. 30. (Kennedy, 13 E. 58th St.)

Andrée Ruellan—Paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Tobias Schneebaum—Landscapes and figure paintings done in Borneo; through Nov. 9. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Monday mornings.)

David Shapiro—Expressionistic figures and landscapes; through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Sheppard—Realist paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Grand Central, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.)

Hassel Smith—Paintings done by a California artist in Cornwall, England; through Nov. 2. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

Antoni Tàpies—Abstract paintings by this Spanish artist; through Nov. 16. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Turnbull—Sculptures in bronze, wood, and stone, by a British contemporary; through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

Hugo Weber—Abstractions by a Swiss-born artist; through Nov. 9. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

Harvey Weiss—Welded-brass and cast-bronze sculptures; through Nov. 2. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

Master Drawings—A benefit loan exhibition from the Art Institute of Chicago, ranging from a 1438 Pisanello to a 1944 Picasso; through Nov. 30. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Sculptures—At the **parsons,** 24 W. 57th St.: Ceremonial vessels, pots, idols, and animals, two thousand years old, from Amlash, in Iran; through Saturday, Oct. 26. . . . **segy,** 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.: Wood, ivory, and bronze masks, statues, stools, and containers, from Ghana, Nigeria, and eight other new African states; through Oct. 31. (Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.) . . . **stone,** 48 E. 86th St.: Four present-day abstractionists—Robert Mallary, John Chamberlain, John Anderson, and César; through Saturday, Oct. 19.

Americans; Group Shows—At the **art students league,** 215 W. 57th St.: Works in a variety of mediums by forty-two League instructors, including Theodoros Stamos, Seong Moy, and José de Creeft; through Oct. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 A.M. to 9:30 P.M.; Saturdays, 9 to 4.) . . . **downtown,** 32 E. 51st St.: Two paintings apiece by Stuart Davis, Ben Shahn, Abraham Rattner, and others; through Saturday, Oct. 26. . . . **grand central,** 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: The annual Founders Exhibition, made up of paintings and sculptures by over a hundred artists, among them Chen Chi, Robert Brackman, and Mario Korbel; through Wednesday, Oct. 23. . . . **janis,** 15 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Willem de Kooning, Philip Guston, Jackson Pollock, and eight other Abstract Expressionists; through Nov. 2.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **elkon,** 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Twentieth-century paintings, drawings, collages, and sculptures by (for instance) Franz Kline, Balthus, and Joseph Cornell; through Saturday, Oct. 19. . . . **perls,** 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, among others, Rouault, Braque, and Calder; through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **schweitzer,** 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: George Bellows, J. H. Twachtman, and Gustav Loiseau are three of the artists represented in a show called "Waters, Salt and Sweet;" through Nov. 23.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **hahn,** 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Three French landscapists—Boudin, Corot, and Courbet; through Nov. 9. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **new school,** 66 W. 12th St.: Paintings by a dozen modern Irish artists, including Barrie Cooke, Louis le Brocquy, and Patrick Scott; through Nov. 9. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Art of Fabergé," a loan collection of precious objects (Easter eggs, miniature articles of furniture, carved figures, and the like) designed by the last jeweller to the Imperial Russian Court. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings dating from 1940 by Hans Hofmann, the dean of the Abstract Expressionists; through Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Sculptures in wax, plaster, and bronze by the Italian Impressionist Medardo Rosso (1858-1928); through Nov. 23. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of Asian art loaned by Ernest Erickson and the Erickson Foundation. On view are Islamic ceramics, miniatures, metalwork, textiles, and rugs; Indian miniature paintings and sculptures; and Nepalese, Thai, and Cambodian sculptures. Through Jan. 12. (An admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.) . . . ¶ Paintings by eleven Spanish Old Masters—El Greco, Goya, and Murillo, for example—from the collection of the late Oscar B. Cintas; through Nov. 3. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Iranian Ceramics," a display of potteries and porcelains of ancient Persia, lent by museums and private collectors both in Europe and America; through Dec. 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of oils by Francis Bacon, one of Britain's leading painters; starting Friday, Oct. 18. A good complement to this exhibition is the Bacon showing at the Granville Gallery, 929 Madison Ave., at 74th St. . . . ¶ A memorial exhibition of paintings by Morris Louis (1912-1962); through Oct. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Books and manuscripts from the Heineman Collection, including musical manuscripts, French and German literary and historical autographs, first editions and bindings, and illuminated manuscripts; through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ "William Blake—Illustrations of the Book of Job" and "French Mosaic Bindings, 1851-1900;" through Nov. 23. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave., at 104th St.—Thirty-eight mid-eighteenth- to mid-nineteenth-century dolls recently given to the Museum, including "Mehitabel

Hodges," one of the oldest known imported dolls in America, brought here from France in 1724. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Creative Casting," an exhibit of new work in metal by American artists and craftsmen; through Nov. 10. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 W. 53rd St.—The first exhibition in this new museum is made up of paintings, sculptures, and related objects, dating from the early eighteenth century to the late nineteenth, on loan from private collections; through Nov. 24. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Sculpture of Primitive Peoples: Recent Acquisitions 1963" (from Africa, the islands of the Pacific, and the Americas); through Nov. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—The opening section of a new rotating exhibit of the Society's original water-color drawings of "The Birds of America," by John James Audubon. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—"Sixty Years of American Art," a selection of paintings and sculptures (by John Sloan, Philip Guston, Franz Kline, and others) from the Museum's permanent collection; through Sunday, Oct. 20. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the paintings of Joseph Stella (1877-1946), America's leading Futurist; starting Wednesday, Oct. 23. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

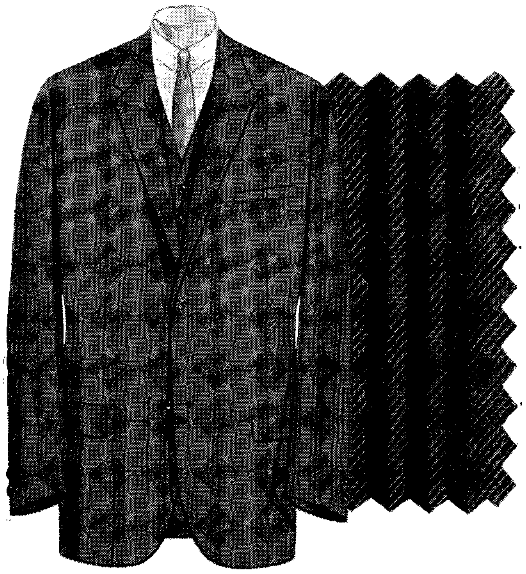
(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Oct. 17, at 8: A new production of Massenet's "Manon," with Anna Moffo, Jeanette Scovotti, Nicolai Gedda, Frank Guarrera, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 18, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Teresa Stich-Randall, Lucine Amara, Cesare Siepi, Leopold Simoneau, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8: "Aïda," with Birgit Nilsson, Irene Dalis, Carlo Bergonzi, Mario Sereni, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Monday, Oct. 21, at 8: "La Bohème," with Raina Kabaivanska, Maria Gray, George Shirley, Calvin Marsh, and Anton Diakov. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 22, at 8: "Aïda," with Birgit Nilsson, Irene Dalis, Carlo Bergonzi, Mario Sereni, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 23, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Gianna d'Angelo, Joy Clements, Cornell MacNeil, Barry Morell, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Justino Diaz. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 24, at 7:15: "Die Meistersinger," with Lisa Della Casa, Blanche Thebom, Sándor Kónya, Otto Edelmann, Ezio Flagello, and Karl Dönch. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 25, at 8: "Manon," with Anna Moffo, Nicolai Gedda, Frank Guarrera, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 26, at 2: "La Bohème," with Raina Kabaivanska, Maria Gray, George Shirley, Calvin Marsh, and Anton Diakov. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Teresa Stich-Randall, Lucine Amara, Neyde Thomaz, Cesare Siepi, Leopold Simoneau, and Fernando Corena.

New York City Opera Company—Thursday, Oct. 17, at 8:15: "The Nightingale" and "Jeanne d'Arc au Bûcher" (in English). . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 18, at 8:15: "Gentlemen, Be Seated!". . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 19, at 2:30: "Rigoletto.". . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8:15: "The Merry Widow.". . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 20, at 2:30: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English). . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 20, at 8: A new production of Verdi's "La Traviata.". . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 24, at 8: A new production of Mozart's "Don Giovanni," with an English text by Ruth and Thomas Martin. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 25, at 8:15: "La Traviata.". . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 26, at 2:30: "Madame Butterfly.". . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8:15: "La Bohème." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Nov. 10.)

Brooklyn Opera Company—Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8:30: "Aïda.". . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8:30: "Madame Butterfly," with Elaine Mal-



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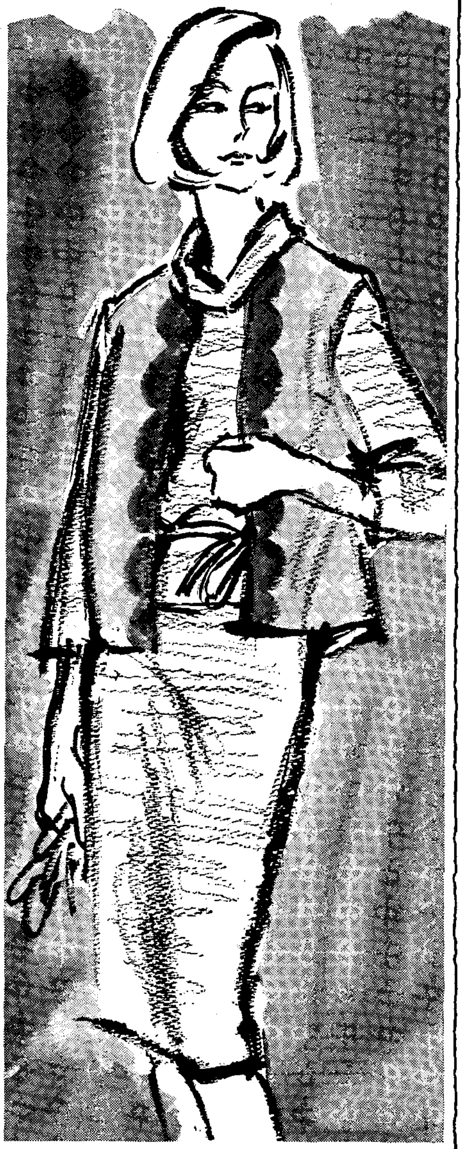

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

bin. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center—Leonard Bernstein directing an all-Stravinsky program on Thursday, Oct. 17, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 18, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8:30; and Sunday, Oct. 20, at 3 (all with the Choral Art Society). . . . ¶ Josef Krips conducting a varied program on Thursday, Oct. 24, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 25, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8:30; and Sunday, Oct. 27, at 3 (all with Jerome Lowenthal, piano).

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra—Georges Prêtre conducting the second of two concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 18, at 8:30.)

Boston Symphony—Erich Leinsdorf directing Benjamin Britten's "War Requiem" in the opening performances of the season here. With Phyllis Curtin, soprano; Nicholas di Virgilio, tenor; Tom Krause, baritone; the Chorus pro Musica; and the Columbus Boychoir. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Oct. 23, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 25, at 8:30; and Saturday, Oct. 26, at 3.) . . . ¶ Erich Leinsdorf conducting a Mozart-Mahler program. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Oct. 24, at 8:30.)

Paris Chamber Orchestra—Paul Kuentz conducting. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

New School Concerts—Alexander Schneider conducting his chamber orchestra in an all-Mozart program, with Peter Serkin, piano, and Mary Burgess, soprano. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, Oct. 20, at 3 and 9.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Leopold Stokowski conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Oct. 21, at 8:40.)

Esterhazy Orchestra—David Blum conducting, with Sidney Harth, violin; Sara Baum, soprano; and Charles Bressler, tenor. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 23, at 8:30.)

Moscow Chamber Orchestra—R. Barshai conducting this orchestra in its first appearance here. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Oct. 25, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Guiomar Novaes, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 26-27, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

RECITALS

Leslie Parnas—Cello. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Oct. 17, at 8:30.)

Evelyne Crochet—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Oct. 18, at 8:30.)

Erick Friedman—Violin. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Oct. 18, at 8:30.)

Rosalyn Tureck—In the last two in a series of all-Bach keyboard programs. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Oct. 19, and Saturday, Oct. 26, both at 8:30.)

Anatole Kitain—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Tuesday, Oct. 22, at 8:30.)

Sylvia Rosenberg—Violin, with a string quartet. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 22, at 8:30.)

Betty Allen—Mezzo-soprano, with Samuel Baron, flute, and the Kohon String Quartet. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Oct. 24, at 8:30.)

Philadelphia String Quartet—A group made up of members of the Philadelphia orchestra and appearing here for the first time. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Oct. 24, at 8:30.)

Mstislav Rostropovich—Cello. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 25, at 8:30.)

Mitchell Andrews—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Oct. 25, at 8:30.)

Washington Square Chamber Music Series—Quintetto Boccherini. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Oct. 25, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618, Mondays through Fridays.)

Tamás Vásáry—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Yehudi Menuhin—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8:30.)

Bob Dylan—Folk singer. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8:40.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concert—Stan Getz with his quartet and a string orchestra. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Friday, Oct. 18, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call *MU 7-6477.*)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Professional Basketball—Thursday, Oct. 17: Knicks vs. Baltimore. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 22: Knicks vs. Los Angeles. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 26: Knicks vs. Philadelphia. (Madison Square Garden. Games begin at 8:30.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Oct. 18: Luis Rodriguez vs. Wilbert (Skeeter) McClure, middleweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 25: Rubin (Hurricane) Carter vs. Joey Archer, middleweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)

College Football—**SATURDAY, OCT. 19:** Army vs. Wake Forest, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Pennsylvania, at Providence, at 2. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Yale, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Holy Cross, at Hanover, at 2. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Columbia, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Colgate, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Lehigh, at New Brunswick, at 1:30. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 26:** Amherst vs. Wesleyan, at Amherst, at 2. . . . ¶ Army vs. Washington State, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Lehigh, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Pittsburgh, at Annapolis, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Rutgers, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Cornell, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Colgate, at New Haven, at 2.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Oct. 20, at 2:05.) . . . ¶ Jets vs. Denver Broncos. (Polo Grounds. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8.)

Golf—Metropolitan Golf Association Match Play Championship. (Middle Bay Country Club, Oceanside, L.I. Thursday, Oct. 17.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Boston. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Oct. 20, at 7.)

Horse Show—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 19, through Saturday, Oct. 26.)

Hunt Racing—Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 19.) . . . ¶ Essex Fox Hounds Race Meeting Association. (Far Hills, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 26.)

Racing—**BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 26. The Jockey Club Gold Cup, Saturday, Oct. 19, and the Ladies Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 26. . . . **UNITED HUNTS AT AQUEDUCT:** Thursday and Friday, Oct. 24-25, at 1:30. The Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase, Friday, Oct. 25. . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 1:30; last day Saturday, Nov. 9. The Gardenia, Saturday, Oct. 26. . . . **BOWIE,** Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Oct. 28.

Sports-Car Racing—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, Oct. 19, at 1.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.)

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **AMATO OPERA COMPANY:** An abbreviated version of "Madame Butterfly," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 2:30.) . . . **CONCERTS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE:** The first in a series of six offerings, this one devoted to the life and works of Bach, with Boris Goldovsky narrating and playing the piano and with assisting artists. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 3. Adults admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the **GRAMERCY ARTS CHILDREN'S THEATRE:** "Little Red Riding Hood." (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Saturdays at 2 and 3:30, and Sundays at 1.) . . . **HARNICK-ADAMS PRODUCTIONS:** "Young Tom Jefferson." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 2:30.) . . . **HILLTOP PRODUCTIONS:** "Aladdin and His Magic Lamp." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **MAXIMILLION PRODUCTIONS:** "Gabriel." (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **MERMAID THEATRE:** "The Ransom of Red Chief." (422 W. 42nd St. LA 4-7450. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "The Prince and the Pauper." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Scraps." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. OR 4-1100, Ext. 55. Saturdays at 3.) . . . **PEPPERMINT PLAYERS:** "Jack and the Beanstalk." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturdays at 11.) . . . **PICKWICK PUPPETS:** "The Mikado." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **STAGE 73:** "The Absent-Minded Dragon." (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archaeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . ¶ Paintings by Greek children of kindergarten age; through Dec. 1. (Daily, except Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Exploring the Moon." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday.

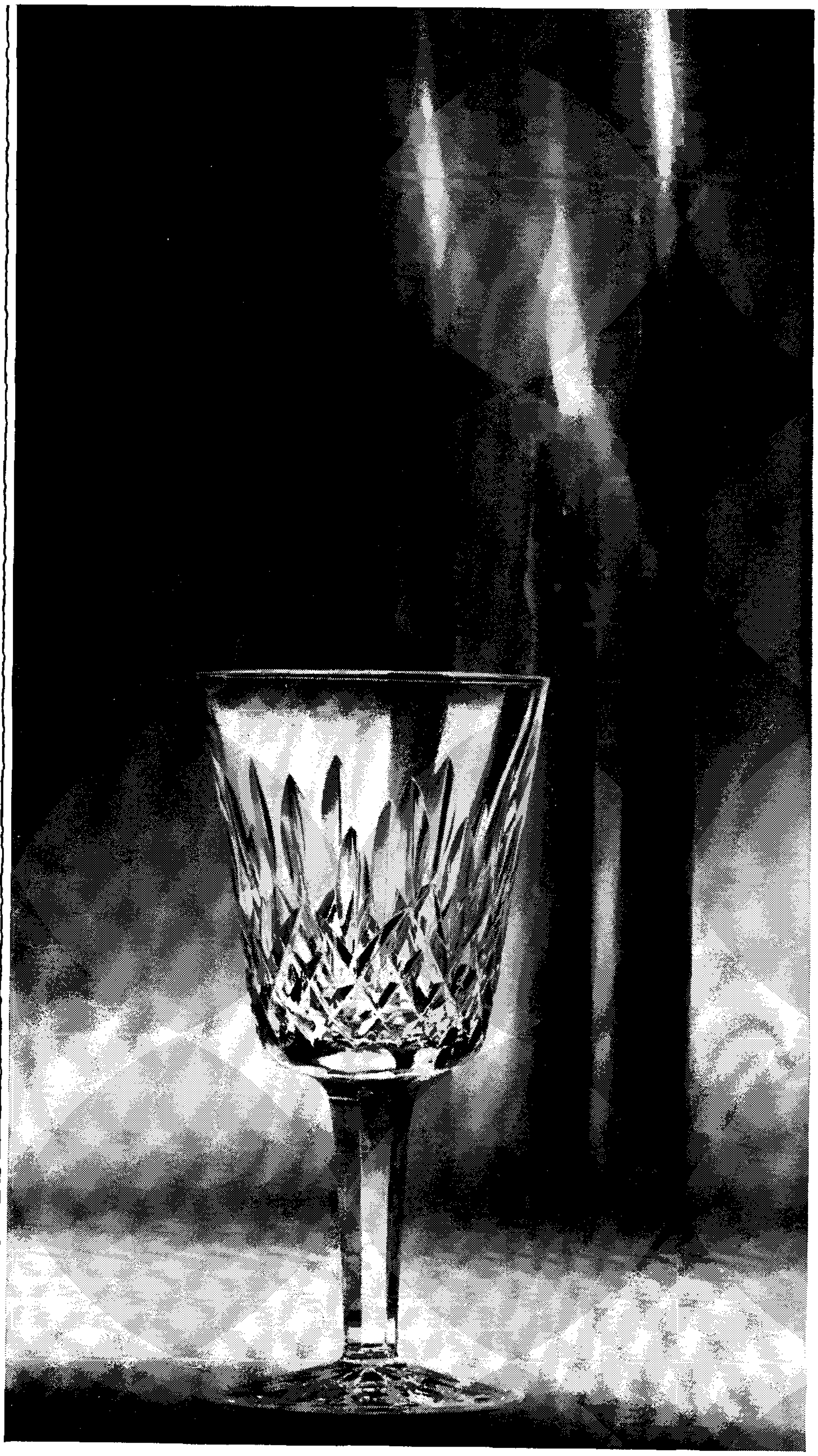
OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—Louise Bogan reading from her own works. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Friday, Oct. 18, at 8:20. No tickets necessary.)

ANTIQUES FAIR—New York Antiques Fair. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 17-18, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, Oct. 19, from 1 to 6.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Oct. 17, at 1:45: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Buffet, Dufy, and Appel, together with a group of hand-tufted rugs; from several collectors, among them the late Paul J. Joachim. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 19, at 1:45: American furniture, silver and silver plate, Staffordshire and other ware, decorative objects, paintings, and hooked rugs; from the estate of Mrs. C. Hallam Keep. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 22, at 1:45 and 8: American and English literary and historical manuscripts and books, including works by Mark Twain, Dickens, and Addison; from the collection of the late Robert P. Esty.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Atget—A cunning manipulation (in eleven minutes) of a large number of still photographs by Eugène Atget, whose hushed Paris is very like Proust's. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

Cleopatra—Forty million dollars' worth of Mediterranean splendor, and cheap at the price. The leading roles are played by actors who are probably better known than the originals ever were. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

The Conjugal Bed—An account, at once anguished and hilarious, of what happens to a forty-two-year-old Don Juan when a chaste virgin consents to marry him. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Divorce–Italian Style—If you're a handsome young nobleman in Sicily, tired of your wife and in love with a delectable cousin, murder is the one solution to your problem. Here, in a brilliant farce, is how the trick is done. Pietro Germi is the director, and the two stars are Marcello Mastroianni and Sicily. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Oct. 23, tentative.)

8½—An autobiographical movie by Federico Fellini. Marcello Mastroianni plays the part of a famous director who is suddenly unable to go on working; Anouk Aimée is his intellectual wife; and Sandra Milo is his tawdry mistress. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

Gone Are the Days!—A sort of minstrel show, dedicated to uprooting minstrel-show notions of Negro life. With Ossie Davis, Ruby Dee, Sorrell Booke, and Godfrey Cambridge. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Lawrence of Arabia—As beautiful a picture as you could hope to see, with much stirring desert combat and an honorable attempt to fathom a little man who was as odd as Dick's hatband. With Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn, Anthony Quayle, and many others, all wonderfully directed by David Lean. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; through Oct. 20. Weekdays at 8 and Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Reserved seats only. . . . ¶ State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070; starting Oct. 23.)

Lord of the Flies—Peter Brook's fine, attacking version of William Golding's overblown allegory. The boys are all "absolutely smashing" and uncannily true to type—upper-class public-school hooligans, the backbone of an Empire. The atmosphere of school brutality is accurately caught and nicely photographed. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

The L-Shaped Room—Leslie Caron and Tom Bell make this sentimental tale of young love in old London seem perfectly true. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; 57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; and Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; starting Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting Oct. 23, tentative.)

My Name Is Ivan—This Russian movie about a twelve-year-old boy who acts as a spy against the Germans is shocking, sad, and frequently quite beautiful. It could have been perfect if only those responsible for the script had not tried quite so hard to convince us of the obvious—that war is undesirable. Kolya Burlaiev gives a remarkable performance in the title role, and Andrei Tarkovsky is responsible for the effective direction. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Oct. 22.)

The Suitor—A clever young comedian named Pierre Etaix stars in an extremely funny picture that might well have come out of the Keaton studios, circa 1926, but is yet French and 1963. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622. . . . ¶ 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting Oct. 21.)

This Sporting Life—Professional Rugby is the sport under consideration in this savage English movie about a player who is unlucky in love. Richard Harris is compelling as the tragic hero, and so is Rachel Roberts, opposite him. Lindsay Anderson is responsible for the pretentious direction. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

Tom Jones—That rare thing, a great movie made from a great book. Directed by Tony Richardson, from a screenplay by John Osborne, and with a cast that includes Albert Finney, Susannah York, Hugh Griffith, Dame Edith Evans, Joyce Redman, Joan Greenwood, and a dozen others, all splendid. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

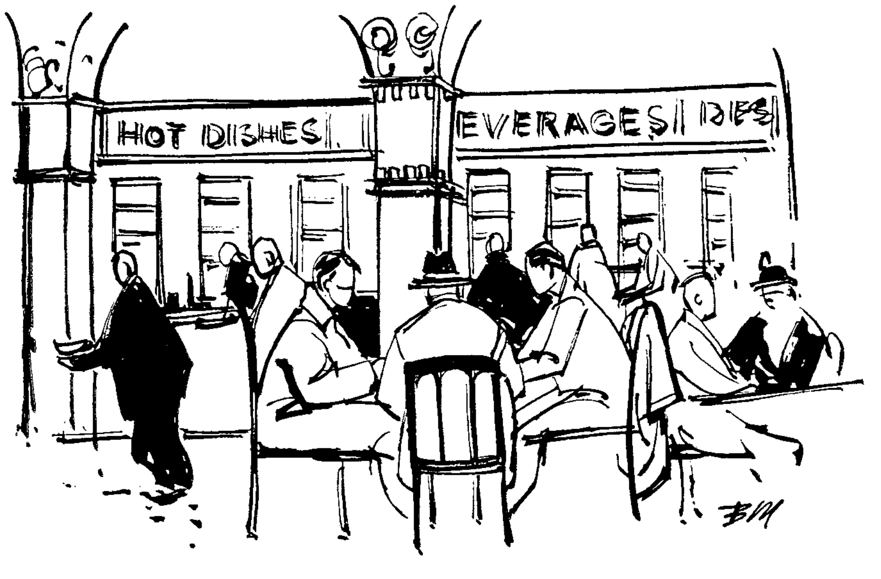
The V.I.P.s—Terence Rattigan has written a charming implausible comedy about a group of vexed souls grounded by fog at the London Airport. The huge, well-dressed cast includes Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Maggie Smith, Orson Welles, Margaret Rutherford, Louis Jourdan, and even Linda Christian. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100; through Oct. 23.)

REVIVALS

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Eisenstein's account of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 18-22.)

Breakfast at Tiffany's (1961)—A comedy derived from the Capote novella, with Audrey Hepburn and George Peppard. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Oct. 23.)

Days of Wine and Roses (1963)—Jack Lemmon and Lee Remick in a story about a young couple hitting the bottle and trying to stop. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Oct. 22.)



I Am a Camera (1955)—Julie Harris as a madcap English girl on the loose in Berlin in 1931. A British film. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Oct. 22, evening performances only, except on Saturday and Sunday.)

The Island (1962)—Life on a farm circumscribed by the Inland Sea of Japan. Written and directed by Kaneto Shindo and photographed by Kiyoshi Kuroda. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 18-21.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night (1962)—A film version of the great O'Neill play. The stars are Ralph Richardson, Katharine Hepburn, Jason Robards, Jr., and Dean Stockwell. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Oct. 23, evening performances only.)

Lust for Life (1956)—A review of the career of Vincent van Gogh. With Kirk Douglas and Anthony Quinn. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Oct. 23.)

The Man Who Never Was (1956)—How the British, in 1943, floated a corpse onto a Spanish beach and deceived the Germans about the Allied plan to invade Sicily. An English film, with Clifton Webb and Robert Flemyng. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 20.)

The Mask of Dimitrios (1944)—The Eric Ambler novel concerning underworld doings in Europe. Peter Lorre, Sydney Greenstreet, and Faye Emerson. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 22.)

Moulin Rouge (1953)—José Ferrer plays the artist in John Huston's celluloid biography of Toulouse-Lautrec. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; through Oct. 20.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers cutting up in the musical world. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Oct. 23.)

Phaedra (1962)—A modern version of an old Greek horror story, featuring Melina Mercouri, Raf Vallone, and Anthony Perkins. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 17.)

Potemkin (1925)—The famous Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Oct. 23.)

A Summer to Remember (1961)—Out of Russia, a picture demonstrating that to be a child in a village there is like being a child in a village anywhere. With Borya Barkhatov. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Oct. 22.)

Suspicion (1941)—Francis Iles' "Before the Fact," done, as is proper, by Hitchcock. Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 19.)

That Hamilton Woman! (1941)—Vivien Leigh playing Emma to Laurence Olivier's Lord Nelson. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Oct. 22.)

We Are from Kronstadt (1936)—A Russian film of the 1919 civil war. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 17.)

The Window (1949)—About a persistent young fibber who happens to witness a real murder and can't get anybody to believe him. With Bobby Driscoll and Arthur Kennedy. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 20.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier on the Brontë moors. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, PL 1-1535.)

The Youth of Maxim (1935)—Revolutionary affairs in the Russian manner, with Shostakovich music. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 18-22.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "The Cinema of Alfred Hitchcock"—Through Oct. 19: "The Wrong Man" (1956), with Henry Fonda and Vera Miles. . . . ¶ Starting Oct. 20: "Four O'Clock" (1957), "Lamb to the Slaughter" (1958), and two other television films. (Showings at 3 and 5:30, and on Thursday evenings at 8. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Stolen Hours," Susan Hayward, Michael Craig.

CINERAMA, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"How the West Was Won." (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
Through Oct. 20: **LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.**
From Oct. 21: Theatre closed.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Great Escape," Steve McQueen, James Garner.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
THE CONJUGAL BED (in Italian).

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
Through Oct. 23: **THE V.I.P.S.**

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
8½ (in Italian).

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Oct. 22: "Sword of Lancelot," Cornel Wilde, Jean Wallace; and "Kiss of the Vampire," Clifford Evans.
From Oct. 23: "'X'—The Man with the X-Ray Eyes," Ray Milland; and "Dementia #13," William Campbell.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"Rampage," Robert Mitchum, Elsa Martinelli.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CLEOPATRA.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
Through Oct. 22: "The Running Man," Laurence Harvey, Lee Remick.
From Oct. 23: **LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.**

TOHO CINEMA, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
"Chushingura" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifune.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Cry of Battle," Van Heflin, Rita Moreno.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Oct. 22: "Murder at the Gallop," Margaret Rutherford, Flora Robson.
From Oct. 23 (tentative): "The Mouse on the Moon," Margaret Rutherford, Bernard Cribbins.

NEW CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; evening performances only, except on Saturdays and Sundays.)
Through Oct. 22: **I AM A CAMERA**, revival, and "Nights of Cabiria" (in Italian), revival, Giulietta Masina, François Périer.
From Oct. 23: **LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT**, revival.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
"The Great Escape," Steve McQueen, James Garner.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct .22: "The Thrill of It All," Doris Day, James Garner.
From Oct. 23: **THE L-SHAPED ROOM.**

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Oct. 22 (tentative): "The Thrill of It All," Doris Day, James Garner.
From Oct. 23 (tentative): **THE L-SHAPED ROOM.**

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala; and **ATGET.**

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (LE 2-6533)
"Stolen Hours," Susan Hayward, Michael Craig.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Rampage," Robert Mitchum, Elsa Martinelli.

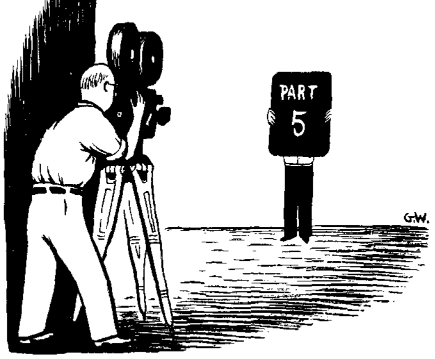
SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Any Number Can Win" (in French), Jean Gabin, Alain Delon.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
GONE ARE THE DAYS!

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Oct. 22: "The Thrill of It All," Doris Day, James Garner; and "No Exit," revival, Viveca Lindfors, Rita Gam.
From Oct. 23: "Sword of Lancelot," Cornel Wilde, Jean Wallace; and "Kiss of the Vampire," Clifford Evans.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
THE CONJUGAL BED (in Italian).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Leopard," Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon.



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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"In the French Style," Jean Seberg, Stanley Baker.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
WUTHERING HEIGHTS, revival.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
TOM JONES.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through Oct. 21: "The Haunting," Julie Harris, Claire Bloom.
From Oct. 22: "The Sound of Trumpets" (in Italian).

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE SUITOR (in French).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Oct. 23: **A NIGHT AT THE OPERA**, revival; and **LUST FOR LIFE**, revival.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
LORD OF THE FLIES.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Oct. 23 (tentative): **DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE** (in Italian).

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Stolen Hours," Susan Hayward, Michael Craig.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Oct. 22: "The Thrill of It All," Doris Day, James Garner; and "No Exit," revival, Viveca Lindfors, Rita Gam.
From Oct. 23: "Sword of Lancelot," Cornel Wilde, Jean Wallace; and "Kiss of the Vampire," Clifford Evans.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Oct. 22: "Wives and Lovers," Janet Leigh, Van Johnson; and "Vertigo," revival, James Stewart, Kim Novak.
From Oct. 23: **THE L-SHAPED ROOM.**

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Oct. 17: **WE ARE FROM KRONSTADT** and "Boris Godunov" (both in Russian and both revivals).
Oct. 18-22: **ALEXANDER NEVSKY** and **THE YOUTH OF MAXIM** (both in Russian and both revivals).
From Oct. 23: **POTEMKIN** (silent); and "Chapayev" (in Russian), revival.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Oct. 22: "The Thrill of It All," Doris Day, James Garner.
From Oct. 23: **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S**, revival; and "Splendor in the Grass," revival, Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Oct. 22: **MY NAME IS IVAN** (in Russian).
From Oct. 23: To be announced.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Oct. 20: **MOULIN ROUGE**, revival.
From Oct. 21: **THE SUITOR**, (in French).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Oct. 22: "Wives and Lovers," Janet Leigh, Van Johnson; and "Vertigo," revival, James Stewart, Kim Novak.
From Oct. 23: **THE L-SHAPED ROOM.**

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Oct. 22: "Greenwich Village Story," Robert Hogan; and "Night Encounter," Robert Hossein, Marina Vlady.
From Oct. 23: To be announced.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Oct. 22: "The Thrill of It All," Doris Day, James Garner; and "No Exit," revival, Viveca Lindfors, Rita Gam.
From Oct. 23: "Sword of Lancelot," Cornel Wilde, Jean Wallace; and "Kiss of the Vampire," Clifford Evans.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Oct. 20: "La Poupée" (in French).
From Oct. 21: "The Householder," Shashi Kapoor. (The 9 P.M. performance opening day will be a benefit. For information about tickets, call PL 1-4210, Ext. 14.)

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Julie the Redhead" (in French), Pascale Petit, Daniel Gelin.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
8½ (in Italian).

57TH ST. NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Oct. 22: "Wives and Lovers," Janet Leigh, Van Johnson.
From Oct. 23: **THE L-SHAPED ROOM.**

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
THIS SPORTING LIFE.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"The Music Room" (in Bengali).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"The Devil and the 10 Commandments" (in French).

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through Oct. 22: "Wives and Lovers," Janet Leigh, Van Johnson; and "Vertigo," revival, James Stewart, Kim Novak.
From Oct. 23: **THE L-SHAPED ROOM.**

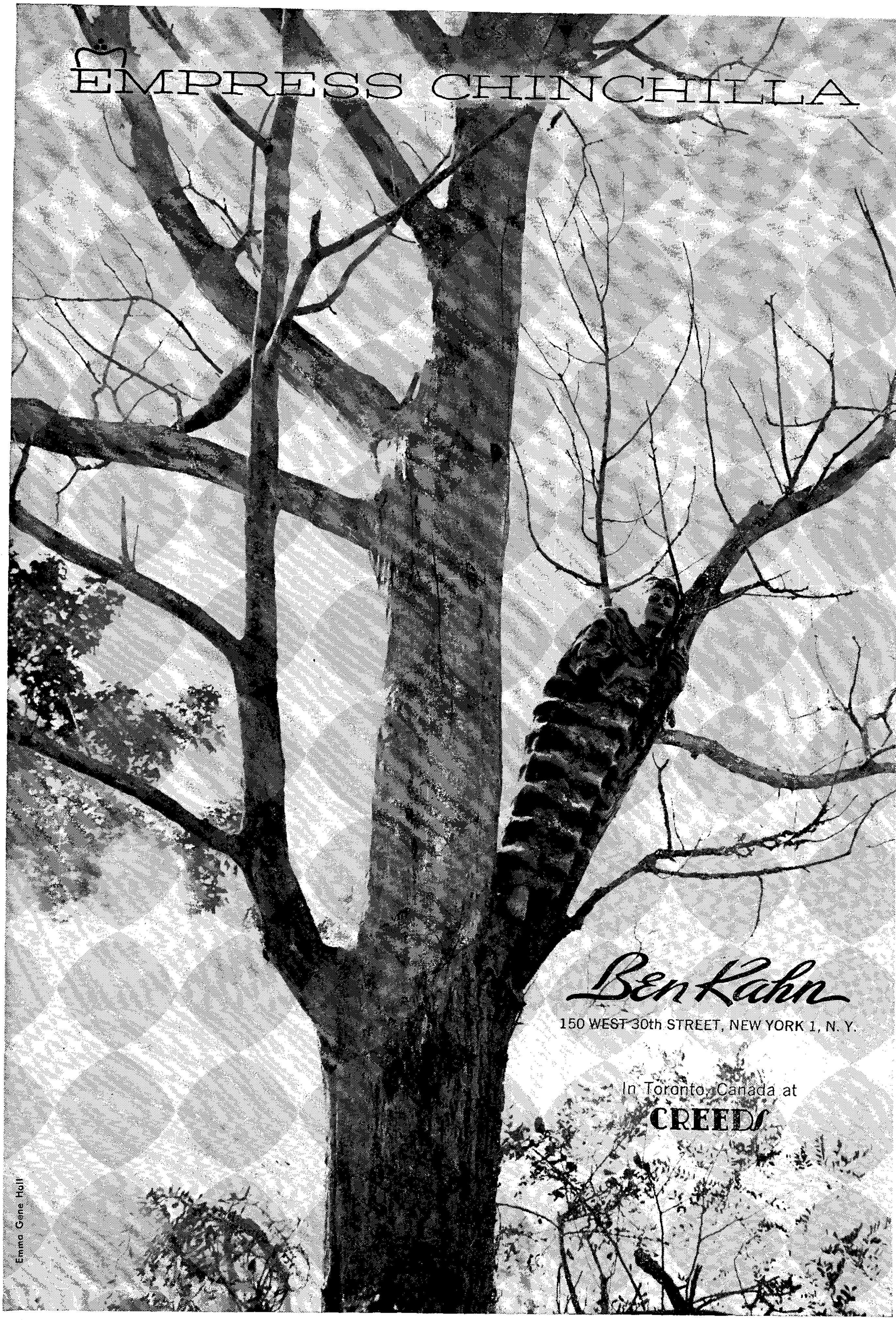
NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through the afternoon of Oct. 17: "Thieves' Highway," revival, Richard Conte, Lee J. Cobb; and "King of the Roaring 20s," revival, David Janssen, Dianne Foster.
Oct. 17, at 7 and 9:30: "Judith of Bethulia," revival, Blanche Sweet; and two short D. W. Griffith films.
Oct. 18: "Odds Against Tomorrow," revival, Harry Belafonte, Ed Begley; and "Ten Seconds to Hell," revival, Jeff Chandler, Jack Palance.
Oct. 19: **SUSPICION**, revival; and "Rear Window," revival, James Stewart, Grace Kelly.
Oct. 20: **THE MAN WHO NEVER WAS**, revival; and **THE WINDOW**, revival.
Oct. 21: "Brainwashed," revival, Curt Jurgens, Claire Bloom; and "The Scarf," revival, John Ireland, Mercedes McCambridge.
Oct. 22: **THE MASK OF DIMITRIOS**, revival; and "Time Without Pity," revival, Michael Redgrave, Ann Todd.
Oct. 23: "Where the Sidewalk Ends," revival, Gene Tierney, Dana Andrews; and "D.O.A.," revival, Edmond O'Brien.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 22: **DAYS OF WINE AND ROSES**, revival; and "Spencer's Mountain," Henry Fonda, Maureen O'Hara.
From Oct. 23: "Sword of Lancelot," Cornel Wilde, Jean Wallace; and "Kiss of the Vampire," Clifford Evans.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Oct. 17: **PHAEDRA**, revival; and "The Girl with the Golden Eyes" (in French), revival, Marie Laforêt, Paul Guers.
Oct. 18-21: **THE ISLAND** (a Japanese film without dialogue), revival; and "Cleo from 5 to 7" (in French), revival, Corinne Marchand.
From Oct. 22: **THAT HAMILTON WOMAN!**, revival; and **A SUMMER TO REMEMBER** (in Russian), revival.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
"The Thrill of It All," Doris Day, James Garner.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Oct. 22: "Greenwich Village Story," Robert Hogan; and "Night Encounter," Robert Hossein, Marina Vlady.
From Oct. 23: To be announced.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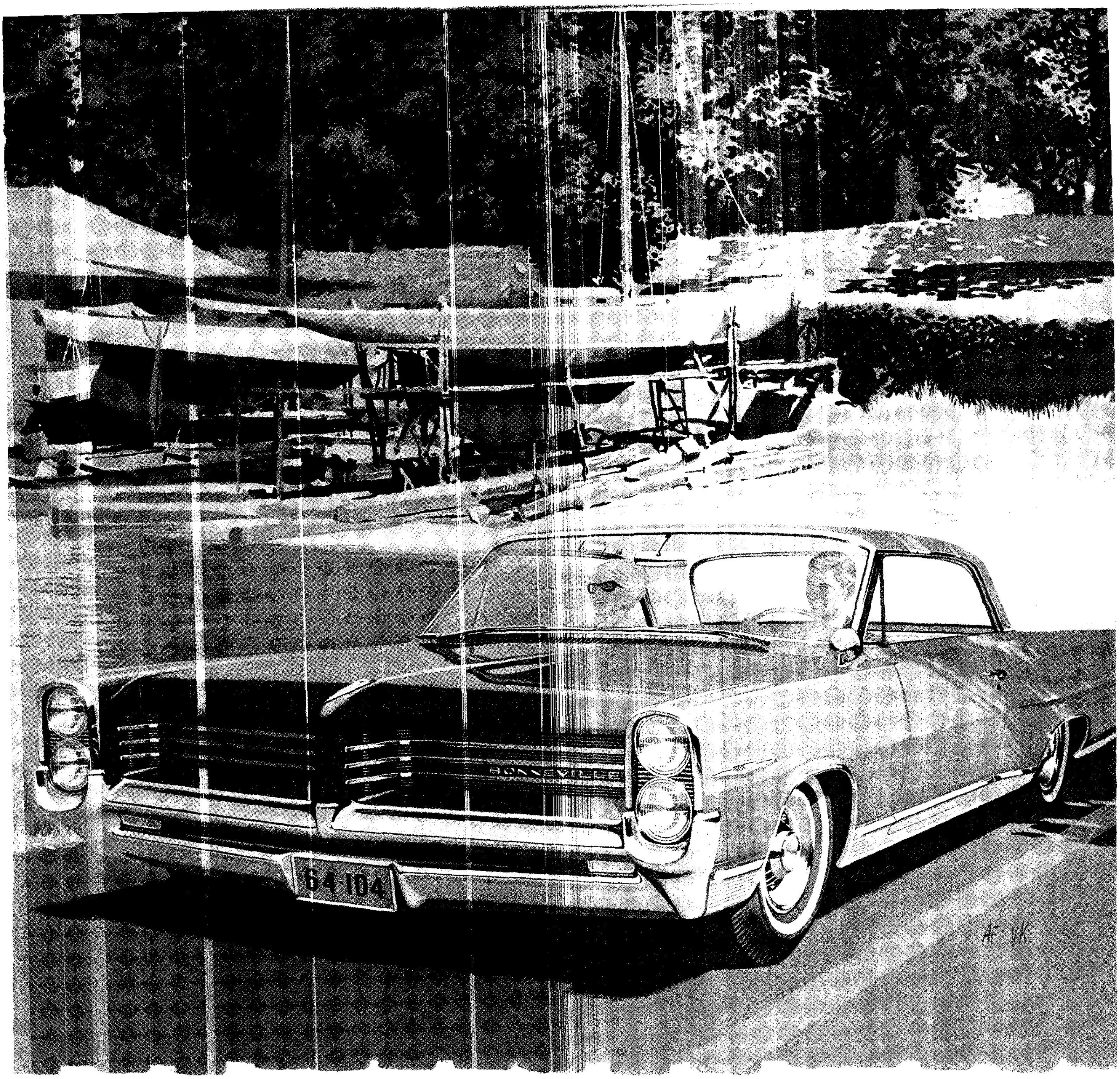

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"Julius Monk has done it again" Esterow, Times; Crist, Herald-Tribune— **"Terrific"** Bette Davis— **"Don't miss it"** Knight, Journal American—**"Chooseful set is flocking to PLaza 9-"** Walter Winchell—**"I was enchanted"** John Gielgud—**"Julius Monk was within the fringe long before the beyond the fringers could read"** Coe, Washington Post—**"A great evening. Should run forever"** Alfred De Liagre, Jr.— **"A revue in a million . . . a veritable gem without flaw."** Harris, World Telegram—**" I don't think I have been as thoroughly entertained in years. It's exhilarating and exciting"** Sen. Barry Goldwater— **"It's the second funniest show in the world"** Victor Borge—**"Wonderful! Enjoyed it even more the second time"** Jack Paar—**"The whole thing was superb"** Max Gordon—**"I had one of the most different, wonderful times in all New York. I adored it."** Mary Martin— **"Fresh, clever, topical and abounding in good Monkian taste."** Show Business—**"Sparkling—we cheered the brilliant young players and the peppery satires directed against both political parties, decadent Broadway plays, Suburbia and the futile quest of peace . . ."** Sobel, Journal American—**"'Dime a Dozen' at PLaza 9- made me laugh so hard I almost forgot I was out on strike."** Art Buchwald— **"Zings the far-right, the far-out and the far-fetched. N. Y. reviewers were charmed beyond words"** Newsweek **"An irresistible show."** Beatrice Lillie— **"Haven't had a better time in or out of the Broadway theatre."** McClain, Jrnl.-Amer. **"This is the smartest and tartest musical in town. The ultimate in tongue-in-chic entertainment"** Cahn, Host—**"Has wit, gaiety and charm, plus a talented cast"** Variety—**"Julius Monk has a genius for doing things superbly well and he has not failed us this time"** Manhattan East—**"The funniest show in town"** Leonard Lyons—**"It's currently the 'in' attraction in New York"** Lloyd, Pensacola News-Journal—**"Almost nobody escapes a skewering by this scathing sextette"** Life—**"PLaza 9- gave me more pleasure than I have had in a saloon since Jeritza and I did 'Knees Up, Mother Brown' at Rector's."** Harry Kurnitz—**"Brilliant."** Leonard Lyons—**"Brightest, smartest revue of the season."** Crist, Herald Tribune—**"Wonderful Julius Monkeyshines at the PLaza 9-."** Larry Lipskin, Hollywood Reporter—**"New York must be the greatest city for laughs now that Julius Monk's 'click' lush new PLaza 9- room is spoofing everything from the new postage rates to a satire on Senator Barry Goldwater's followers."** Earl Wilson— **"Spanking and sparkling. A jewel of a revue in a jewel box of a setting."** Arthur Gelb, N.Y. Times—**"Extreme cleverness . . . great humor . . . it's all entertainment."** Boston Globe—**¡Olé! ¡Olé!** José Meles.

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PLAZA 9-
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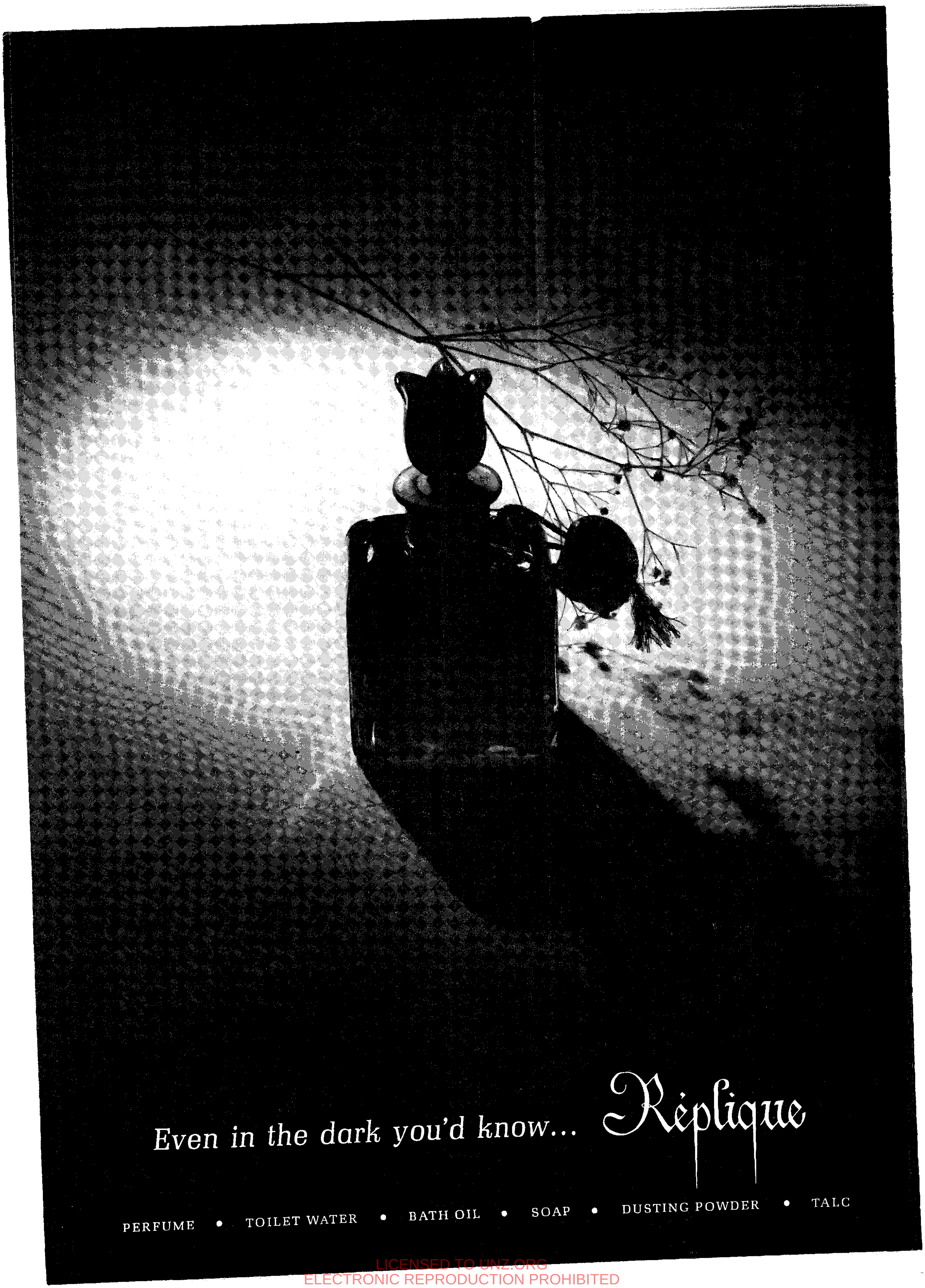
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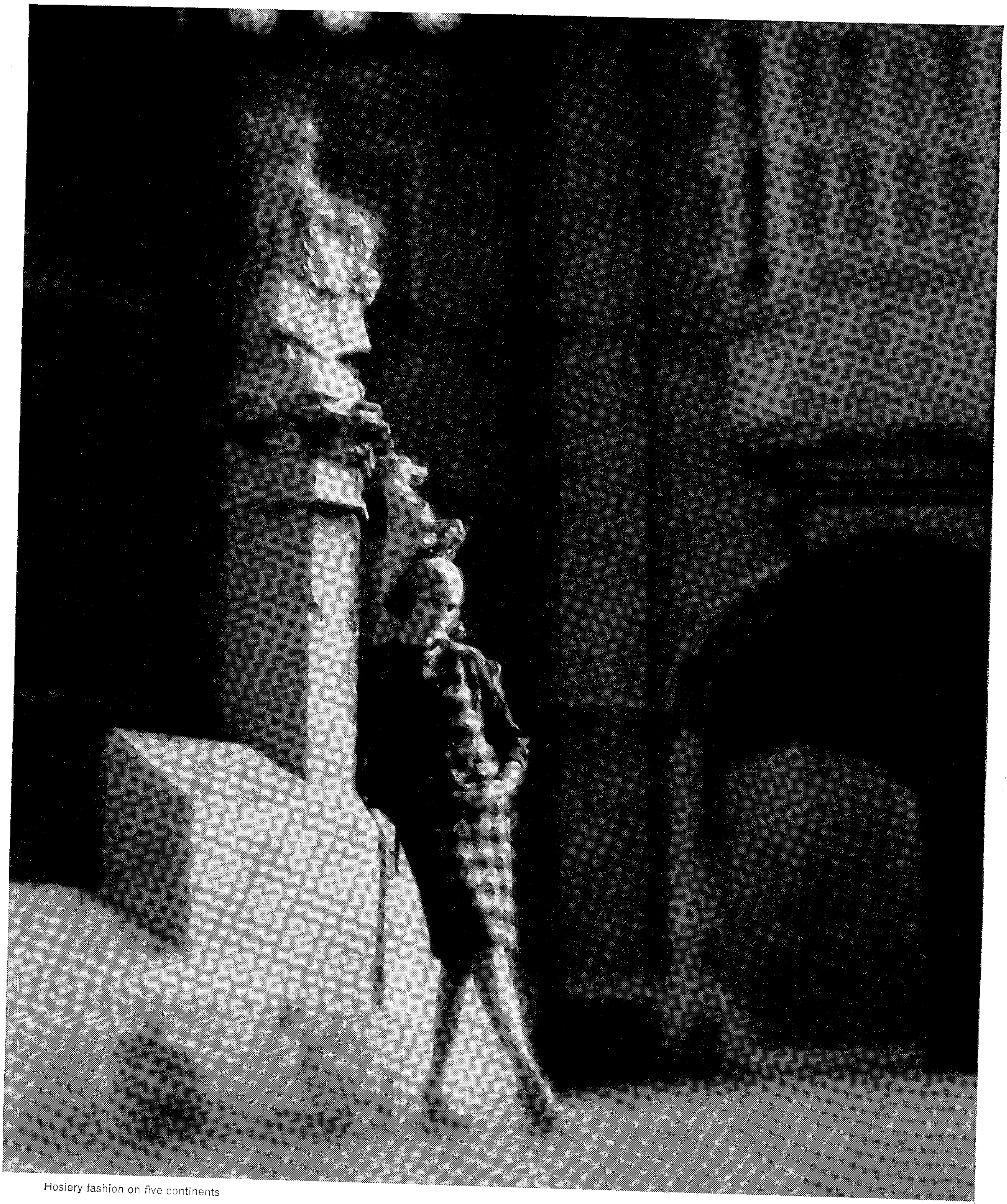

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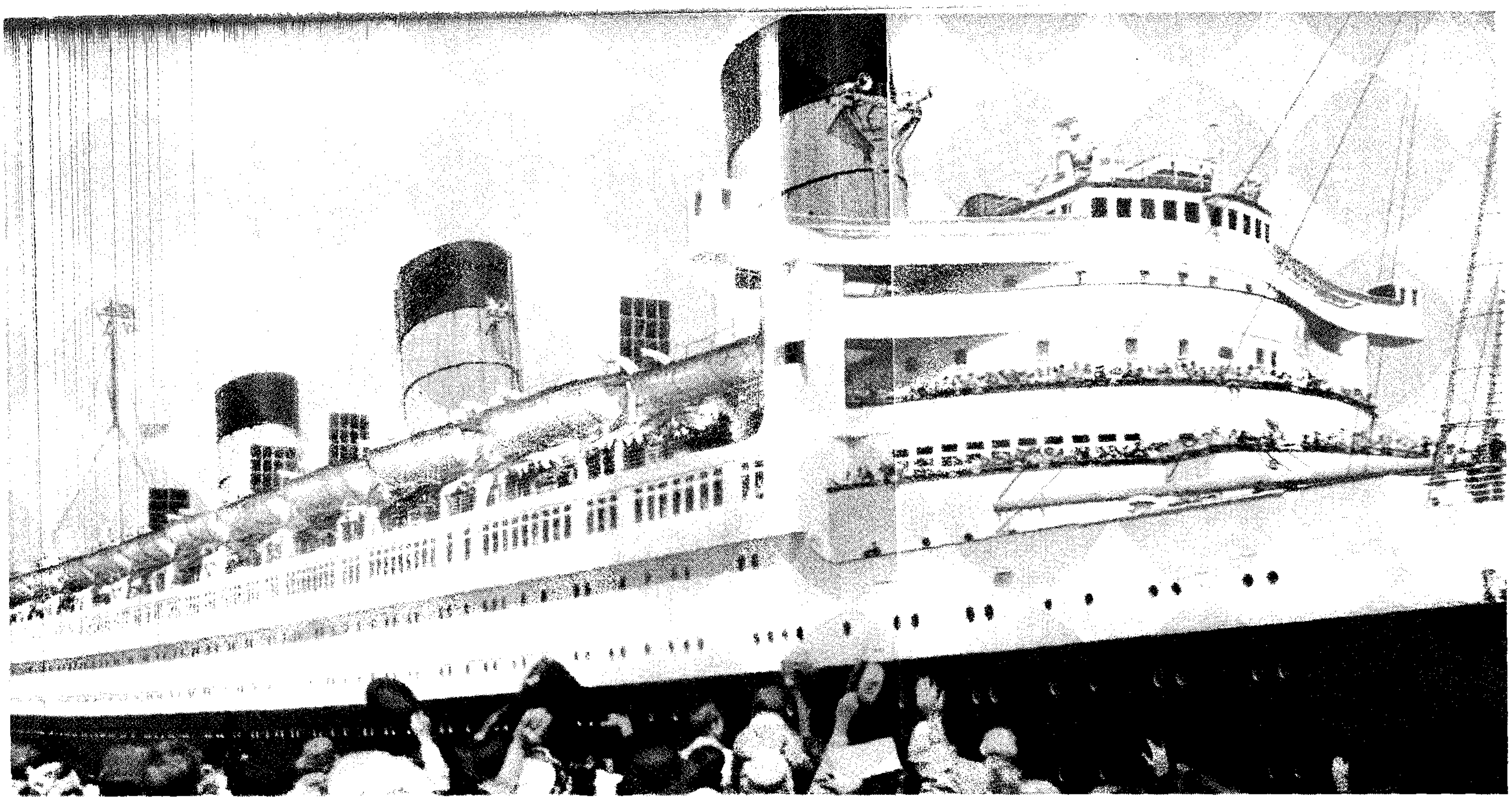

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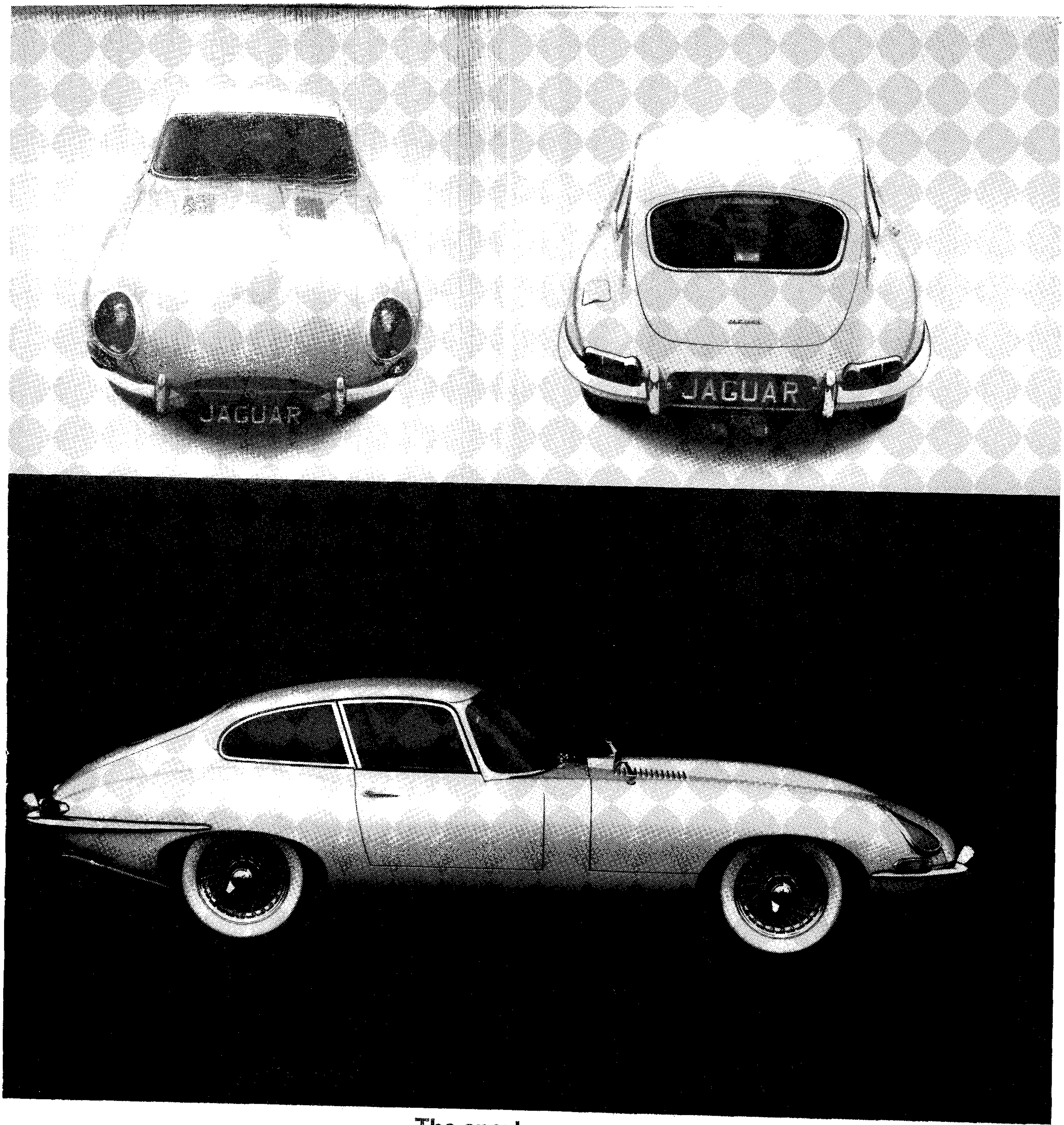

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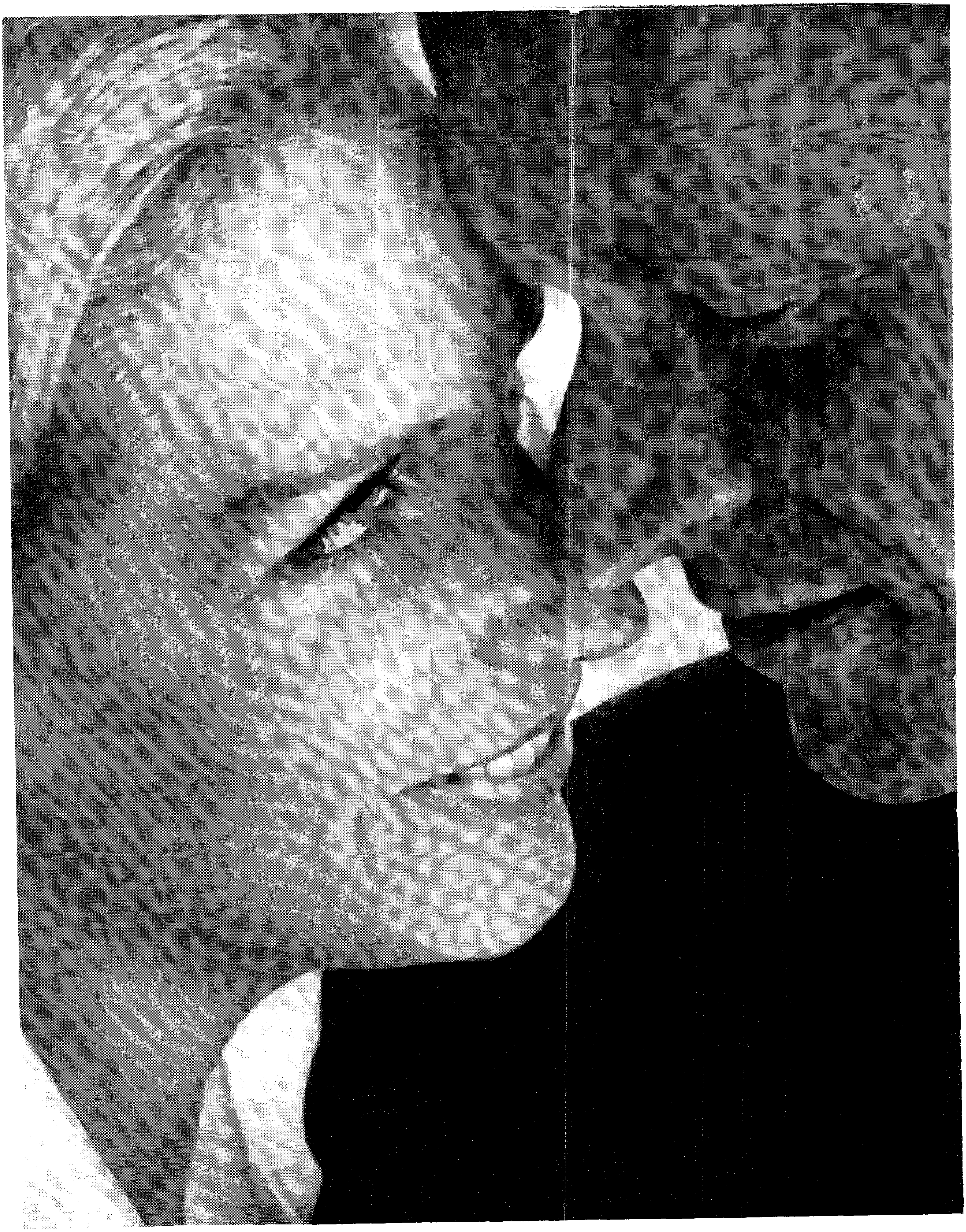
The 1964 Jaguar XK-E



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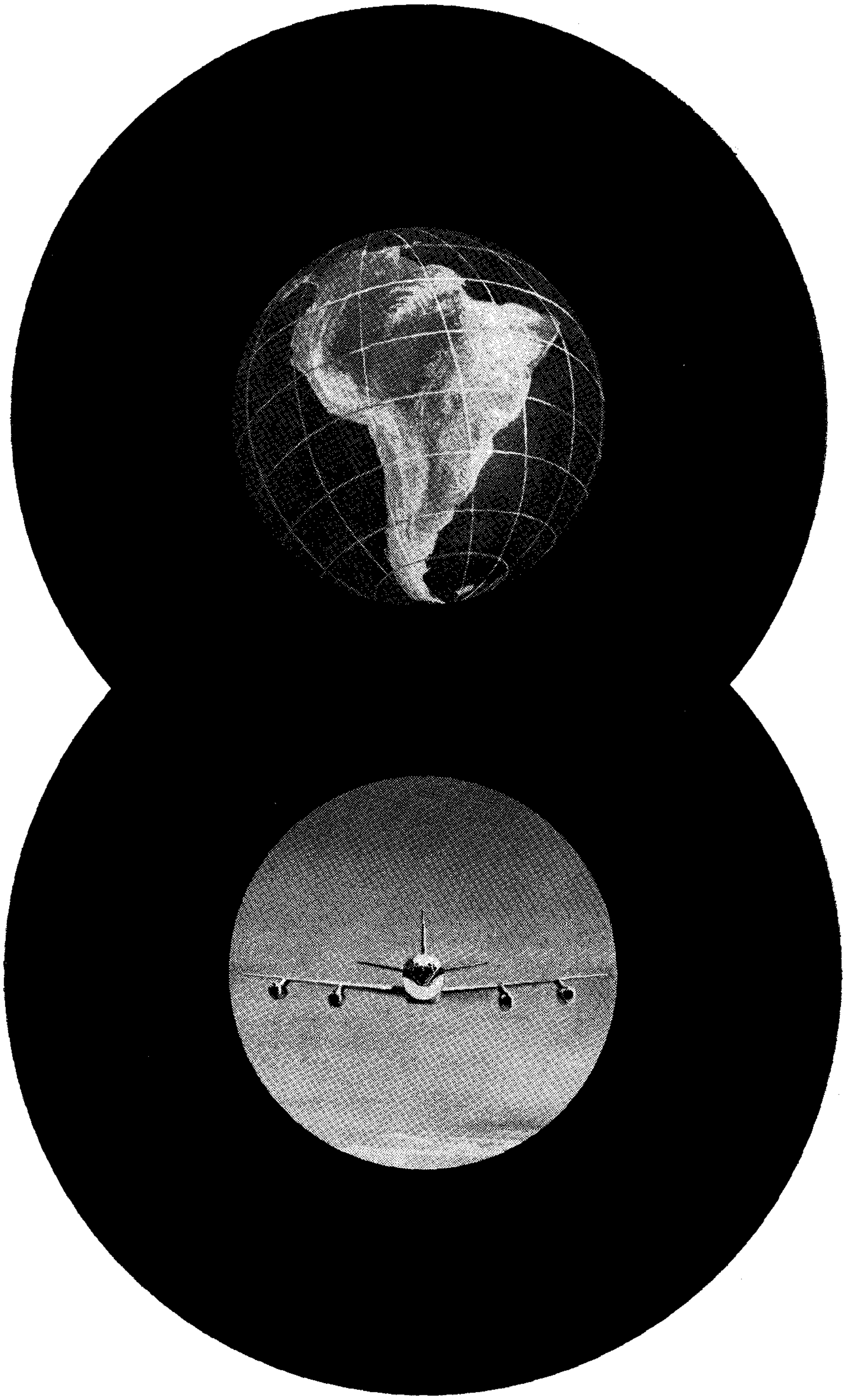

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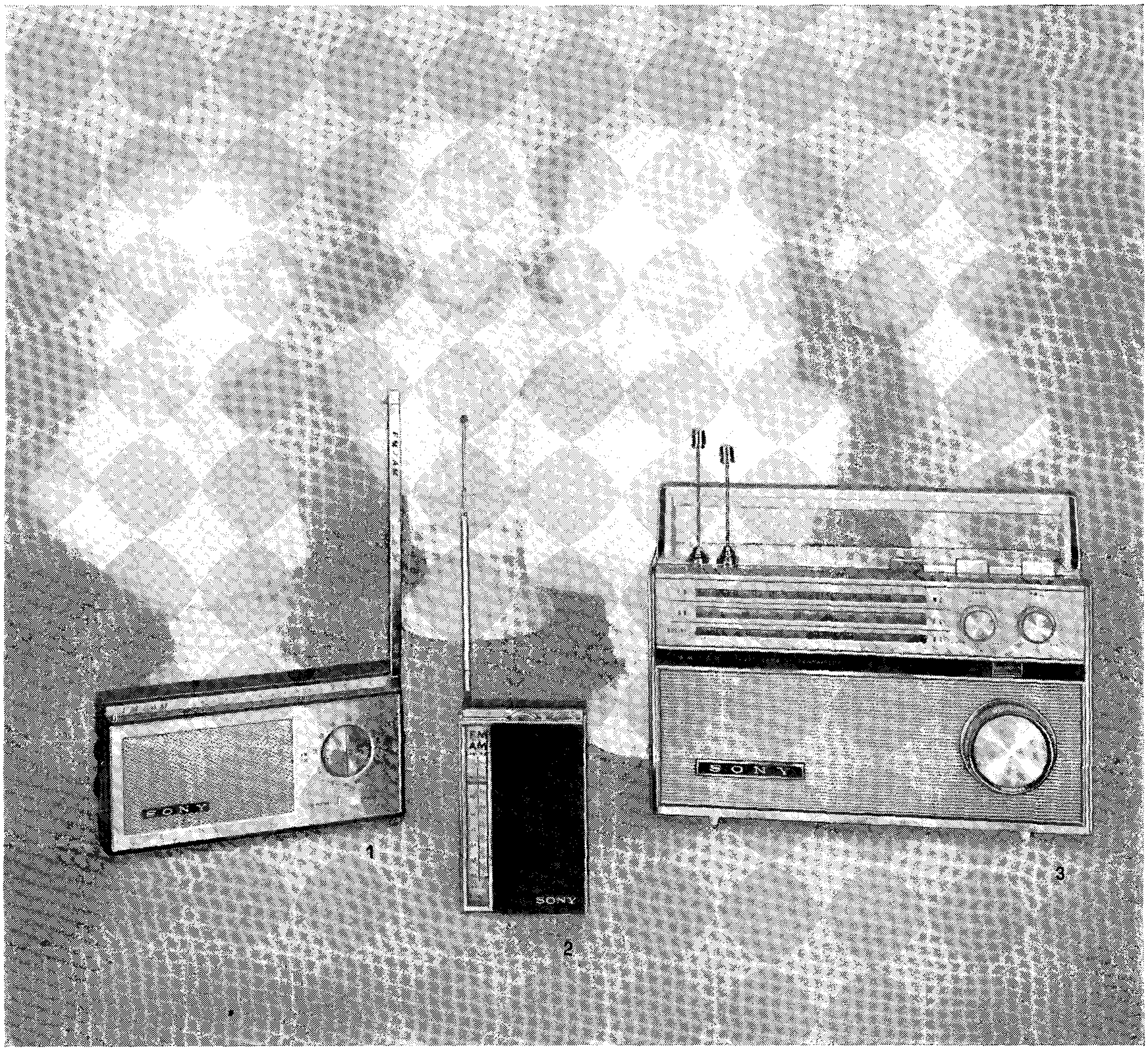

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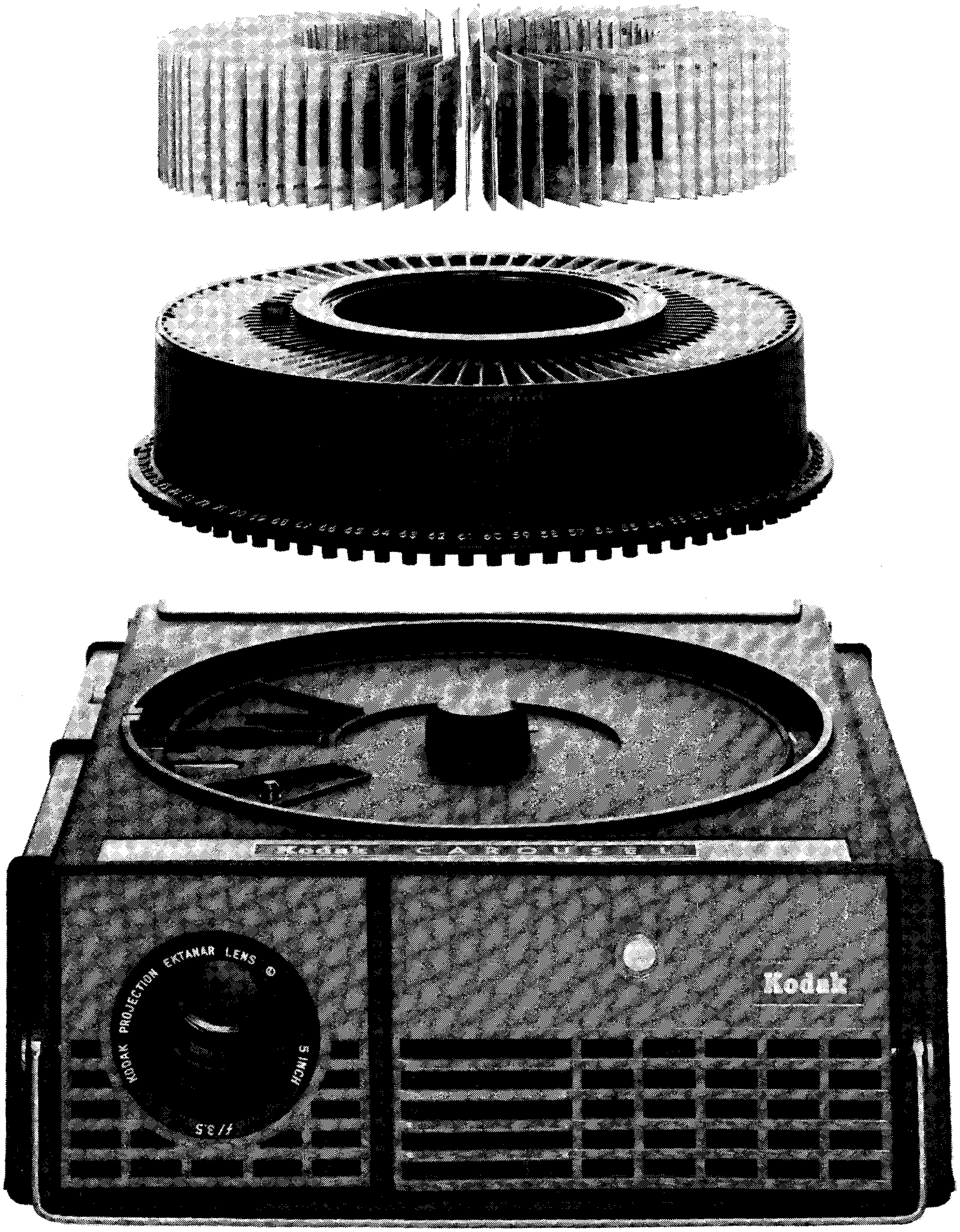
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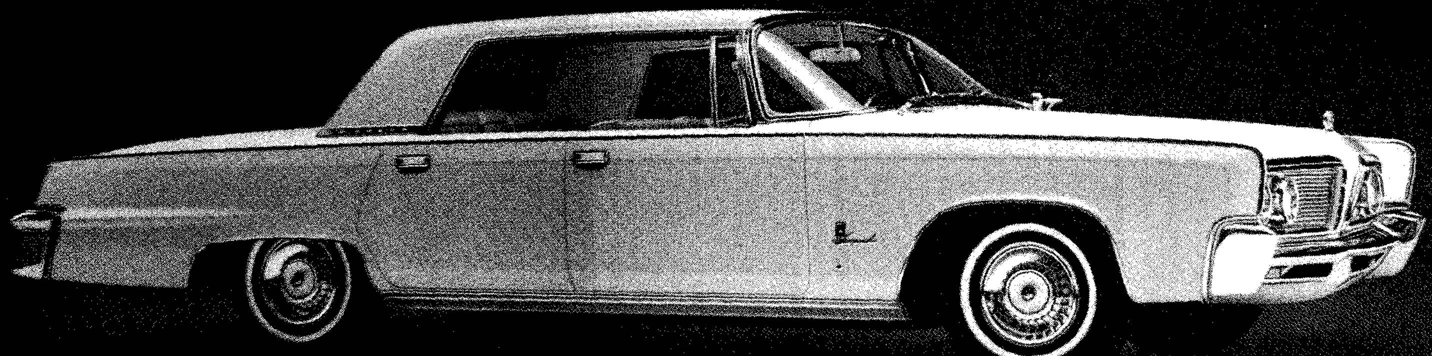

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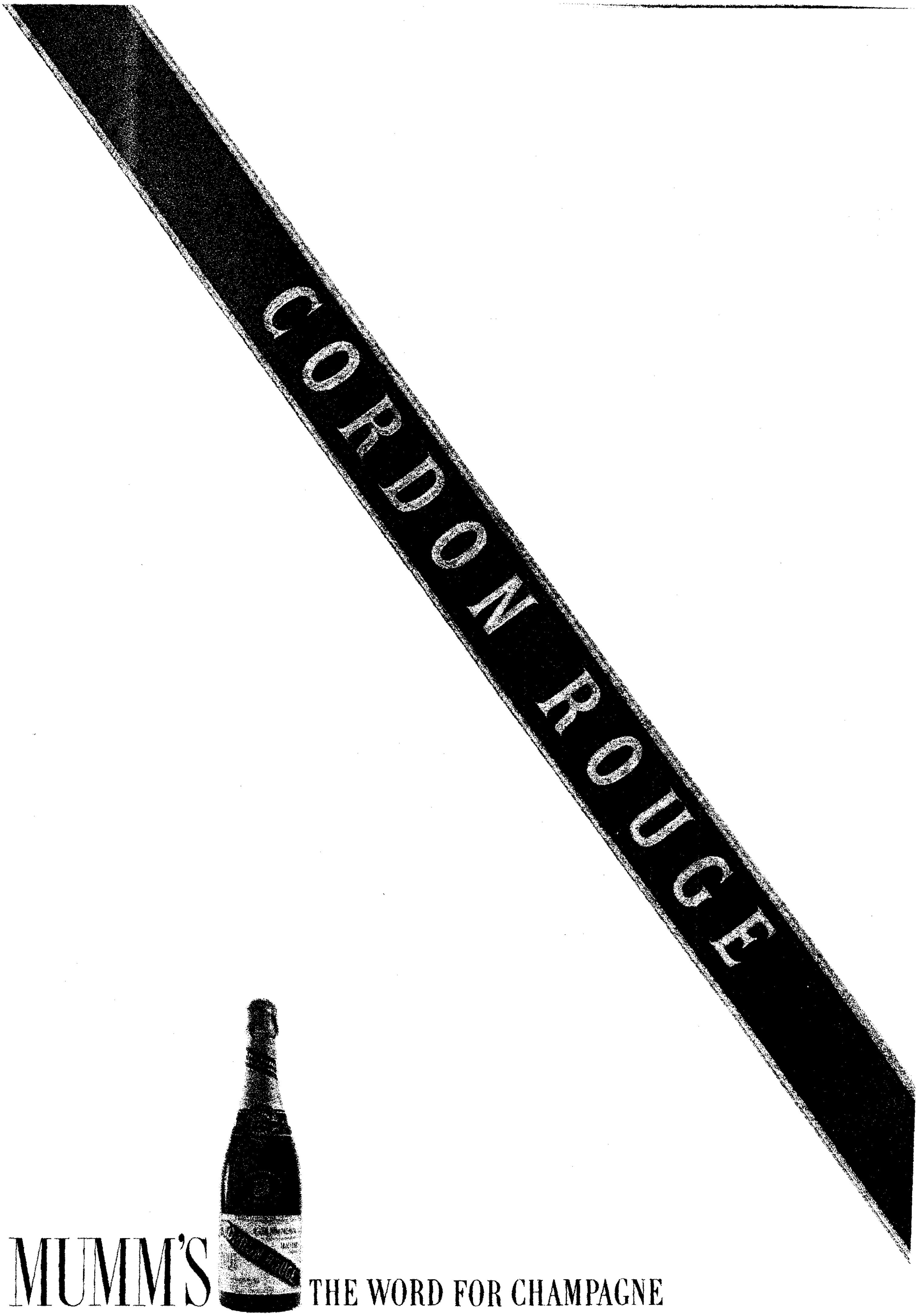

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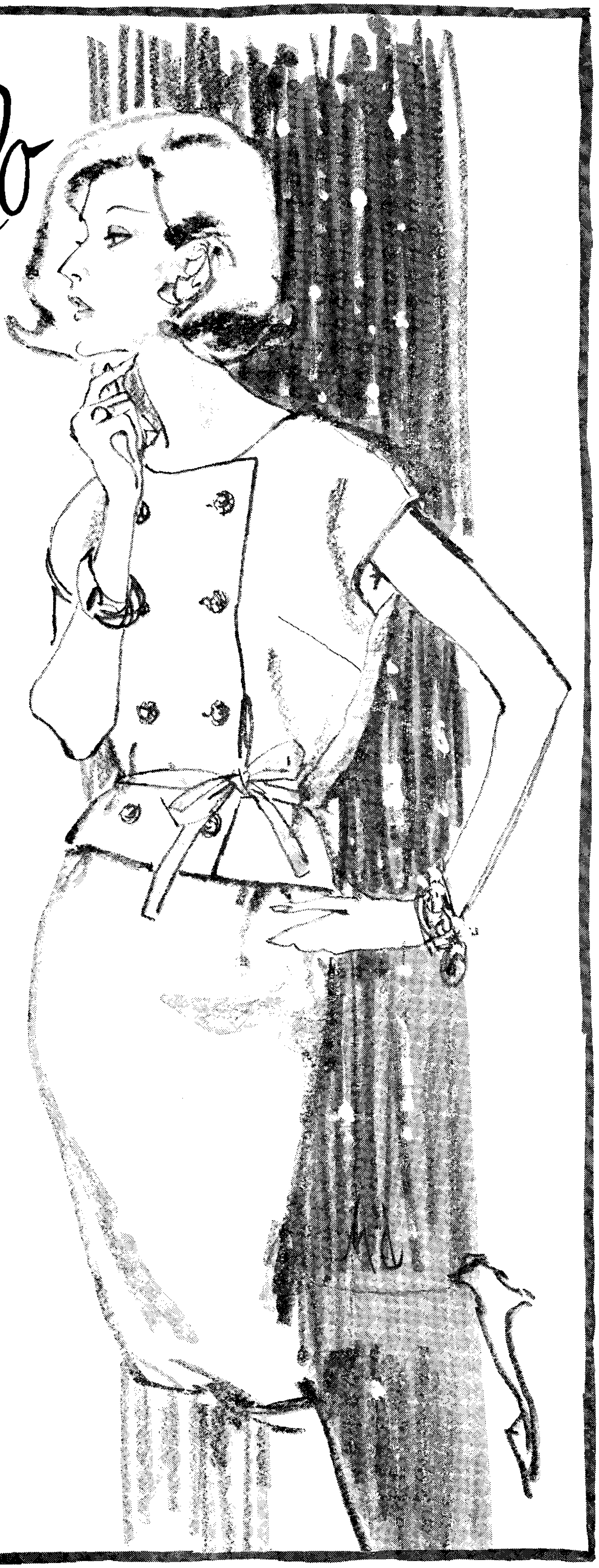

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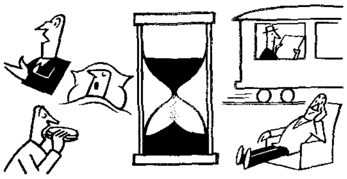
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AN acoustical-research group of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences has recently reported that the average person talks an hour a day—or, if he lives to be seventy, nearly three years of his life. By "average person," presumably, is meant "average Hungarian;" a group of Scots scientists would have arrived at a lower figure, we assume, and a group of Frenchmen at a somewhat higher. In any case, an hour a day does not seem very much compared to the eight hours a day, or twenty-three years of a seventy-year life, that are spent sleeping, or with the—at a guess—three hours a day (eight and three-quarters years) occupied by eating, or the two hours a day squandered on commuting, or the six hours a day (seventeen and a half years) that the average American, by our observation, spends straightening his cuffs and picking lint from his lapels. If man is a social animal, and the essence of society is communication, and the basis of communication is conversation, then, clearly, man is not talking enough. For twenty-three hours of each day (sixty-seven years of his life) he is a hermit, a sphinx, a dunce, a total loss to his fellow-man. True, if A is talking one hour a day, it follows that B (if not C and D) is listening, so when the talking time and the listening time are totalled, the picture is not quite as bleak as it seems at first glance. But if the Hungarian scientists are trying to suggest (and we suspect they are; it is the sort of thing scientists are always suggesting) that we are wasting nearly three years of our lives that might be used to better advantage, they simply have not grasped what human beings are put here for. To wit: to talk, to explain themselves.



AT the same time, the University of Arizona's Agricultural Experimental Station, under the leadership of Mr. Charles D. Owens, has developed a machine that uncaps honeycombs twice as fast as any other honeycomb-uncapper now in use. The news item in the *Times* reporting this goes on to say, "This could be an aid to the nation's half million beekeepers who produce well over $200,000,000 pounds [*sic*] of honey a year. *And it could save the nearly 300,000,000,000 domestic bees in the land a lot of time and effort*, because the combs can be used over again." The italics are ours. Who are we (to be precise, who is Charles D. Owens) to be saving bees "a lot of time and effort"? What will the country do with yet another leisure class? Consider it arithmetically. Assume that in the old days the average bee (we are averaging the worker bees, who work all the time, with the drones and queens, who incessantly have fun) spent two hours a day repairing the honeycombs ravaged by the nation's half-million beekeepers. This seems modest, and it likewise seems modest to guess that the improved honeycomb-uncapper will cut this time in half. So each day we are releasing into the air a total of three hundred billion bee-hours, which amounts in the course of a year to twelve and a half billion bee-years! Now, Mr. Owens and the beekeepers are living in a fool's paradise if they imagine that the bees are going to utilize that leisure time by improving their humming, or refining their honey, or simply sleeping an hour later. As anyone who knows apian nature could tell them, the bees will spend it watching television, or, worse, going out on golf courses and stinging people. In a few years, the very simile "busy as a bee" will have joined "hot as a firecracker" in obsolescence, and the low-grade honey produced by part-time bees will taste suspiciously like gall.

Historian

THE fall season at the Morgan Library opened with a splash—a lecture by Dr. A. L. Rowse, the eminent Elizabethan historian and Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, in which, summarizing some of the information contained in his "William Shakespeare, a Biography," which was published in England a few days after his talk, he offered a confident solution to the problem of Shakespeare's sonnets—poems whose dates and target have long constituted a popular literary puzzle. According to Dr. Rowse, they were written between 1592 and 1595; were addressed to the Earl of Southampton, Shakespeare's patron; and reflect a platonic affection not unmixed with economic anxiety and gratitude—since the public theatres in England were closed by the plague during most of 1592 and 1593, and Shakespeare, not yet established, was in very poor shape financially.

Dr. Rowse is a forceful and engaging speaker, and after listening to him in a packed house of Library Fellows (most of whom are in very good shape financially) we sought him out at a reception that followed. The competition to attain his side being intense, he agreeably suggested that we call on him at his hotel, the Wellington, the next morning. We arrived there at ten, and stayed two hours.

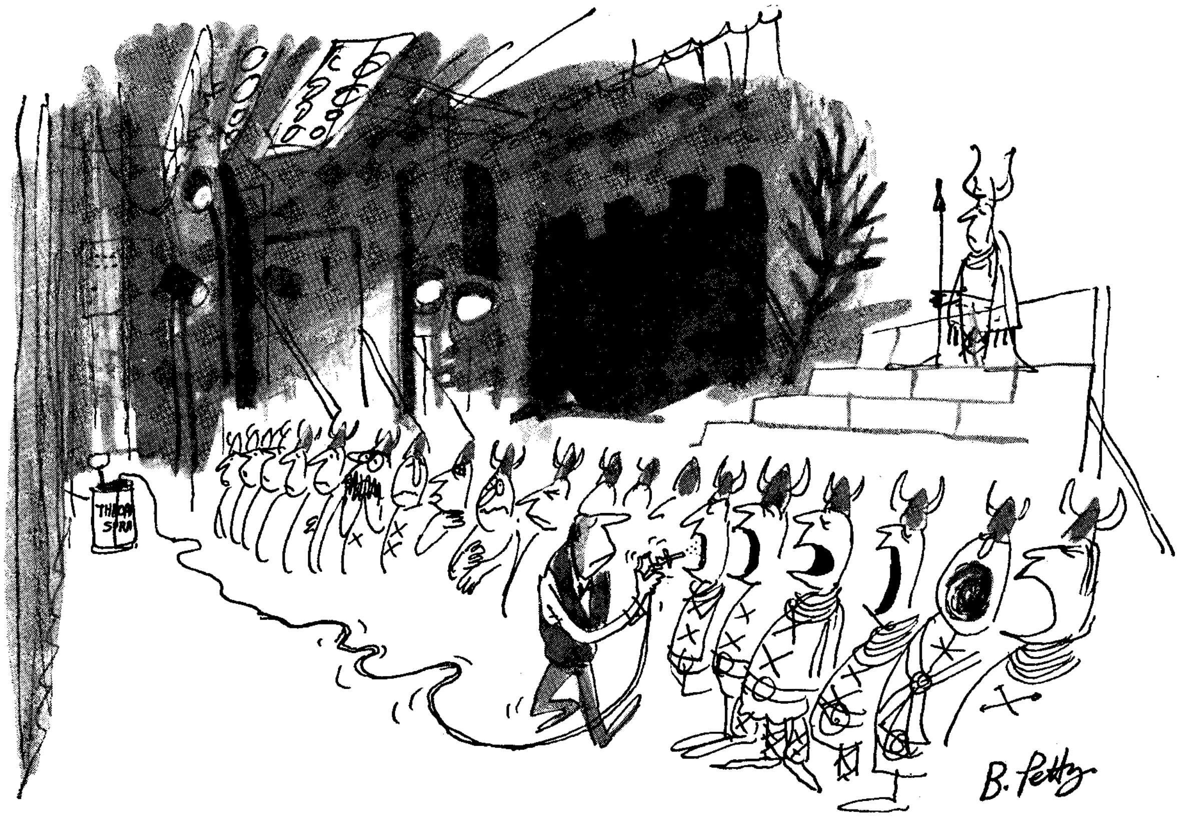
"The literary scholars have tended to pick out one sonnet and go on from there," said Dr. Rowse, a lively, thickset bachelor with piercing green eyes. "The historical references have been ignored. As a historian, I have brought a new approach. I've added a completely new dimension to Shakespeare the man. I don't wish to appear immodest, but C. P. Snow has called my biography a 'wonderful book' that 'shows what a first-class historian can do if he turns his hand to literature.' The book will be published in America in January, to signalize the four-hundredth-anniversary year of Shakespeare's birth; it's the sole Book-of-the-Month Club selection for that month. The London *Times* has done the unprecedented thing of running four articles based on the book on its editorial page, thus sacrificing its leader column. This gives my discovery a kind of imprimatur. I refused offers of more money to publish the articles elsewhere. I'm really quite well off and independent, and I live quite simply, as you can see from this hotel room. I could perfectly well afford to stay on Park Avenue, but I like this part of town; it reminds me of Paris, with all the little French restaurants nearby. My favorite is the Gourmet. I'm lunching there today with a girl friend."

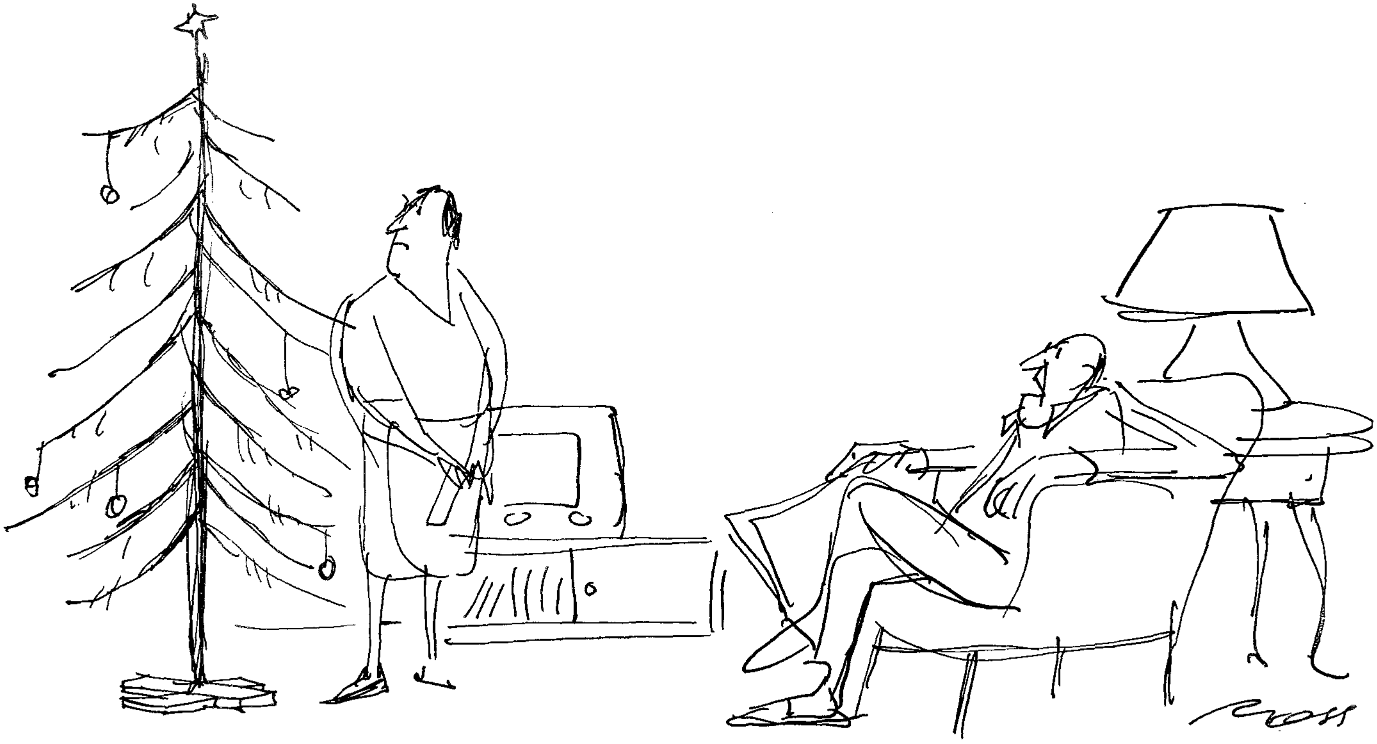
Dr. Rowse's solvent condition is the fruit of authorship—over twenty books since 1931. "My autobiography, 'A Cornish Childhood,' which took me up to eighteen, has sold a hundred thousand copies in England," he said. "I've written a sequel, 'A Cornishman at Oxford,' which will come out in 1965. My book 'The England of Elizabeth' has sold a hundred and twenty thousand copies in England—hard covers alone. What about that, old boy?" He went on to tell us that he was born in 1903 in the Cornish village of St. Austell, the son of a china-clay worker. "My people were poor working-class people," he said. "I went to the local elementary and grammar schools, and won an open scholarship in English literature to Christ Church, Oxford. I was the first grammar-school boy to be elected a Fellow of All Souls. Wait! This will amuse you. I've got a joke for you."

The telephone rang, and, answering it, Dr. Rowse said, "Orville! It's angelic of you to call me. . . . No, I haven't read the *Times* piece yet. I'd hoped to collect you for the lecture; you'd have had some fun. Someone said, 'Thank God, something exciting has happened in the Morgan Library at last.'. . . The Century Friday . . ."

He turned to us and said, "I can't remember the joke. Well, my family lived in a small cottage— Oh, yes, this is the joke. I was just a working-class boy—something like D. H. Lawrence—and the same year I was elected to Christ Church, Peter Quennell was elected to Balliol. Now, Peter has a biography of Shakespeare coming out this fall, so we're still competing. We're neck and neck."

We thanked him for the joke, and learned that while he was at Oxford he took a competitive examination, in history, for an All Souls Fellowship. "All Souls was founded by Archbishop Chichele in 1437," he said. "He endowed it with lands then worth a thousand pounds to study, and pray for the souls of Henry V and his brother the Duke of Clarence and all Englishmen who had died in the wars with France. It has received no endowments since 1443, when its charter was obtained, but it owns a good bit of northwest London. It's the blue-ribbon college of Oxford. It has no undergraduates. It has about fifty-five Fellows—elects two a year. They're a mixture of the academic and the worldly; the year I was elected—1925—the other successful candidate was Roger Makins, who went out into the world and became Ambassador to your country. The worldly Fellows get fifty pounds a year and are known as Fifty Pounders. The academic Fellows get professorial salaries. I have lovely eighteenth-century rooms at All Souls, with a nice manservant and the best cooking in England. I generally spend the summer term there. In July, I go to a house I bought in Cornwall, where I have a permanent housekeeper and a library of twenty thousand books. Rather overcompensated, don't you think? There were no books in my family's cottage. We lived in that miserable house, and as a schoolboy I used to walk to this beautiful Georgian house by the sea, with its wonderful gardens, which I now own. I am a hundred-per-cent Cornishman, and I am the leading Cornish writer. I have a Cornish temperament, not an English temperament. All Celts have a kind of humor of exaggeration. The English suppress themselves. I'm quite direct. But I'm not unsubtle, old boy; I'm fundamentally creative. I have a lot of enemies, but I don't waste my time in answering a lot of third-rate people's nonsense. I keep myself rather withdrawn. I do the work; I write the books; I prefer a Henry James sort of life and don't get too involved with things. I move from ivory tower to ivory tower. So much of my mind's energy is concentrated on the Elizabethan age that I stay away from the present. My view of humanity is all written by Swift and Voltaire. The twentieth century





"It seems ridiculous to get rid of it now, with Christmas only a couple of months away."

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is a terrible age. The murder of the Jews! I detest everything about the twentieth century except its dentistry."

Dr. Rowse laughed, showing some excellent teeth, and said that his next ivory tower this year will be the Huntington Library, in California, where he is to spend the winter. "I'm publishing an edition of the sonnets, with commentary, in England in February and in America in April, in time for the Birthday," he said. "I have a biography of Marlowe, Shakespeare's great competitor for Southampton's support, coming out next fall, and I'm working on another book, which is going to be a fourth shot in the locker. But I won't tell you what it's about."

"Shakespeare?" we hazarded.

"Shakespeare was a frightfully nice man," he said.

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Incidental Intelligence (Long After Mendelssohn Division): The Mexico Divorce Consultants, of El Paso, Texas, offer their clients, in addition to their regular service, a trip to a Mexican bullfight.

Report on Reports

The big season for annual financial reports is coming up, so we've just attended a Workshop on Annual Reports, held at the Columbia University Club by the Graphics Institute, which prepares a good many of them. We crammed for this event, which lasted from 9:30 A.M. till 4:30 P.M., by reading an Institute booklet that ran, in part:

> We're going to get the client started earlier, we're going to jell the theme early, and we're going to come up with an exciting design approach that the client will buy and then stay with. . . . Recent design trends aim to make the annual report more inviting for the stockholder to read. Typographic handling is smarter and crisper. The generous use of white space invites easier reading. . . . Original photographs, taken specially for the annual report, are replacing photographs obtained by the routine method of reaching for the files. . . . Meaningful graphics . . . play a more important part than ever in communicating fiscal information. . . . We're beginning to see more reports issued with colored paper used imaginatively.

We arrived at the club's DeWitt Clinton Room during a coffee break that followed the showing of a film on "How to Plan and Produce a Prize-winning Annual Report . . . Without Getting Ulcers," and had a crisp, meaningful chat with Mr. Herbert C. Rosenthal, Columbia '38, who is president of the Institute. "A good many stockholders spend no more than ten or fifteen minutes with a report," he said. "The vast majority of women stockholders leaf through annual reports or just read parts of them, and six per cent of them don't bother to read reports at all. About a third read them thoroughly. We made a survey of women stockholders that indicated that less than one in ten wanted an all-text report with no illustrations, and nearly seven in ten wanted text plus charts and illustrations. We're sold on the visually oriented report."

Twenty-five Workshop registrants, of both sexes, and hailing from, among other outfits, the Port of New York Authority, Standard Oil, Socony Mobil Oil, Sinclair Oil, American Machine & Foundry, Western Electric, and the American Cancer Society, trooped in from an adjacent coffee room and settled around a big horseshoe-shaped table. Operating a projector, President R. proceeded to show a number of slides of annual-report covers and contents. "A meaningful and provocative cover," he said of one issued by the Pall Corporation, manufacturers of filters for scientific and industrial projects, in which a filter was photographed two hundred and fifty times life size. He produced another slide, and said, "Note how the opening spread dramatically compares the size of a filter to the size of a person's hand. The approach is sophisticated. The budget for this report is slightly under a dollar a copy for seventy-five hundred copies."

"Pre-mailing or post-mailing?" a registrant asked.

"Pre-mailing," Mr. Rosenthal said. "Delivered in cartons, with envelopes. Some reports we've heard about cost up to three dollars a copy, for small companies. For larger runs, of a hundred thousand or more, the price may be from twenty-five to fifty cents a copy."

President R. took us on to filmed selections from the annual reports of Defiance Industries, the Jamaica Water Supply Company, the Commercial Bank of North America, the Franklin National Bank, and the Lenox Hill Hospital. "Your text should be comprehensive and your format crisp," he told us. "Plenty of white space and at least two colors are desirable. We have to face the fact that most of our stockholder audience is thirty-five years old and up, and reads with glasses. The middle-aged stockholder cannot read small type. Have your format working for you, and not against you. Be elegant if you want to. Even when you get to the balance sheet, you can add pictorial elements. You may have a little fight with the accountants on that, but you have precedent and can win out."

Mr. Rosenthal showed some more slides, and said, "When used as a background for a chart, photographs are very tricky. If they're too strong, they dominate the chart. If they're too weak, why put them in? Don't use tombstone pictures of officers of corporations. Use action photographs. Show workers at work."

Turning from the projector to the table, Mr. Rosenthal passed a number of reports around for discussion. We looked at a picture of a Standard Oil of New Jersey engineer high up in some sort of contraption and busy checking "an intermediate-scale pilot plant used in the development of a new chemical manufacturing process," and passed a portrait of Governor Clinton on our way to the door just as someone asked, "Should the proxy mailing be coördinated with the annual report to save mailing costs?"

"Dangerous," we heard, from another registrant. "We did that last year, and sixty-two stockholders wrote in asking where their proxies were. They'd thrown them away."

Epicure

WHEN a young mother of our acquaintance took her turn as chauffeur for six eight- and nine-year-olds whose parents belong to a school car pool, she asked her passengers, in order to keep the conversation going, what lunches they preferred above all others. "Hamburgers," said five of them. "Beef Stroganoff," said the sixth.

Martha Graham

ONE sunny day last week, we went up to 316 East Sixty-third Street, where Miss Martha Graham conducts her School of Contemporary Dance in a dusty red brick building fronted by a handsome iron fence and a garden that is gracefully neglected and green. We opened the front door and nearly tripped over an elderly spaniel spread out in an abandon of sleep just inside the threshold. His name, we learned later, was Roderick, and he belonged to the establishment. He lifted his head perfunctorily as we stepped over him and headed down the hall. Squeezing past dancers in black tights who were leaning against the walls in languid conversation, we climbed a steep flight of stairs to the office of the B. de Rothschild Foundation for the Arts and Sciences, which presents Miss Graham's New York performances. The office, a small, square room full of cupboards and cartons and desks, had a high, beamed ceiling and a wide casement window, through which the sun was streaming.

"Martha will be along shortly," Mr. Craig Barton, the Foundation director, said, nodding to us. He had a ruddy complexion and bristly white hair, and was typing with his glasses down on his nose.

We looked around for a place to sit, but the only open space, a leather sofa, was taken up by a big, amorphous sleeping poodle. This was Alex, and he belonged to Mr. Barton. We squashed ourself into a corner of the sofa and waited. While Mr. Barton continued typing, we read some clippings in a box next to the sofa, noting that Miss Graham had been much in the news lately, for several reasons: her successes in the late summer with Edinburgh and London audiences; her forthcoming New York season, which would offer premières of three dance dramas; and the recent furor in the dance world over a censorious criticism of her dancing by two members of Congress. Representative Edna F. Kelly, a Democrat, from Brooklyn, and Representative Peter Frelinghuysen, Jr., a Republican, from New Jersey, said they were embarrassed by her interpretation of "Phaedra" when it was given in West Germany under the auspices of the United States Cultural Exchange Program, and suggested that in the future better control be exercised over performances by artists from this country. Mr. Frelinghuysen described Miss Graham's dance as "obsessively sexual" and as involving couches and "a lot of young men in loincloths leaping around." Immediately, a score of dancers, musicians, and critics denounced the denouncers in a flurry of letters, telegrams, and articles damning censorship, but Miss Graham, the cause of the perturbation, remained singularly unperturbed.

"Hello! Here she is," Mr. Barton said, and in walked Miss Graham, wearing a beige turban and a black sheath dress. Around her neck was a slim gold choker, around her left wrist a slim gold bracelet. Her legs were slender and her walk was supple.

We asked Miss Graham what she thought of the Kelly-Frelinghuysen criticism.

"I don't know politics or the playing of it," she said flatly. Pulling up a metal folding chair, she sat down, with her back straight, and crossed her hands loosely on her lap. Her head, which has been likened to Nefertiti's, with its sharp cheekbones, pointed chin, and long, curving neck, was held high, and her eyes, deeply socketed, were bland.

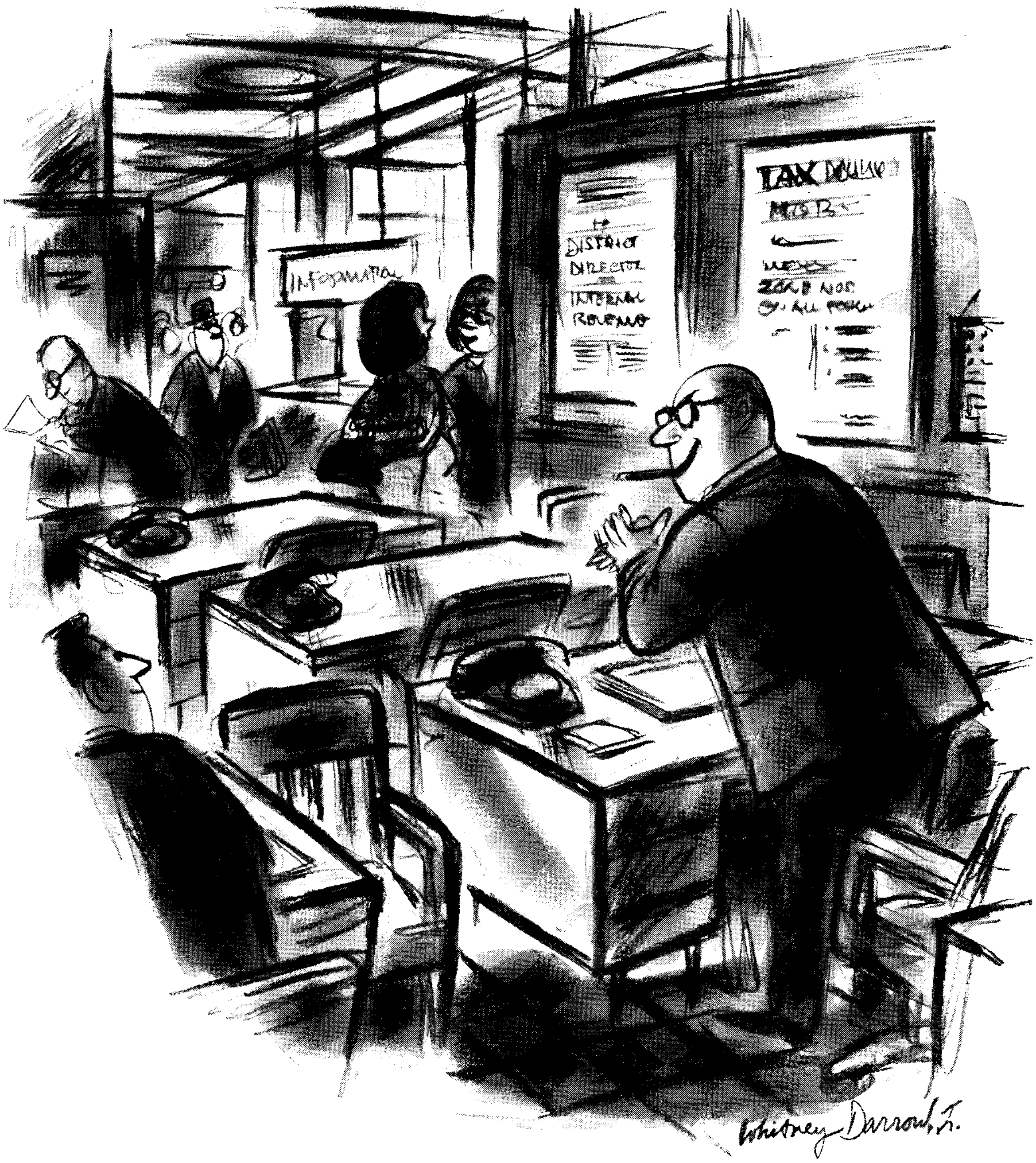
We asked Miss Graham about her Broadway program—particularly the American premières of "Legend of Judith" and "Circe" and the New York première of "Secular Games"—which was about to begin at the Lunt-Fontanne Theatre.

Abandoning her aloofness, she bent forward and spoke in a low, husky voice, sometimes rapidly and at other times haltingly, as she made a visible effort to select the words that would best convey the abstractions of her dance. "The 'Legend of Judith' is, of course, the Apocryphal story of a beautiful widow who saved her town from destruction by seducing the Assyrian general Holofernes and cutting off his head. Many Jews don't like her, because she killed. But I've always felt it was a ritual killing. She had to do it for the state of her world. I dance it not as a horror but as a woman summoned. I do not regard her as one of the terrible women of history. Her story is much more than just a tale. It is the releasing of the self from widowhood, from the death of the winter into the water flow of spring by removing an obstacle. . . ." Her voice trailed off, vanished, then returned to speak of Circe, the enchantress who changed visitors to her island into beasts and who wooed the wandering Odysseus. "This is the legend that inspires or degrades a man, depending on the man," she said. "I put it together from a sixteenth-century manuscript written by an Italian named Giovanni Battista Gelli in the form of a dialogue. Both Gelli and I take liberties with the story. Gelli had all kinds of odd animals in his manuscript, even an oyster. But it's just too difficult to translate an oyster into the world of movement. What does an oyster *do*, besides open and close his mouth? I've used a snake, a lion, a goat, and a deer, and they are involved in a dialogue with Odysseus and Circe. There is also a Helmsman, who is, in a way, the alter ego of Odysseus, and makes Odysseus return to the world. This return, you see, is the great problem today. Who wants the great and terrible responsibility of being a man?"

Miss Graham withdrew silently into herself for a while. Alex rose and plummeted down the stairs. Mr. Barton went on typing.

"As for 'Secular Games,' it's bright and gay, and it's about all ages of time and all ages of man!" Miss Graham said, suddenly looking pleased.

Several telephones began jangling, four or five dancers strolled in, two men from a moving company arrived to talk about a load of sets and costumes, and the poodle bolted back into the room. In the midst of the confusion, Miss Graham preserved her calm, and informed us that her company consists of twenty dancers, that she hasn't augmented it in some years, that the dancers either come from her school (which has about three hundred pupils) or have already shown promise elsewhere, that she never gives auditions to dancers outside her school, and that she always has to fight with herself when she feels an idea for a new dance coming on. "I will do *anything* to avoid getting down to work," she said. "I will walk the streets for days, for weeks. I will look for distractions everywhere. Then, when I've finally exhausted myself trying to get away from it, I'm ready to move toward it." Potential dancers, she said, are discernible at a very early age. "Often, you can take one look at a child and tell immediately. If it sits around and whimpers for something to do and constantly asks for somebody else to amuse it, you say to yourself, 'That one's going to be a clubwoman with a nice, round stomach one day,' and you go on about your business."



"Know what I'm in the mood for today? A whopping combination convention-and-vacation trip, accompanied by wife, with business expenses only partially documented."

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Keeping in mind Miss Graham's long concern with inertia, propulsion, velocity, travel through space, and other scientific-sounding phenomena that to a dancer are mere muscular practicalities, we asked her for a comment on the Space Age.

Miss Graham threw back her head and laughed. "That's for science, not for me," she said. "I do my own kind of journeying through space. Did you see that picture in the *Times* of the explosion of the heart of a galaxy? An explosion equal to five million suns! And it happened ten million years ago! There's a thought to give you pause. Who *can* explain our time? I can't. I have enough trouble living in it. The thing to remember is to make the best of it if you can, even though you're afraid of it occasionally. You've got only one life, and you can't spend it carping."

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SIGN in a self-service elevator in the South Building of the Health, Education, and Welfare Department, in Washington:

IN CASE OF EMERGENCY
1. Do not be alarmed.
2. Push alarm button.

FRIDAY NIGHT AND SATURDAY NIGHT

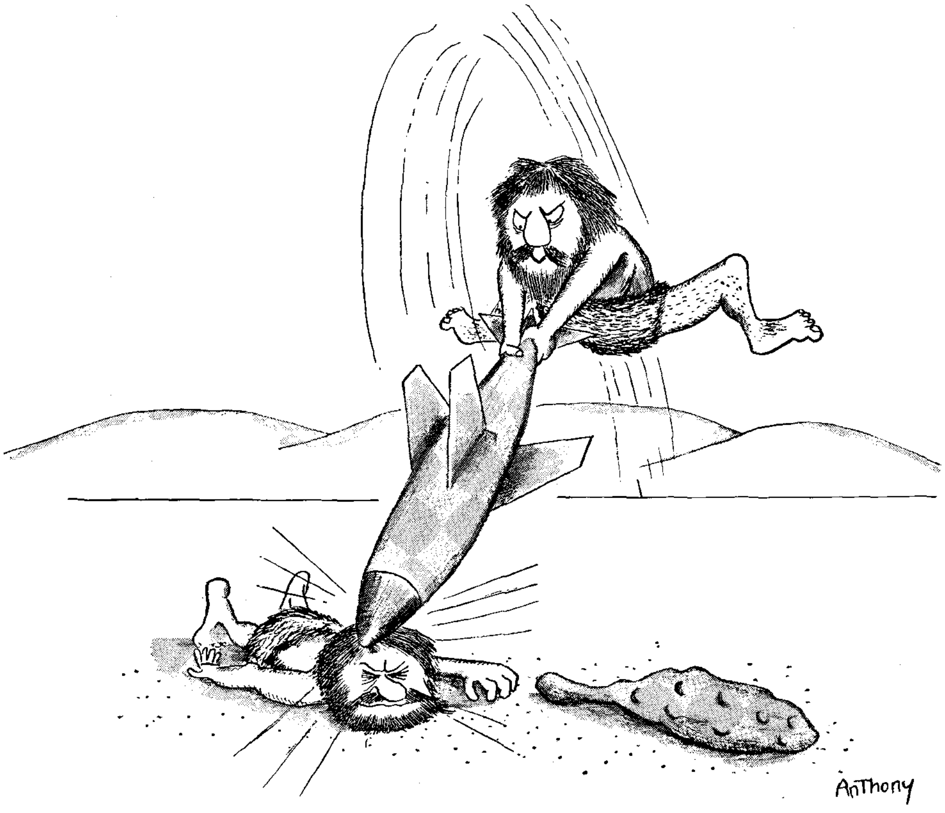
(SELECTED MOMENTS FROM THE NEXT RELENTLESSLY REALISTIC BRITISH MOTION PICTURE)

(*The film opens with a searching overhead view, in grainy black-and-white, of New York City's midlands—the Fifties, east of Lexington Avenue. It is a drizzly weekend evening in early autumn, and the streets below are seen obscurely through the rain and a dense bluish haze rising from the cigarettes of thousands of moviegoers standing in line outside of art-film houses all over the upper East Side. With a Zoomar lens, the camera next focusses on the sidewalk in front of the Margrave—one of the eighty-six new movie theatres within shouting distance of Bloomingdale's—where a two-block-long line of cinema buffs has been waiting since seven-thirty to get into the nine-fifteen showing of a bleak English film, set in a Manchester steam laundry, that Bosley Crowther has described as "profound and contemporary," thus precipitating a box-office stampede. The Margrave, in fact, specializes in such English films, and since opening two years ago has shown, among other similar pictures, "A Taste of Anger," "A Kind of Loneliness, Honey," and "The L-Shaped Sparrow." After panning over the gray patrician faces of those waiting in line, the camera cuts jerkily to the Margrave's employees' lounge, and, except for the flashbacks that are obligatory in a flick like this, the rest of the movie takes place in that room—a tackily furnished little retreat, in one corner of which there is a grimy sink filled with unwashed Colombian-coffee cups. Sprawled in the lounge are Freddie Scroggins, the theatre's beetle-browed chief usher, who is wearing a wrinkled tuxedo, and Alfie Dobbins, the assistant projectionist, whose mottled teeth resemble Stilton cheese. Freddie, as the series of confusing flashbacks will more or less reveal, grew up in squalor in Pelham Bay Park, and is a* cum-laude *graduate of the New School for Social Studies, where he majored in bicycle mechanics.*)

FREDDIE: I'm fed up with this whole lot, and that's the bloody truth of it. Every weekend the same. Lines of them stupid-faced toffs waiting for a plush posh seat at the pictures, and I got to run up and down Third Avenue like a blinkin' sheepdog—"Seats in the first three rows only, seats in the first three rows only." And wearing this scruffy monkey suit into the bargain.

ALFIE: Aye, and while I'm sweatin' my guts out up in the booth to put on all them English flickers—and I'm blowed if I can tell the difference between them.

FREDDIE: Nor can them smarmy trots. Standing out there smoking Lark cigarettes, what do them bastards know of truth or beauty? It's us bloggers at the bottom of the socio-economic index that's got sensitivity.



ALFIE: I'll say that for you, Freddie. You're a surly scruff, but you've got quivering nerve ends.

FREDDIE: And it's because I've suffered, I 'ave. That's what makes lowly blokes like me superior to them potbellies out there, for all of their Aquascutum macs and airmail subscriptions to the *Manchester Guardian.*

ALFIE: I just wish onct we'd show summat different here. A Gidget film, or even a blinkin' Jap flicker, like over to the Toho Cinema.

FREDDIE: Aye, I've lost my youth and my Bronx accent workin' in this scraggy place, and all for a cozy sixty-five quid a week. I'll tell you one thing for a dead cert—if it worn't for Rita, the coffee girl, I'd 'ave packed it in here months ago. Anyhow, me and Rita is getting out of here, and I'm going to see that the little nipper that's on the way is raised up proper, with a Schwinn two-wheeler, a Wagner College education, and Florsheim shoes.

ALFIE: And where would a poor bleeder like you get the lolly for that?

FREDDIE: Well, keep it doggo, but I know a place where I can put my hands on a nice fat packet of fivers.

ALFIE: If you're thinkin' of nicking the cashbox from upstairs, then you're barmier than I thought you was.

FREDDIE: Well, there's thirty-five hundred quid up there every weekend night if there's threpp'ny. But keep your gob shut about what I been saying, because *tonight's the night.*

ALFIE: Uh-oh, better get crackin'. Here comes Croaker, the manager.

CROAKER (*a beefy, bespectacled man*): All right, Scroggins, 'op it! You're not getting your pay packet for laying around in here.

FREDDIE: Sorry, sir, just stepped in out of the rain for a mo, sir.

CROAKER: Well, 'op it, that's all. There's customers out there wants to know if there's seats. (*He exits.*)

FREDDIE: That bloody, mean-gutted gett. For tuppence I'd bosh him one in the jib.

(*Freddie stalks angrily out of the lounge as Rita, who serves the coffee in the Margrave's lobby, enters. A spectacularly ugly young girl of thirty-one, Rita is pregnant, very pregnant, by a Bulgarian merchant seaman who has since returned to his wife in Sofia, leaving Rita with a more or less permanent faraway look in her eyes. All of this, in any event, is established in a series of flashbacks in which Rita and the Bulgarian are shown walking morosely in* *a heavy rainstorm on the beach at Far Rockaway or up to their eyeballs in industrial smog in Long Island City.)*

Rita: I'm clambed to death, Alfie. Could you pop around to P. J. Clarke's and pick me up a bag of grub—a B.L.T. down with a side order of crisps?

Alfie: Right you are, duck. And could you go a celery squash with it?

Rita: I wouldn't say no to that.

(*Alfie exits and, a moment later, Freddie slinks back into the lounge.*)

Freddie: Owd Croaker's upstairs taking himself a quiet little snooze, and if he thinks I'm going to stand out in the blurkin' rain he's crackers.

Rita: You better watch your step, you loony, or one of these days you're going to get the push here.

Freddie: Ah, I know what I'm about. Anyways, luv, one day soon we're both getting out of here. You hook up with me and I'll set you up in a posh spread in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, with plaster ducks on the wall and an aspidistra of our own in the telly vase.

Rita: Coo, you don't fancy—the likes of you, without two ha'pennies to rub together.

Freddie: Aye, a lot you know. I'll soon have a packet thick enough to choke a bloody horse.

Rita: I heard you nattering with Alfie. You get caught nicking the lolly from upstairs and you'll get a stretch at Dartmoor, and then what'll you do for a job o' work? They wain't even give you your old position back in the bicycle-pump factory.

Freddie: I don't care—I'm takin' whatever I can get my hands on. If you think I'm going to live the rest of my life substandard, the way Mam and Dad did, with nowt to eat half the time, then you're as daft as the rest of them barpy swaffers.

Rita: "Barpy swaffers"? What's that mean, Fred?

Freddie: 'ow should I know? It just has that proper Manchester head-cold sound.

(*Cut to a really dreary flashback, which shows Freddie, as a child, breaking a bootlace. When the action returns to the present, it is an hour later. Rita is washing out the coffee cups as Alfie enters.*)

Alfie (*settling wearily into a chair*): I'm that tired, but it worn't a bad night. We turned away more than five hundred for the last show, and I put the sound track down low, so's them that had got in didn't hear nowt anyway.

Rita: And I served the coffee lukewarm, so we did the mashers there, too.

Alfie: Come right down to it, this ain't a bad little art-film house. Only a hundred and twenty seats, and the floor's tipped so bleddy little that practically everybody has to crack his neck to see the screen. And no smoking anywheres—there's a nice touch.

Rita: Well, you can't coddle the bleeders, or they'll walk all over you. And their bloody complaining. What do they expect for two quid—"Cleopatra"?

(*As Rita is finishing the cups, Freddie, clutching a cashbox under his arm, bursts wild-eyed and breathless into the room.*)

Freddie: Come on, Rita! We're lamming out of this place!

Alfie: What you got there, you barmy barstard?

Freddie: I've got thirty-five hundred nicker, and I'm going to splash this lolly all over Cedar Rapids, Iowa—out where they've damned well never heard of Albert Finney. Come on, Rita!

Rita: I ain't going with you, Freddie.

Freddie: Don't be crackers, it's our one chance—

Croaker (*appearing in the doorway with a drawn revolver*): All right, Scroggins, drop that cashbox. The only place you're going is jail—I mean gaol.

Freddie (*slowly putting down the cashbox*): Well, it's me for a lap in Borstal, but at least I wain't have to lamp another Tony Richardson flicker for three years.

Rita (*with a shriek of pain*): I think the little nipper's on the way!

Croaker (*to Alfie*): Quick, Dobbins, get a hospital on the blower!

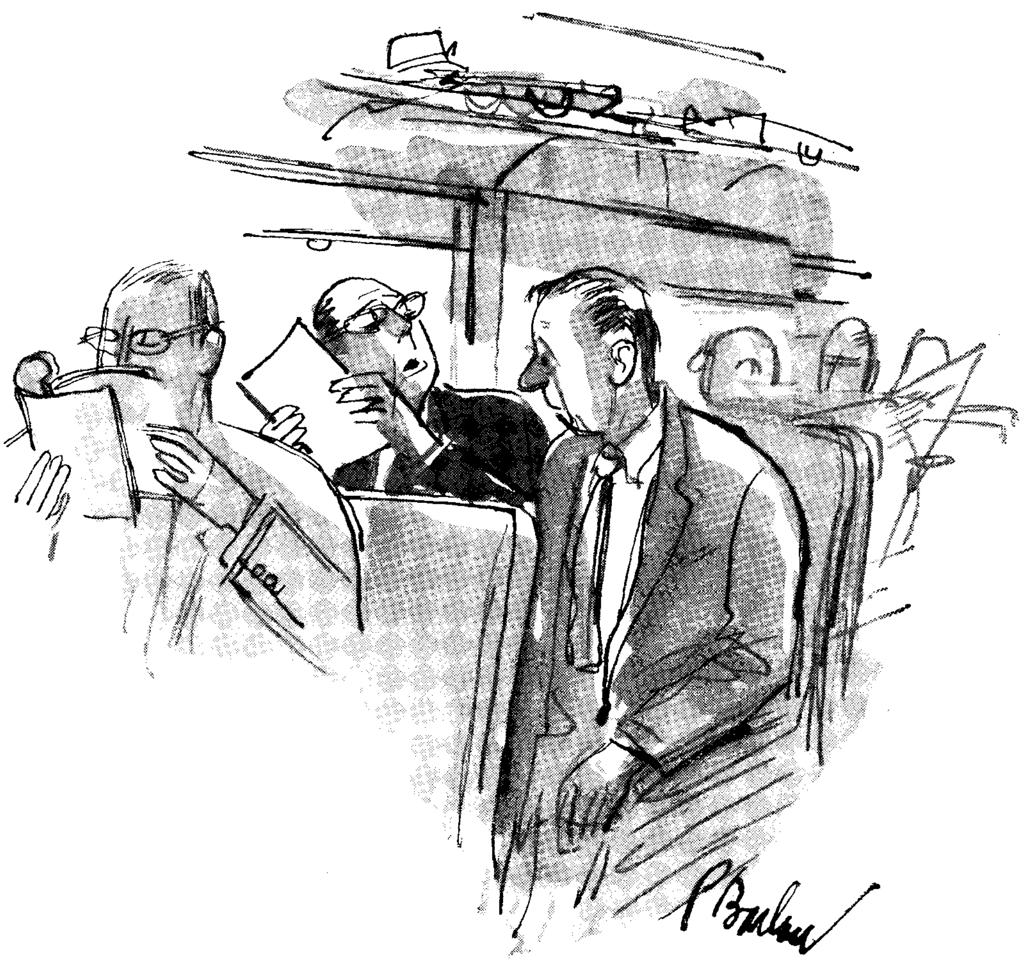
Rita: Oh, Freddie, hold on to me tight! We're beautiful ugly little people, and we're sensitive.

Freddie: Aye, and if you think we was sensitive before, wait'll you see how sensitive we'll be now. We're just starting out on some *real* suffering.

Rita (*slumping slowly to the floor*): Ah, Freddie, ain't it a lovely thing to be a member of the working classes?

(*As a squad of policemen rush in to clamp handcuffs on Freddie, and Rita is carried off in a dead faint to Mother Beryl's Home for Friendless Women, the film dissolves back to the same murky overhead shot that opened the drama. This is held for perhaps thirty seconds, and then up sad, tinkly, carrousel-like background music and "The End," followed by the credits and an abstract Yugoslavian cartoon that won fourth prize at the Zagreb Film Festival.*)

—Thomas Meehan



"If you don't mind, this newsletter is intended for insiders only."

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SIX POEMS

HER TIME

When all
My waterfall
Fancies sway away
From me in the sea's silence,
In the time
When the tide moves
Neither forward nor back,
And the small waves
Begin rising whitely,
And the quick winds
Flick over the close whitecaps,
And two scoters fly low,
Their four wings beating together,
And my salt-laden hair
Flies away from my face
Before the almost invisible
Spray, and the small shapes
Of light on the far
Cliff disappear in a last
Glint of the sun, before
The long surf of the storm booms
Down on the near shore,
When everything—birds, men, dogs—
Runs to cover,
I'm one to follow,
To follow.

INFIRMITY

I

In purest song one plays the constant fool
As changes shimmer in the inner eye.
I stare and stare into a deepening pool
And tell myself my image cannot die.
I love myself; that's my one constancy.
Oh, to be something else, yet still to be!

II

Sweet Christ, rejoice in my infirmity;
There's little left I care to call my own.
Today they drained the fluid from a knee
And pumped a shoulder full of cortisone;
Thus I conform to my divinity
By dying inward, like an aging tree.

III

The instant ages on the living eye;
Light on its rounds, a pure extreme of light,
Breaks on me as my meagre flesh breaks down—
The soul delights in that extremity.
Blessed the meek; they shall inherit wrath;
I'm son and father of my only death.

IV

A mind too active is no mind at all;
The deep eye sees the shimmer on the stone;
The eternal seeks, and finds, the temporal,
The change from dark to light of the slow moon.
Dead to myself, and all I hold most dear,
I move beyond the reach of wind and fire.

V

Deep in the greens of summer sing the lives
I've come to love. A vireo whets its bill.
The great day balances upon the leaves;
My ears can hear the bird when all is still;
My soul is still my soul, and still the Son,
And knowing this, I am not yet undone.

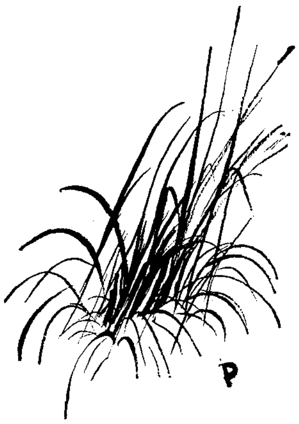
VI

Things without hands take hands: there is no choice—
Eternity's not easily come by.
When opposites come suddenly in place,
I teach my eyes to hear, my ears to see
How body from spirit slowly does unwind
Until we are pure spirit at the end.

THE MEADOW MOUSE

I

In a shoebox stuffed in an old nylon stocking
Sleeps the baby mouse I found in the meadow,
Where he trembled and shook beneath a stick
Till I caught him up by the tail and brought him in,
Cradled in my hand—
A little quaker, the whole body of him trembling,
His absurd whiskers sticking out like a cartoon mouse,
His feet like small leaves,
Little lizard feet,
Whitish and spread wide when he tried to struggle away,
Wriggling like a minuscule puppy.



Now he's eaten his three kinds of cheese and drunk from his bottle-cap
watering trough—
So much he just lies in one corner,
His tail curled under him, his belly big
As his head, his batlike ears
Twitching, tilting toward the least sound.

Do I imagine he no longer trembles
When I come close to him?
He seems no longer to tremble.

II

But this morning the shoebox house on the back porch is empty.

Where has he gone, my meadow mouse,
My thumb of a child that nuzzled in my palm?
To run under the hawk's wing,
Under the eye of the great owl watching from the elm tree,
To live by courtesy of the shrike, the snake, the tomcat.

I think of the nestling fallen into the deep grass,
The turtle gasping in the dusty rubble of the highway,
The paralytic stunned in the tub and the water rising—
All things innocent, hapless, forsaken.

WISH FOR A YOUNG WIFE

My lizard, my lively writher,
May your limbs never wither,
May the eyes in your face
Survive the green ice
Of envy's mean gaze,
And your hair ever blaze.
May you live out your life
Without hate, without grief,
In the sun, in the sun,
When I am undone,
When I am no one.

THE TRANCED

I

We counted several flames in one small fire.
The question was: Where was the Questioner?
When we abide yet go
Do we do more than we know,
Or is the body but a motion in a shoe?

II

The edge of heaven was sharper than a sword,
Divinity itself malign, absurd;
Yet love-longing of a kind
Rose up within the mind,
Rose up and fell like an erratic wind.

III

We struggled out of sensuality;
Going, we stayed; and night turned into day;
We paced the living ground;
The stones rang with light sound;
The leaves, the trees turned our two shapes around.

IV

Our eyes fixed on a point of light so fine
Subject and object sang and danced as one;
Slowly we moved between
The unseen and the seen,
Our bodies light, and lighted by the moon.

V

Our small souls hid from their small agonies;
Yet it's the nature of all love to rise—
Being, we came to be
Part of eternity,
And what died with us was the will to die.

THE MOMENT

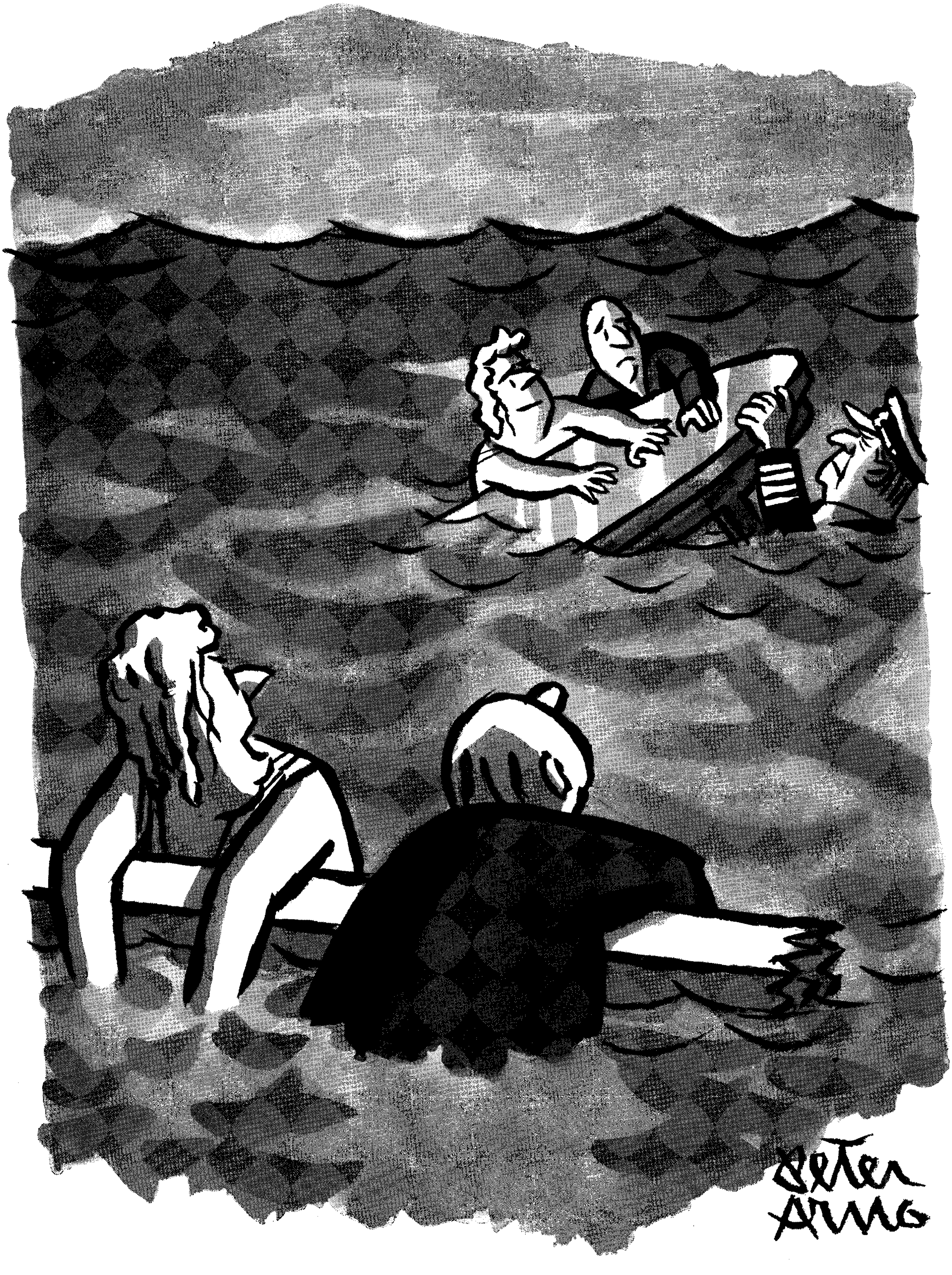
We passed the ice of pain,
And came to a dark ravine,
And there we sang with the sea;
The wide, the bleak abyss
Shifted with our slow kiss.

Space struggled with time;
The gong of midnight struck
The naked absolute.
Sound, silence sang as one.

All flowed: without, within;
Body met body, we
Created what's to be.

What else to say?—
We end in joy.

—THEODORE ROETHKE (1908-1963)



"Why, it's the Mildorfs! And at the Captain's table!"

COUNTRY AUCTION

"THERE'S something quite special about a country auction," Truslove Hale said as he drove along the soft Maryland dirt road. Then, obviously embarrassed, he added, "Of course, this is a tragic occasion, but still . . . Anyway, it's a glorious day, and that should bring plenty of people out," he concluded lamely.

"You turn in here," his companion said. She was Jane Finn—like Truslove, working and living in New York. "You can tell they must have begun by the crowd of cars." Her dark eyes staring at him out of her overpowdered face looked disapproving. As he switched off the engine, she glanced at her watch. "The sale began an hour ago."

"I hope they're not selling the silver first," Truslove said. He eased himself out of the driver's seat and stood up, rolling his body into place over too short legs with a practiced lurch.

They joined the crowd on the grass. The auctioneer was selling from the porch, and people were standing or sitting on chairs, chests of drawers, tables, and sofas. The auctioneer, in a checked coat, with pink-and-gray checked tie, his mouth baring gold teeth that shone through his white mustache, looked spry for the seventy-five years he was reputed to be. He was offering a battered lot of ladies' handbags. "Seventy-five cents I'm offered. Worth that to give to your church rummage sale. One dollar I'm offered—who'll give me one-fifty? One-fifty I'm offered—I'll take two. Two I'm bid—who's got a quarter they don't want—I'll take two and a quarter. Gone to that lady back of the washstand for two and a quarter."

Truslove sat heavily down on a green plush-covered chair. Jane, her eyes pecking for a place, found a hard stool behind him.

"Three flashlights I'm offering. Guaranteed none of them work. What am I bid for three flashlights? Absolutely no guarantee."

"I could do without his corny jokes," Truslove said audibly.

"That coleslaw cutter ought to be in a museum," Jane whispered.

"Why don't you buy it, Jane, and give it me for *my* collection?" Truslove whispered back. "After all, the American wing at Square Shadows is a respectable recipient." Square Shadows was his family house on the Pennsylvania border.

"A slop jar," boomed the auctioneer. "Just dandy to put beans in. What am I offered? Who'll give me a dollar to start?"

"Don't you want to look at the silver before he begins selling it?" Jane asked. "I made a list of it for you—here."

Truslove waved her hand aside. "I don't need a list," he said. "I know every coffee spoon. Are you going to bid for anything?"

"The children's christening mugs," she said, "and that silver serving tray Ellie and Bob got as a wedding present from her father's staff when he was governor. It's engraved with their names and the date, and I thought the children should have that." She broke off to greet a wispy little woman in a creased blue gabardine coat. "Why, Mrs. Apgar, how nice to see you. I haven't seen you since the day Mrs. Hammond . . ."

Mrs. Apgar's eyes brimmed with tears. She nodded toward the house. "I haven't been into the house myself but once in the three weeks since she died, and that was to spray for buffalo moth," she said. "Are you figuring on buying in some of the stuff?"

"I'm not family," said Jane, somewhat stiffly, "but Mrs. Hammond's cousin, Mr. Truslove here, is going to buy in some of the Hale silver."

"Well, certainly that would be a mighty nice action." Mrs. Apgar beamed at him approvingly. "Those poor kids could use some silver when they grow up. Though I guess they'll be lucky to get enough to eat, without thinking about what they'll eat it on."

The auctioneer's voice interrupted. "What am I bid on this vase? A flower vase, I guess—anyway, it's an outsize kid sitting on top of a shell. Who'll bid a dollar? I'm bid a dollar—one dollar I'm bid . . ."

"Tiffany," Truslove said, and raised his hand.

"One dollar fifty I'm bid—two dollars I'm bid over there—two dollars—two-fifty."

Truslove put his hand down. A man in blue jeans got the vase for four dollars.

"Dealer," whispered Jane.

"There are Henry and Alice," Truslove said, heaving himself up. "They must have come down from Boston last night. Let's join them."

"Everyone certainly has made an effort to come, now Ellie's dead," Jane said. "Real first cousins, like Henry and Alice—Alice is realest of all, of course, being a Hale." Jane winked spitefully, although Truslove could not see. "And kissin' cousins, too, like once-removed Pamela and Jim—see them there?" She pointed.

"The whole damn family," Truslove said. He moved elephantinely, obscuring everyone's view, and made for the shade of a golden maple, under which were figures waving at him. Jane followed in his wake.

The auctioneer was offering a gun. "Historical," he said. "Shot the first Kodiak bear ever killed in Alaska—it's right on it here, engraved."

"Never did like a single-barrelled gun. I like to shoot twice," said Henry as Truslove reached him. He was a florid man in a reddish tweed jacket with elbow patches of leather.

Jane said, "Little Allen should have had that gun, for his grandfather's sake."

"Much good it would do him," said Truslove. "If it fetches twenty bucks, that would be the best for Allen."

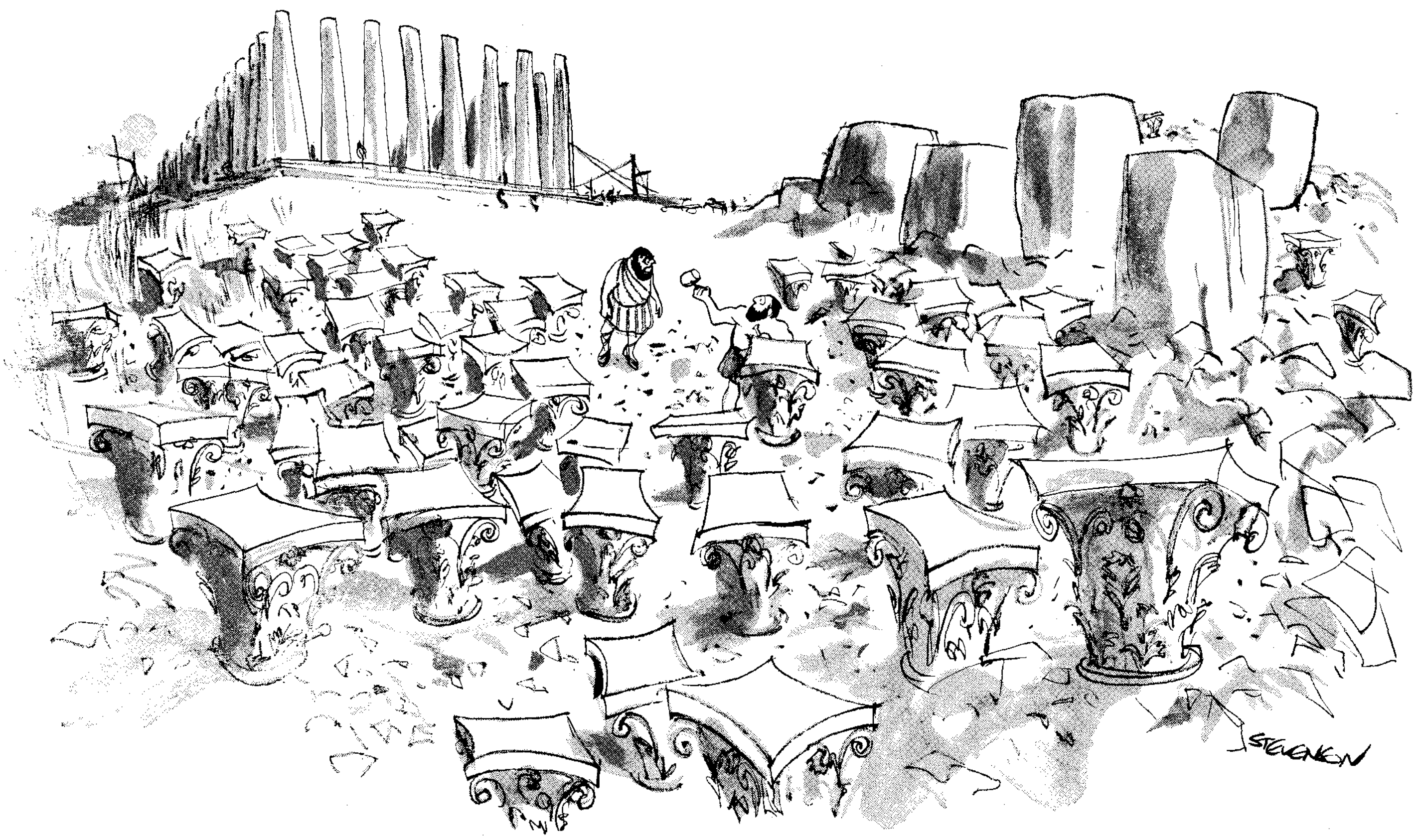
Jane propped herself on the steps leading to a side door. As she looked up, a flight of starlings crossed overhead; below them a few pigeons moved contrapuntally. They seemed almost translucent against the deep blue of the sky.

"Gullaby Gum Road," said Henry beside her. "Always was good birding along here—just you look up."

She turned. "I am looking up," she said, but Henry's remark had been addressed to Truslove. So she continued to look through the yellow leaves at the sunlight, then over to the red barn, burnished to ruby and shining like a jewel beyond the ugly, nondescript nineteenth-century house.

"One rolling pin I have—where's the bride now? Is this a bride here? Don't be bashful—just you bid for it, dearie. A whole set of kitchen utensils I have—what am I bid?"

The auctioneer was closer to Jane now. But she was only aware of Truslove talking. "I feel it behooves me," he was saying to Henry, with obvious self-satisfaction, "to buy in as much as I can of the Hale silver. After all, what possible right can Ellie Hammond's children have to Hale silver? Their name is not Hale, nor ever will be. Ellie chose to marry that fellow, but she should never have been given the Hale stuff after his death. Her mother should have held on to it for her lifetime and then left it back to the eldest surviving male



"No, no! I said 'Doric,' stupid, not 'Corinthian'!"

• •

Hale. That is just what I propose to do. I intend to buy it in, and after my death to leave it to the eldest male Hale who survives me."

Henry meekly agreed. "Of course, Truslove, Alice and I do not for a moment propose to bid against you, I assure you, and I'm sure Jim and Pamela will go along, especially if you tip them a wink. Since our name's not Hale any more than theirs is, what you say makes perfectly good sense. Now, I've got my own eye on that *boulle* stuff—you remember the little cabinets, the two Aunt Rose used to have in her sitting room? And Alice wants the ormolu clock and the two maplewood rockers—"

"I'm afraid we'll have the dealers bidding against us," Alice's gentle, tweedy voice put in. "I can see quite a clutch of them here today. They'll travel a long way these days if they get wind of good pieces. Getting rare, they say."

"Done," said Truslove, ignoring her. "I'll lay off bidding for anything but the silver—that's the only thing that interests me. D'ya know what Jim and Pamela are after?"

"Why don't you ask them yourself?" Henry said. "They're just there—see?"

TRUSLOVE was taking over, just as he'd taken over the family conference the third day after Ellie's death, Jane thought. She tried to look through the window into the front room, where it had taken place, round the mahogany dining table, but the sun caught the dusty pane and she could see nothing. She had been allowed to be present as Ellie's closest friend. Truslove had argued that the house and everything in it must be sold. "All this junk," he had said. "No one who buys the house is going to want any of it. Besides, some of this stuff is antique and might fetch a good price, and that would help the kids."

"Who is going to take the kids?" Pamela had asked, and Truslove had replied, "Well, I'm sure you realize I can't—a bachelor with an old ruin of a house to cope with."

"Nor I," Henry had said. "With a girl in college and a boy just married and starting out in the firm."

"Nor I," Jim had added. "Pam and I have no intention of being tied down at this point—and, after all, there are Pam's kennels."

Jane had not said, "Nor I, who love Truslove but get no good out of that, except he finds me a conveniency. How could I possibly take on two girls and a boy on *my* salary?"

"What about Ellie's mother, old Mrs. Hale? Surely she's the obvious one. That's what grandparents are for, isn't it?" asked Alice.

But Granny Hale, with the cute French accent that had never left her, hadn't even been willing to come to the hospital when Ellie, dying of leukemia, asked for her that last morning. Jane had gone for her, but she had said (with the taxi waiting downstairs), "I simply couldn't bear it, my dear. It would upset me too much to see her suffer. I would be no earthly comfort to her, and it would only distress me beyond measure." The French "r" always sounded stronger when Granny was moved. So Jane had gone back to the hospital alone in the taxi, and since a screen had been placed in front of Ellie's door, she asked the nurse if it was all right to go in.

"I don't know if Mrs. Hammond is still alive," the nurse had said. "I'll just peek for you." She had moved the screen ever so slightly. "Why, yes, she's still breathing. You can go back in if you like. It won't be long now."

Jane had stood there looking down on Ellie, who lay with her eyes closed, uncovered, the white hospital shift rucked up. Every few minutes, Ellie tried to pull the shift down over her exposed belly. Looking at the colorless face, at the red-gold, dishevelled hair, bright russet on the white pillow, Jane thought, This is the first time since college I haven't envied Ellie. Always I envied her—her hair, her vitality, her loves, even her griefs. All her life, Ellie was burning, as when she discovered Shakespeare's sonnets at twenty and couldn't stop talking about them. "Why didn't those old Madams give us these, instead of Dicky II or that expurgated *Hamlet!*" she had shouted. "Listen to this . . . and this . . . and this." All her life, Ellie had been in conflagration, and had expected everyone else to light up at her fires.

The two girls had met their very first day in college. They were rooming together, and after they had unpacked they sat on the window seat, mussed and tired, looking out on the lovely lawns, speckled with girls in bulky sweaters, like an ad for campus fashions. "That's a sweet brooch," Jane had said, pointing at Ellie's shirt of cream-colored pleated raw silk, fastened at the throat with a tiny red brooch in the shape of a daisy.

"Like it?" Ellie had said, unpinning it and passing it to Jane. "Why don't you keep it. It would look so nice on you."

Of course, Jane had refused, and, of course, it wasn't very valuable—only garnets, not rubies. But it was family. Ellie explained she had inherited it from her Aunt Ellie, who had been given it as a bridesmaid's gift. And Ellie had really meant her offer, just as she had really meant it when, after Bob fell dead at breakfast of a heart attack, she had called first the doctor and then Bob's mother and begged her to come and stay for the funeral, though the elder Mrs. Hammond had always refused to enter Bob's and Ellie's house, because old Mrs. Hale had snubbed her so. "My Bob mayn't be as wellborn as you-all," Mrs. Hammond had told Ellie's mother through her tears at their wedding, "but he has a pure heart."

"Those war marriages." Truslove's voice roused Jane. "Mostly eminently unsuitable and almost all unsuccessful."

"Ellie's husband was all right," Alice's gentle, prim voice replied. "Bob was bright enough, and he was doing fine—assistant dean at thirty-eight. He would have made out all right."

"Such a different background," said Truslove, "and then, the religious problem." He lowered his voice. "I really believe his poor Southern mother thought the Catholic Church was the Scarlet Woman."

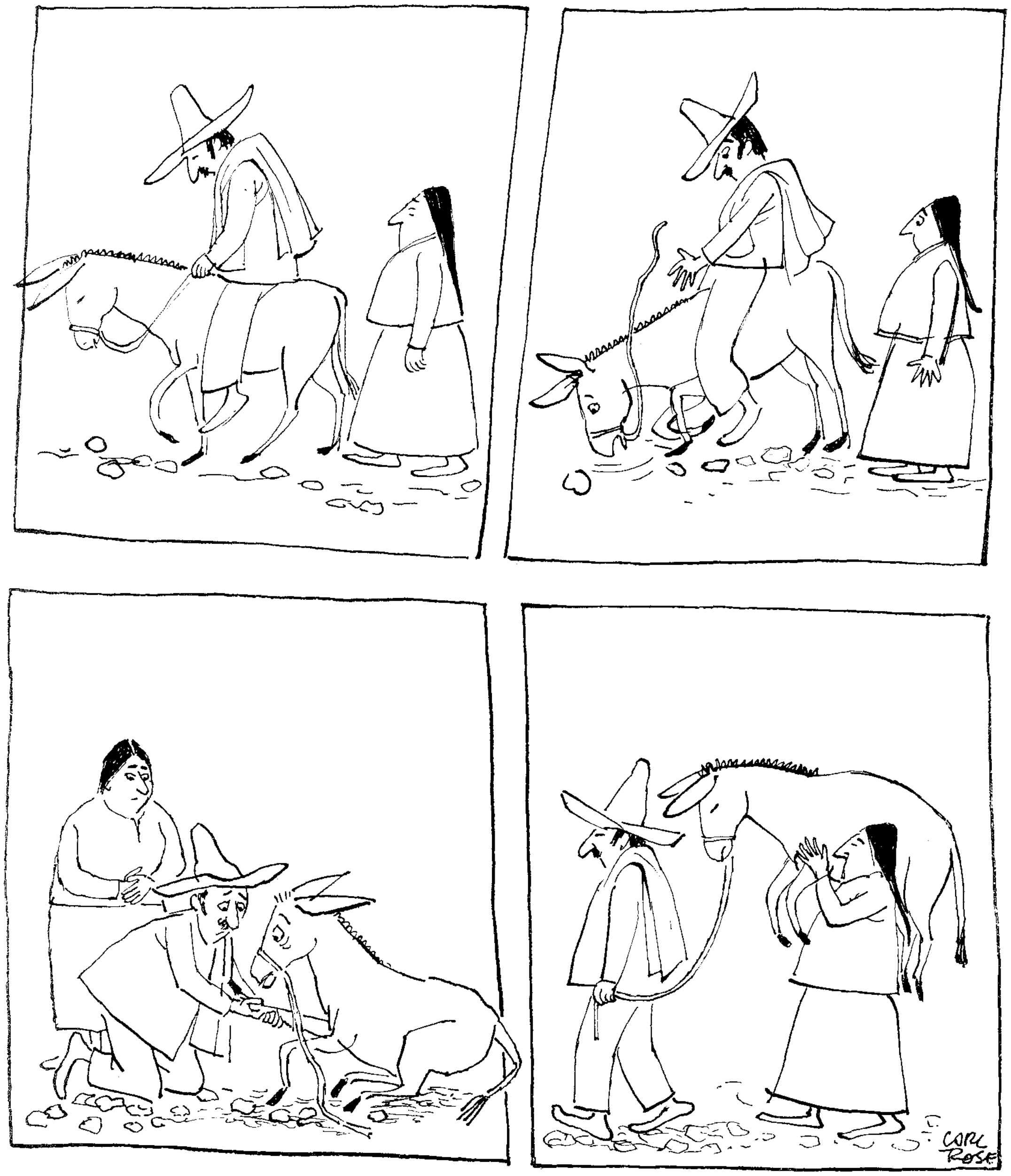
"His mother was a mistake," Henry agreed flatly, "but Bob was a good soul, and he kept the promises all right—never gave any trouble."

"Now, here's a complete washstand set," the auctioneer was saying. "Square soap stand, chamber pot, jug and basin—all in perfect condition. Who'll give me twenty dollars for a start? Ten I'm bid—over there—ten I'm bid in two places—twelve-fifty I'm offered—who'll give me fifteen?"

"Do we get lunch?" Pamela asked, pulling her gray felt hat down over her gray hair, to shade her eyes from the glare.

"Yes," Truslove replied, waving a hairless hand toward the barn. "I believe the Ladies' Sodality have promised homemade pies and hamburgers back there, and a coffee urn."

Jane's mind was back at Ellie's bedside. There was no one there, and she stood, feeling alone even though Ellie was still breathing. Each breath seemed fainter, the intervals longer. I suppose I ought to pray, Jane thought, pulling her beads out of her handbag. But then she dropped them back in. "What should I pray for?" she asked herself. She had brought Father John here—she looked at her watch; goodness, was it three hours ago?—and already Ellie had seemed totally remote. Jane and Father John had said the prayers for the dying—at least, that was what Jane had asked him to pray, and she



had recognized the *abi*, *anima Christiana* and had said, she hoped, *amen* in the right places. Jane watched Ellie's breathing awhile, in spite of a mounting feeling of fear, as though dying itself was catching, and she didn't touch her, not even to pull down the hospital gown or pull up the sheet—and then she tiptoed out of the room. "Why tiptoe?" she asked herself, for Dr. Pard had told her, out in the hall before he gave Ellie that last injection, "If you want to say anything more to her, say it now, as she'll never regain consciousness."

"Not ever? Not even just before she dies?" Jane had asked, horrified.

"No, why should she?" Dr. Pard had replied. "It would be cruel to let her. Her sufferings are over."

Jane had thought, He doesn't know Ellie. Suffering or no suffering, she would have wanted to be conscious every last minute.

So why tiptoe? Yet Jane tiptoed. She supposed she should have waited, but what was the point? If Ellie's own mother refused to see Ellie's death agony, why should she, Jane, have to? So she walked out on Ellie. But, Jane excused herself, Ellie hadn't really cared for any woman—not her mother, not Jane. Her loves had always been men. Her first remark to Jane, that first afternoon at college, had been to ask her, "How many men do you know? I know four." Jane had not known any, and had followed Ellie, dazzled, delighted, swimming along in Ellie's glamorous wake. When Ellie took her home—such a cosmopolitan home, full of dog-eared foreign books, and real books, not complete editions of this or that author, similarly bound to fill shelves—Jane had met Truslove. And had set her cap for him, thinking that to be somehow connected to Ellie, somehow belonging to her, a cousinly marriage, would be sheer heaven.

"THEY'RE starting on the inside now," Truslove said.

"Let's go in by the back door and beat the crowd," Jane suggested, and led the way, followed by Truslove.

A tricycle lay overturned. They climbed the wooden steps where Jane and Ellie had so often sat sunning themselves while they topped stringbeans or shelled peas, Ellie's two little girls, Marie and Julie, playing around, or "helping" them. The screen door opened, but the kitchen door was locked.

A young man followed them. "Do you know why we lock the doors?" he asked, deliberately insulting. "It's because people start swiping the stuff if we don't."

"I'm a close friend of the family," said Jane, blushing, "and Mr. Hale here is the late Mrs. Hammond's cousin."

"It don't matter who you are, because I haven't got the key," the young man said, and turned away.

"Never apologize, never

"It's one o'clock and I know something you don't know."

explain," Truslove said. "Where are the children today?" he asked, as they went around again and followed the crowd in at the front door.

"Don't you remember, at the end of the meeting three weeks ago it was decided to see what could be done about St. Mary's for the girls? Well, the good sisters took them, and as boarders, too, although it was almost termtime already. It made all the difference Ellie having been there, and their star pupil."

Truslove nodded. "I must say, the Church rallies to its own," he said. "Where's the boy, Allen?"

"The Christian Brothers took him," Jane said.

"Young to be a boarder, isn't he?"

"He'll be seven in January," Jane said. "I'm hoping to have all three for Christmas."

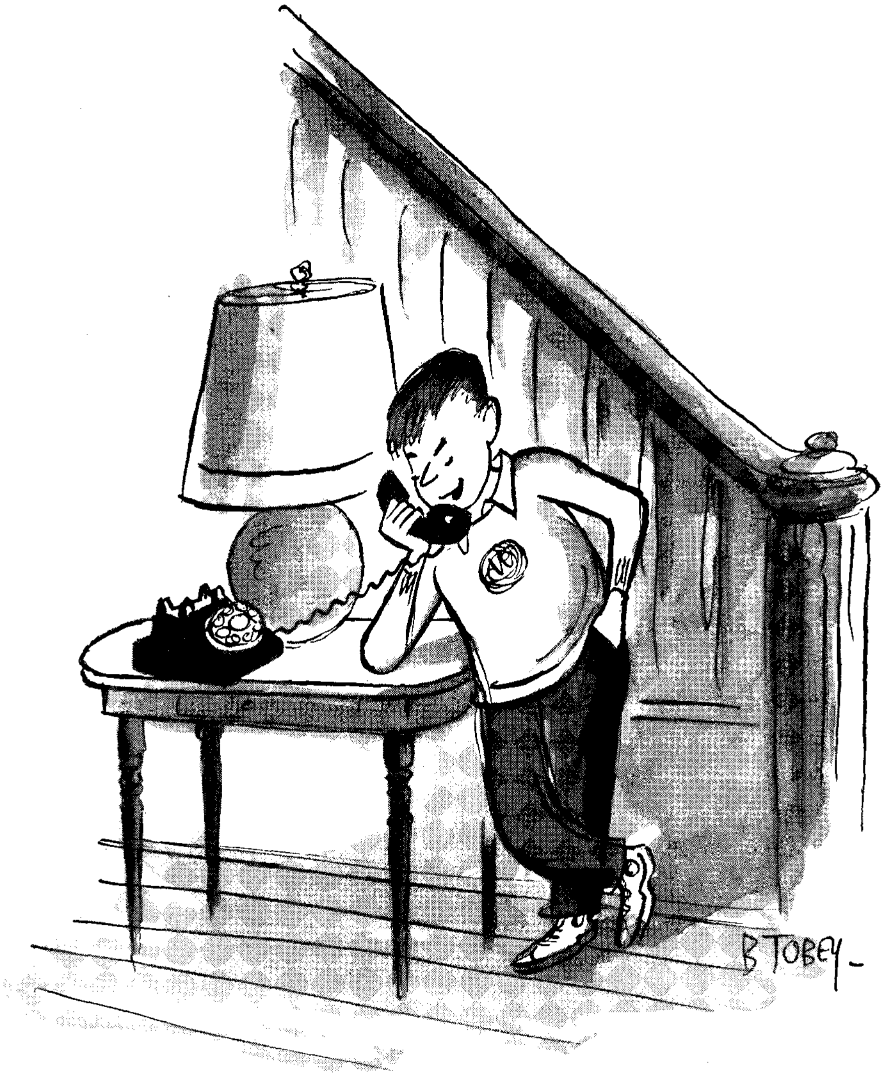
"What!" Truslove said. "They're not going to Granny Hale?"

"She has said she does not feel well enough to have them," Jane said.

"Not well enough in September to have them in December, eh?"

"You know she has a night nurse now?" Jane asked him, and added, "She's had a night nurse since the evening of Ellie's death, the shock was so great."

"I sometimes think there are some people the dear Lord is in no particular hurry to see," Truslove said, settling himself into a big wing chair and watching the auctioneer's assistants bringing forward entrée dishes, piles of soup spoons tied with bits of string, flat boxes, and a few tiny, blue velvet jewel boxes.



"James Bond, 007, here."

• •

Jane had been in the house only once since she came back that day after she tiptoed out of Ellie's room in the hospital. As she let herself in, Marie, the oldest child, came forward, tearless, and said in a dry voice, "Mummy's passed on. That means she's dead, doesn't it?," then did not stay for an answer but ran upstairs. Jane had found Marie and Julie hugging each other in Ellie's room. The place was filthy—crusts of jammy bread lay face down on the carpet; the dressing table was littered, the bed unmade. This was where Ellie had fallen, the morning she had been taken to the hospital. "Go away—go away—please go away!" Marie had said. So Jane went down to the kitchen, and there was Allen, drinking chocolate milk. Mrs. Apgar was patting chopped meat into hamburgers. "Those children haven't eaten all day," she said. "I couldn't get the girls to eat, and, of course, Allen copycatted them. Now maybe they'll take something."

Jane snapped back to the present to hear Truslove bidding. The auctioneer had started on the silver. She bid up everything for which Truslove bid. At first, he didn't get it. He would say "ten" and Jane would say "eleven," and then maybe a dealer would say "twelve" or someone they knew "fourteen," and Truslove would say "fifteen" and Jane "sixteen." The third time she did it, Truslove gave Jane a long look. He did not allow her to get one item. All afternoon, they parried; there would be many bidders, then a few, then maybe three, then only the two of them. When it came to the little christening mugs, the three offered together, Jane hoped Truslove would let them, at least, go to her.

"Twelve I'm bid," said the auctioneer, nodding to Jane.

"Thirteen," said Truslove.

When they got to fifty, Jane dropped out. Gave up. For, she told herself, as Truslove had said about the gun, the children would get more value from the cash than from three silver mugs, even with their own names engraved on them.

She let the cocktail tray go to Mr. Schwarz, the jeweller. Truslove outbid her for the fish knives, engraved some with one, some with two or three fishes, that the governor had so despised, as Ellie had told Jane, as "bourgeois." (They had come from Grandma Hale's family.) Truslove bought the tiny oyster forks, too, and the walnut picks.

When the jewelry was sold, Ellie's matched pearls fetched only three hundred dollars and the little garnet brooch just fifty dollars. Truslove did not bid for these, but got the last item, a handsome pair of photograph frames—wide, heavy silver, with Ellie's mother and the governor forever smiling youthfully out of them.

Jane turned to Truslove amiably. "How right you were." She sighed contentedly. "There really is something quite special about a country auction."

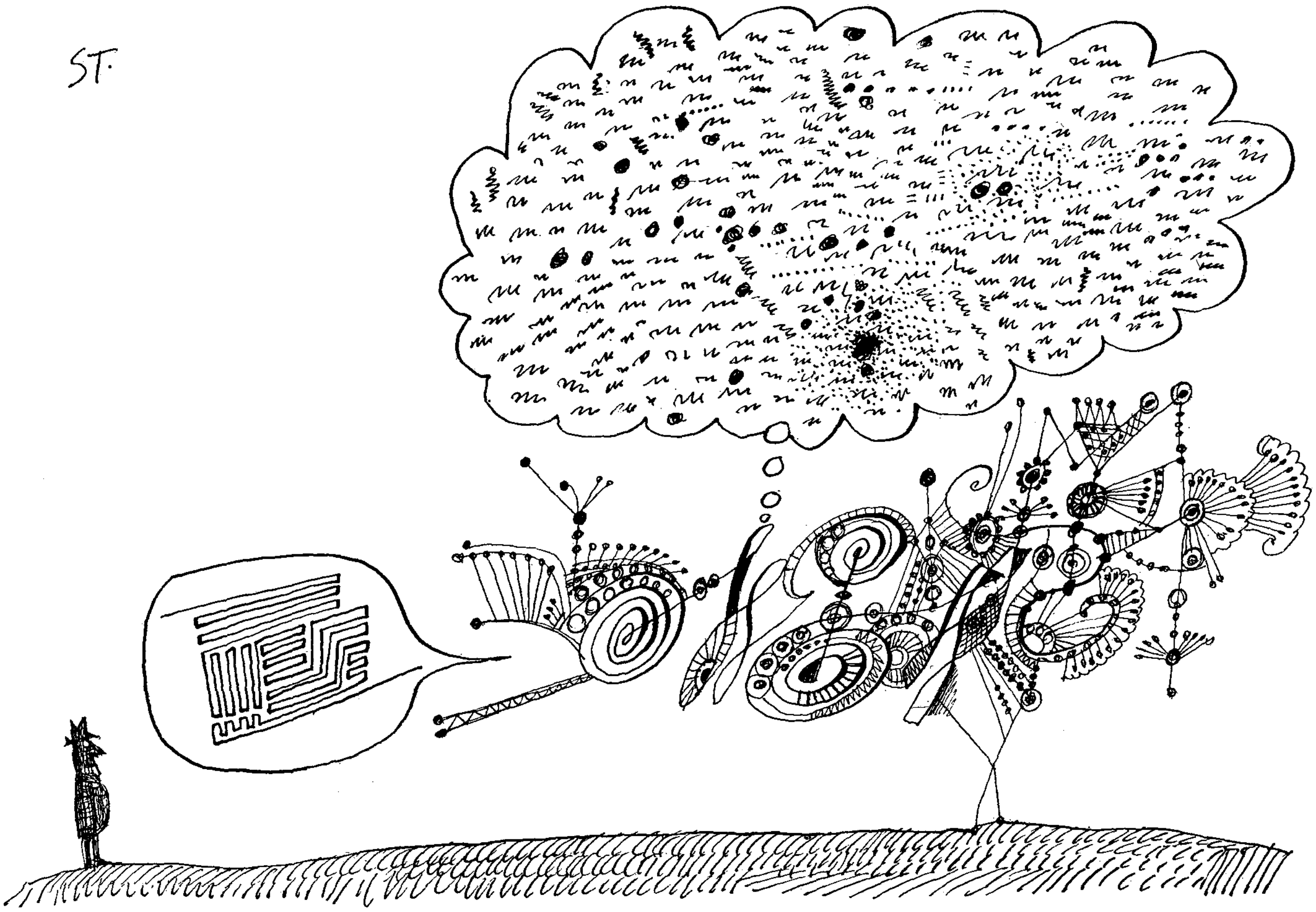
He did not answer, but his hurt glare had a certain dignity.

Jane left him, to look for another lift back.

—ANNE FREMANTLE

PROFILES

THE ANALYTICAL ENGINE—I



TO most people, the phrase "electronic computer" conjures up a baffling maze of wires, transistors, magnetic tapes, punch cards, and the like, which can somehow or other be used to solve problems of stupendous complexity. In some respects, this view is quite correct; the big modern computer is indeed a maze of hardware, and probably no one engineer could commit the whole blueprint to memory. As a practicing theoretical physicist, I have never been confronted with any such task, but I have submitted a good many problems to computers, and until recently my chief source of bafflement in dealing with them was a special kind of language barrier. One cannot simply present a problem to a machine in English, and expect it to come up with the answer; the computer has a language of its own—machine language—and whatever one wants to tell it must be translated into that language. Early in my experiences with computers, I saw some of these translations—"programs," as they are called—and because they seemed to be an unintelligible array of letters and numbers, arranged in patterns quite unrelated to those used in ordinary English, or in arithmetic or algebra, I came to think of programming as a black art, best left to the professionals. For several years, I prepared my problems, and the instructions for solving them, in language that I knew, and handed the lot over to a programmer, who went on from there. Together, programmers and computers relieved me of a great deal of drudgery, but they also gave me a feeling I didn't like—a feeling of remoteness from my problems.

Then some of my colleagues began telling me that there had been a great revolution in programming—that the job had been made much easier by the invention of several new languages, which stuck remarkably close to the words and symbols of conventional mathematical language, and which the machines more or less translated for themselves. In fact, I was assured that even if one had only a vague idea of how a modern computer worked, one could learn to communicate with it—to some degree, at least—without an interpreter. I was also told that the appropriate language for the sort of scientific computation I customarily ran up against was called FORTRAN (for "Formula Translation"), and that a good many universities occasionally offered short, intensive courses in it, rather like cram courses in Italian or French. Not long afterward, I happened to see a notice on the bulletin board of the Physics Department of New York University, where I teach, announcing that the university's computing center, which is part of the Courant Institute of Mathematical Sciences, was offering just such a course between semesters. I decided to enroll.

I had assumed that all my fellow FORTRAN students would be professional scientists or engineers, but, in a quick survey, our instructor, an operations associate at the Courant Institute named Howard L. Walowitz, discovered that the class included a librarian and also several women from the university's Department of Nurse Education, who were writing theses involving detailed analyses of medical statistics. Although a few of the students had taken FORTRAN courses elsewhere and were just brushing up, most of us had no knowledge whatever of the language. It is a testimonial to FORTRAN—and to Mr. Walowitz—

that within a couple of days most of us had learned enough about its elements to set up a simple problem and get an answer back from the machine.

The first step in programming is to write down something on something, and Mr. Walowitz started out by showing us the kind of sheet we would write on—a blank FORTRAN coding form. This is a piece of pale-green paper, the size of typewriter paper and ruled off into about fifteen hundred rectangles, each of which can be filled in with a digit, a letter, or a punctuation mark. Next, he showed us a green sheet with an easy "model" problem, one that obviously didn't require a multimillion-dollar computer—a simple income-tax computation, in which the tax was to be computed according to the formula:

TAX = 22% (GROSS INCOME − $600.00 × NUMBER OF EXEMPTIONS)

At first glance, the program on the coding sheet appeared quite forbidding, but as Mr. Walowitz went on with his explanation, it began to appear precise and even elegant. Slightly abbreviated, it went like this:

```
1 READ INPUT TAPE 5,
  GROSS, EXMP

TAX = 022 * (GROSS − EXMP * 600.0)

IF (TAX) 2,3,3

2 TAX = 0.0

3 WRITE OUTPUT TAPE 6,
  GROSS, EXMP, TAX

GO TO 1
```

It is easy to get the impression from seeing a command like the first one that the machine will respond to any English command—READ PROUST, say. Actually, FORTRAN consists of only a limited number of phrases, which can be put together to convey the sequence of steps needed in solving a great variety of mathematical problems. Most large computers "store" data on reels of magnetic tape, and in this instance the "READ" command informs the machine that it will find the appropriate data—a set of figures for gross income and exemptions—on Magnetic Tape 5.

Second comes the formula, written very much the way one would normally write it, the main exception being that a few of the symbols are changed to avoid ambiguity. Thus:

```
TAX = 0.22 * (GROSS − EXMP * 600.0)
```

What appears next is one of the most powerful FORTRAN statements—one that illustrates the "decision-making" ability of a modern computer:

```
IF (TAX) 2,3,3
```

This statement tells the machine how to proceed after computing the tax, depending on whether the answer is a negative number, zero, or a positive number. If the answer is negative, the machine is to go to Instruction 2, or:

```
TAX = 0.0
```

There is no such thing as a negative tax, and Instruction 2 says that if EXMP * 600 should exceed GROSS, the machine is to write out the tax as zero. In this case, practically speaking, one negative answer would mean the same as another—no tax—so the programmer has no interest in just what the negative number is.

If the tax comes out either zero or positive, the machine goes to Instruction 3, which tells it to write out the actual result of the tax computation on another tape. This tape will be used to run a high-speed automatic printer, which will print out the whole computation on paper.

"GO TO 1" instructs the machine to go back to the beginning of the program—that is, to start over again with the next set of figures on Tape 5.

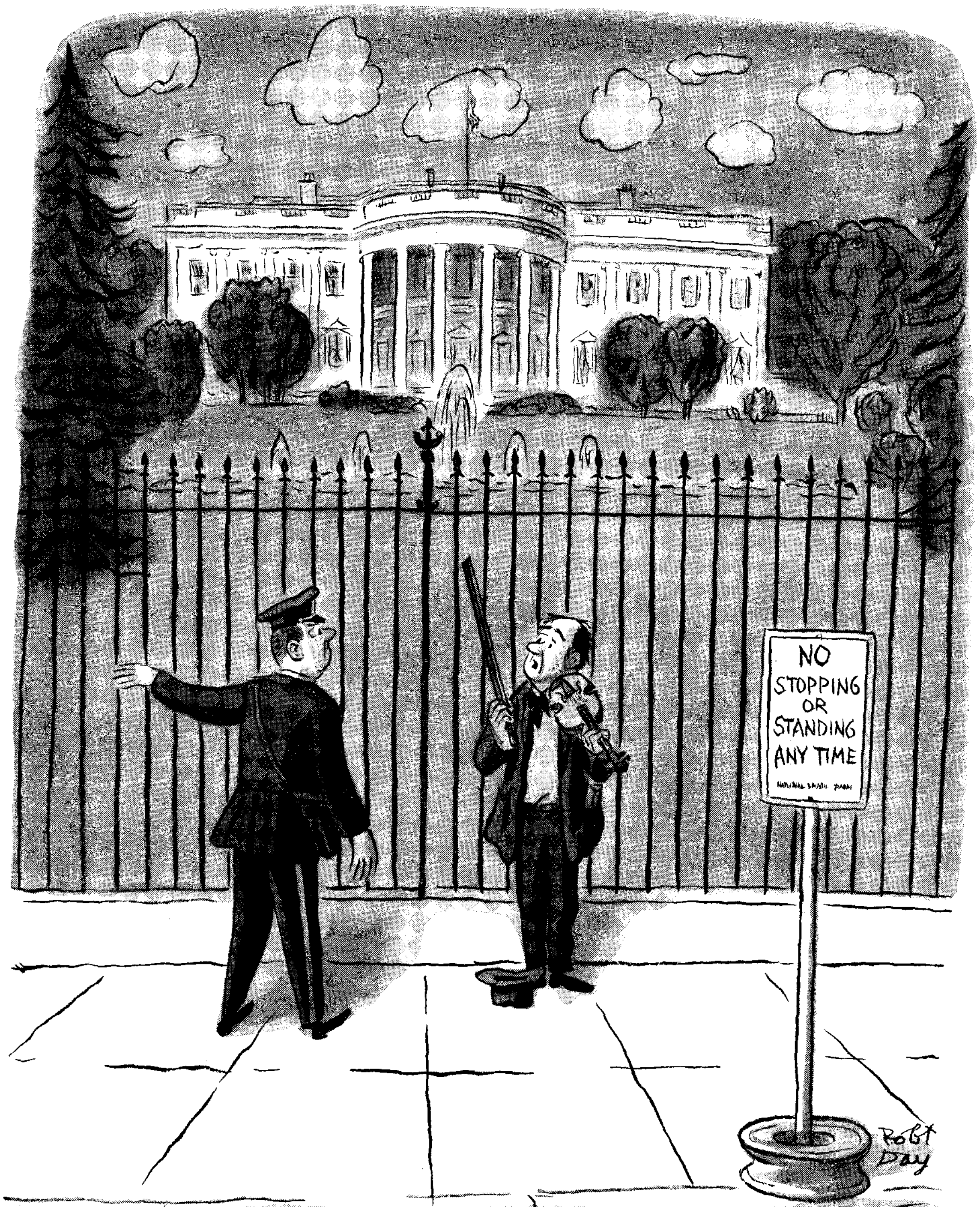
This sequence of instructions enables the machine to compute the tax once the programmer has supplied sets of numerical values for the variables GROSS and EXMP. Mr. Walowitz wrote these values, under the heading "DATA," just below the instruction sequence, and in due course they were transcribed onto Magnetic Tape 5. The program and the data are separate entities, and once the programmer has set up a program, he can use it any time he provides the data.

After the first lecture, we were taken on a brief tour of the N.Y.U. computing center. The center uses two computers in tandem, a relatively small I.B.M. 1401 computer being employed to process data for the much larger I.B.M. 7090. In this setup, getting data into the 7090 is a three-step affair. First, the program on the green sheets is transferred to punch cards, through which a pattern of holes is punched representing the FORTRAN symbols. (This is a mechanical job, much like typing, and it is usually done by key-punch operators, though one can easily learn to do it oneself.) Second, the cards are fed in a deck into the 1401, which "reads"

"*I* know I'm innocent, and that's really all that matters."

them—that is, senses the patterns of holes electronically. And, third, the 1401 puts the information on the cards on magnetic tape, which is read directly by the 7090. On most jobs, the 1401 also controls the operation of the automatic printer, which we could see pouring out results obtained from the 7090, at the rate of some six hundred lines a minute. While the machines are in operation, their interior workings are hidden in neat gray metal cases. The reels of magnetic tape, however, are housed in cabinets with glass windows—one reel to a cabinet—and I found it fascinating to watch the machine work back and forth among the reels in the course of a calculation. A light would go on over one of the cabinets, and the reel inside would whirl for a fraction of a second. Then another light would go on and another reel would begin to whirl, and so it went.

At the next lecture, we received our first homework assignment, and from it I learned that although FORTRAN looks simple, it is full of nuances. Our problem had to do with mortgage amortization, and, like the tax computation, it came down to evaluating a formula—that is, finding the numerical values corresponding to the abstract variables—but this formula was somewhat more complex than the first. Mr. Walowitz advised us to prepare a "flow chart" before we actually began to write out the program. A flow chart is a diagram illustrating the logical "flow" of steps that must be taken to solve a problem, which means that one has to think out, in proper order, the various mathematical and logical operations that one would perform in solving the problem on one's own. On one's own, of course, one often takes operations for granted and performs them almost without thinking. A machine cannot be expected to take anything for granted, and I found the process of diagramming the steps somewhat tedious, but after making a few attempts at writing a program without preparing a flow chart, I became convinced that Mr. Walowitz was right. As big a help as a flow chart is, however, it is by no means the end of the story. When I wrote my first program, I made the mistake of using a pen instead of a pencil. FORTRAN has a very finicky grammar; there must be commas where the rules say, or the machine will not accept the program. Because I tend to be somewhat careless in writing things down, and because ink won't erase, I had to take three or four cracks at preparing that first program. When I finally had it ready, Mr. Walowitz looked it over and said that I could deliver it to the key-punch operators, and soon afterward I picked up what is called the "printout" of my calculation. The satisfaction I got from having established a certain degree of communication with the machine reminded me of the way I felt when, after a week of French lessons at the Alliance Française in Paris,



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I discovered that I was able to engage in useful, if limited, conversations with my concierge.

In the course of coping with our second homework problem, which was a lot harder than the first, I learned what happens when a faulty FORTRAN program gets put onto the machine. I had prepared (in pencil) what seemed to me an absolutely foolproof green sheet and had given it to the key-punch operators. After a while, I got my printout, which began with the date and with the title "709/7090 FORTRAN DIAGNOSTIC PROGRAM RESULTS." Next came one of the formulas I had written out, followed by the terse comment "TOO MANY LEFT PARENTHESES." (FORTRAN grammar, like any other, demands that left and right parentheses balance out.) I looked at the formula and saw that the key-punch operator had taken a slash symbol, which indicates division, for a left parenthesis. To the machine, the formula appeared as:

```
STDV = (SUM ( GN) ** .5
```

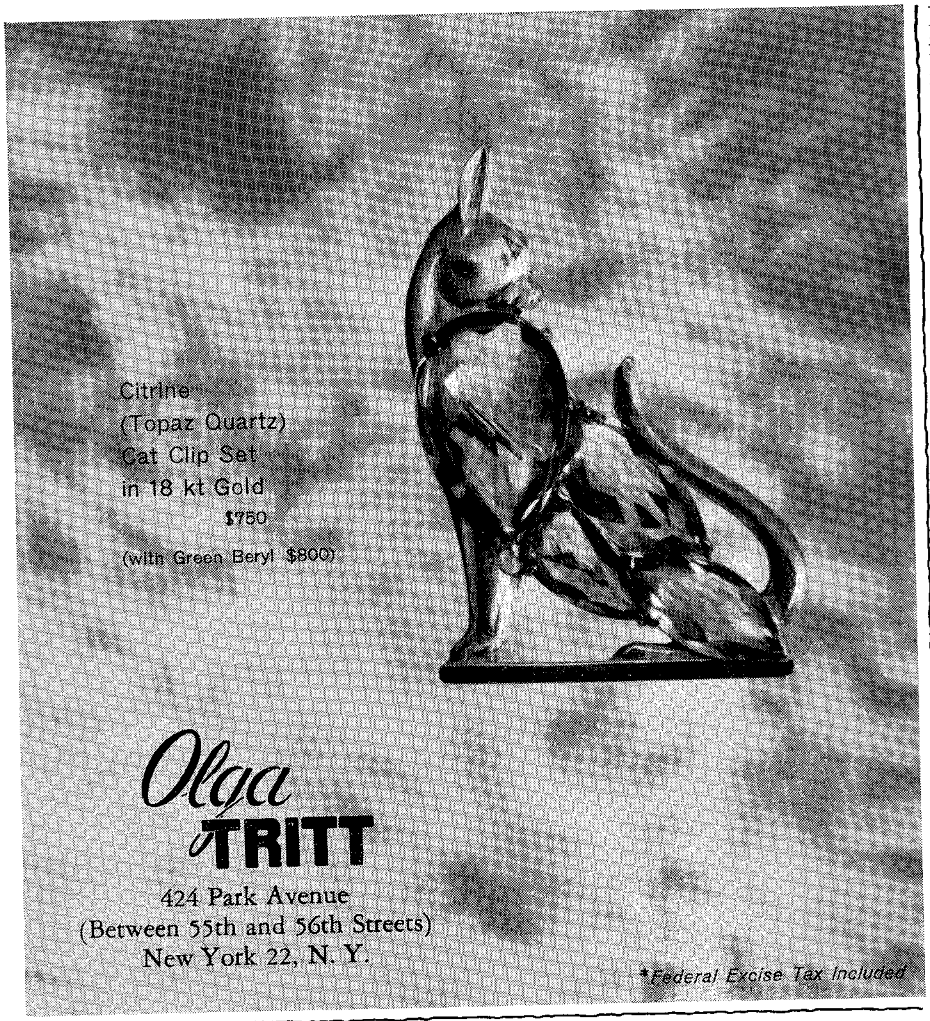
It should have been:

```
STDV = (SUM / GN) ** .5
```

Mr. Walowitz happened to be standing beside me as I was reading the printout, and when I turned to him in puzzlement, he told me something about the steps the machine takes after it receives a FORTRAN program. It first scans the program for any simple grammatical error, like leaving out a comma. If everything seems in order, it normally proceeds to translate the FORTRAN into machine language—a process known as compiling—and then to carry out the commands, just as if a person given an instruction in a foreign language might translate it before acting on it. If the machine does pick up some errors in the first scan, it does not go on with the translation but prints out a sheet with diagnostic messages that call attention to the mistakes. Near the bottom of my printout, I found a set of messages that almost seemed to grumble:

```
ILLEGAL USE OF PUNCTUATION
. . . SOURCE PROGRAM ERROR . . . NO
COMPILATION . . . EXECUTION DE-
LETED.
```

When I pointed these out to Mr. Walowitz, he said he often wished that the machine would simply correct the mistake, go on with its business, and leave one alone. At the end of the sheet, there was a notation that it had taken the machine less than thirty-six seconds to locate the mistake. Finally, there was the somewhat weary-sounding re-



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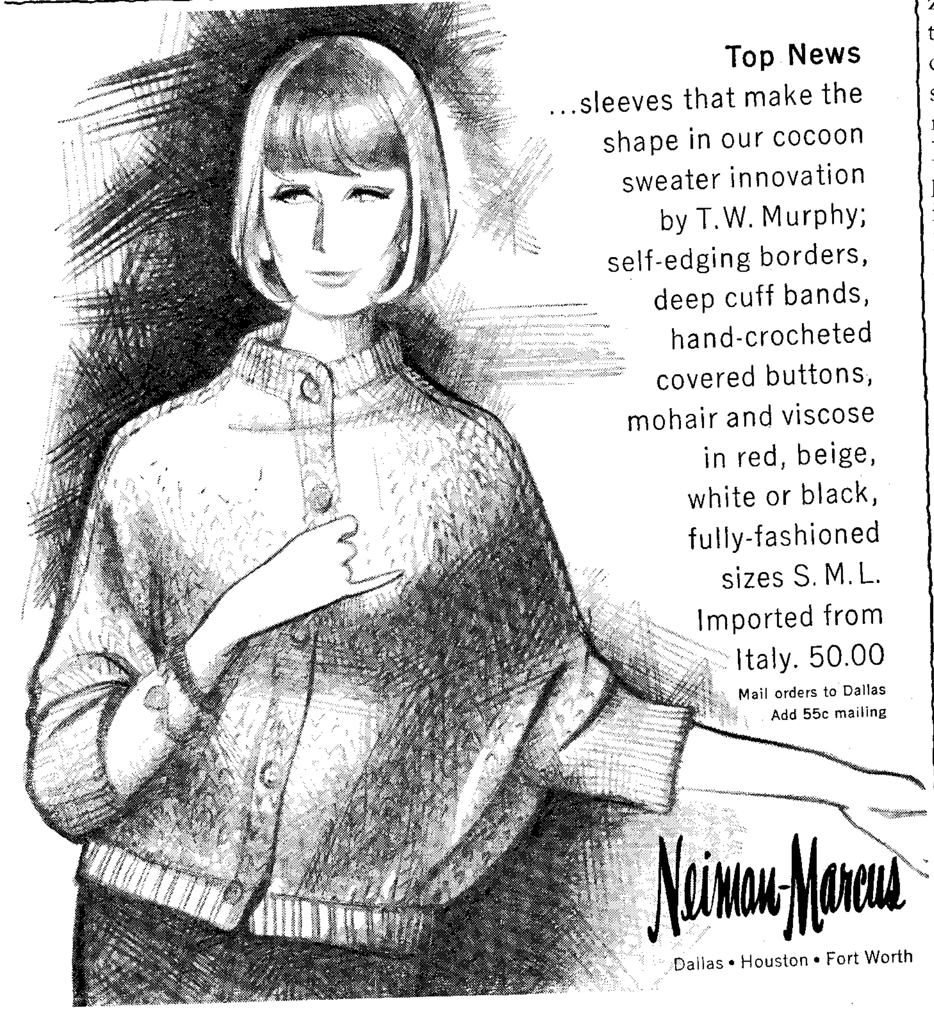

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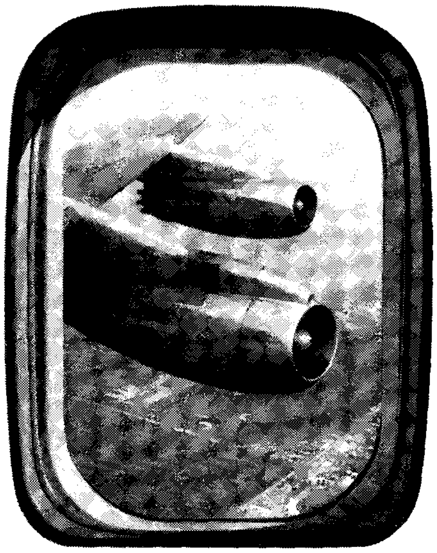

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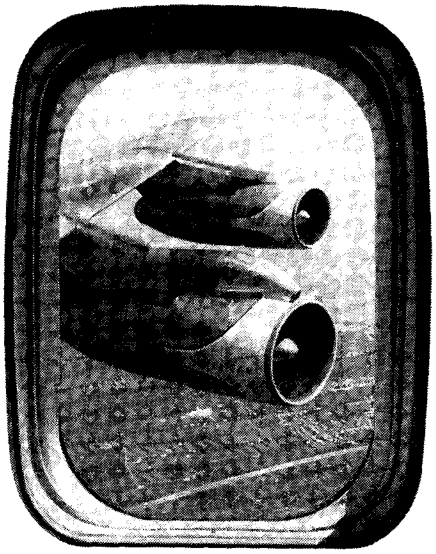

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In this case, correcting the program amounted simply to having the keypunch operator prepare a new card—something that was extremely easy to do, since only one symbol had to be changed. The operator set the key punch to reproduce the original card up to the errant parenthesis, then keyed in the slash symbol by hand, and finally set the key punch to reproduce the rest of the original card.

Most of the errors that the FORTRAN diagnostic program picks up have to do with punctuation. Of course, it is quite possible (even customary) to make other kinds of mistakes—in logic, for example—and the machine will usually not pick these up, though it may catch mistakes that fall somewhere between punctuation and logic. For example, I once wrote a program in which I labelled a statement 9070 and later referred to it as 9060. The machine reacted by printing out:

```
THE FOLLOWING FORMAT STATE-
MENTS, THOUGH REFERRED TO, HAVE
BEEN OMITTED FROM THE SOURCE
PROGRAM . . . 9060
```

Out of curiosity, I asked Mr. Walowitz why the machine didn't diagnose a wider variety of errors, and he said that it would just be a waste of the machine's time. It is much more economical to have the machine spot errors in punctuation and to use the human programmer to spot the more subtle ones.

During the next two weeks, our homework became more and more difficult. One of our most interesting tasks was to program the machine to arrange several hundred numbers in descending order—a problem that involved several uses of the FORTRAN IF statement, which we had been introduced to our first day in class. This time, we used IF statements to instruct the machine to arrange and rearrange the numbers after subtracting them from one another and seeing whether the result was positive, negative, or zero. The exercise also gave us a detailed introduction to FORTRAN DO statements, sometimes known as DO loops. Often in the course of a computation one wishes to repeat a process several times in sequence. A simple, if not very striking, example would be multiplying all of the numbers from 1 to 10, one after the other, by the number 3. One could, of course, write a FORTRAN program involving ten separate multiplication instructions, but this would be a nuisance—and more than a nuisance if, instead of ten multiplications, one wanted, say, ten thousand. The whole

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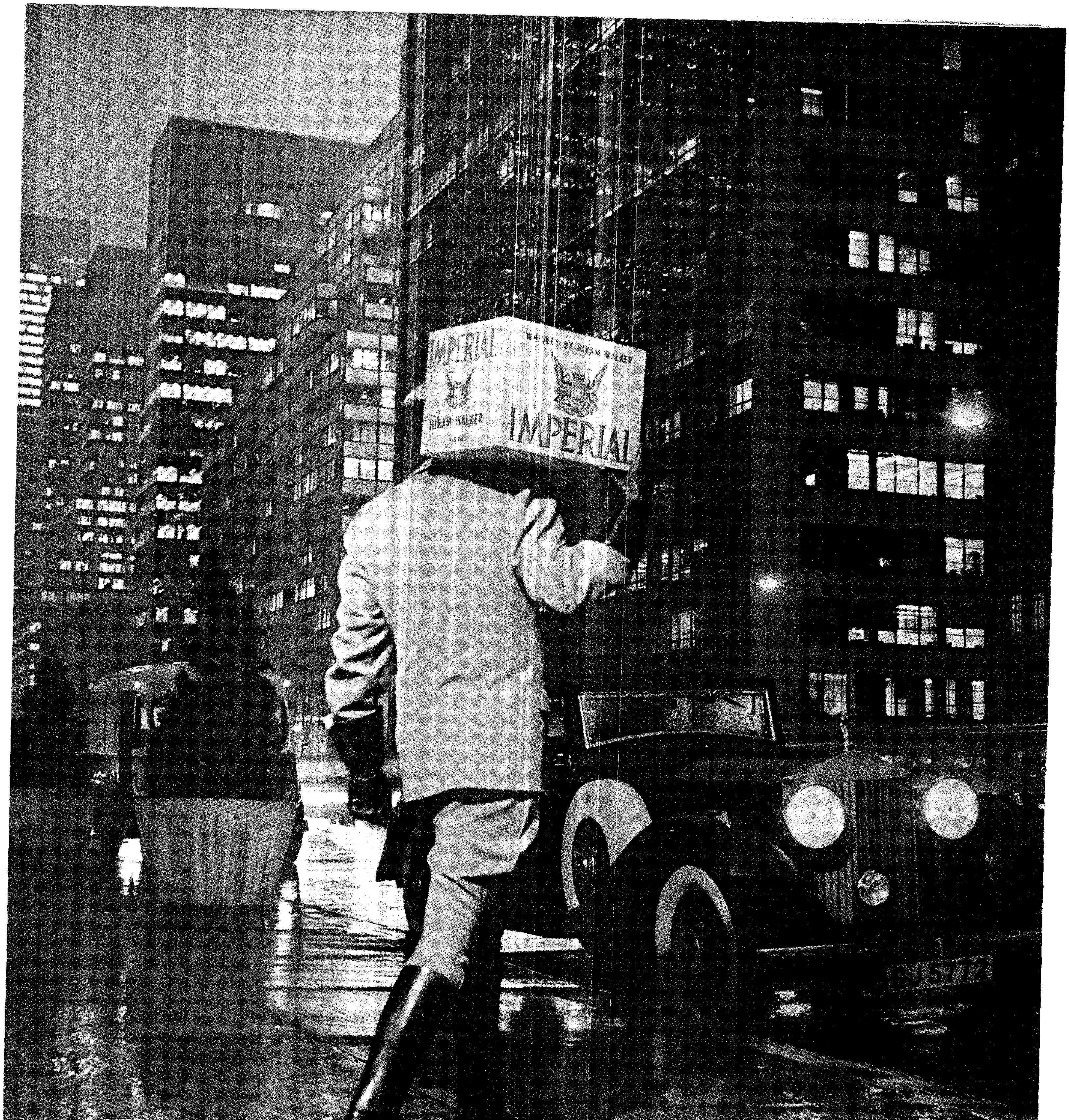
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set of instructions can be compressed into two simple commands:

```
DO 5, I = 1, 10
5 M(I) = 3 * I
```

The DO statement here tells the machine to do Instruction 5 for the ten values, and Instruction 5 tells it to multiply the integer I, whatever it happens to be, by 3.

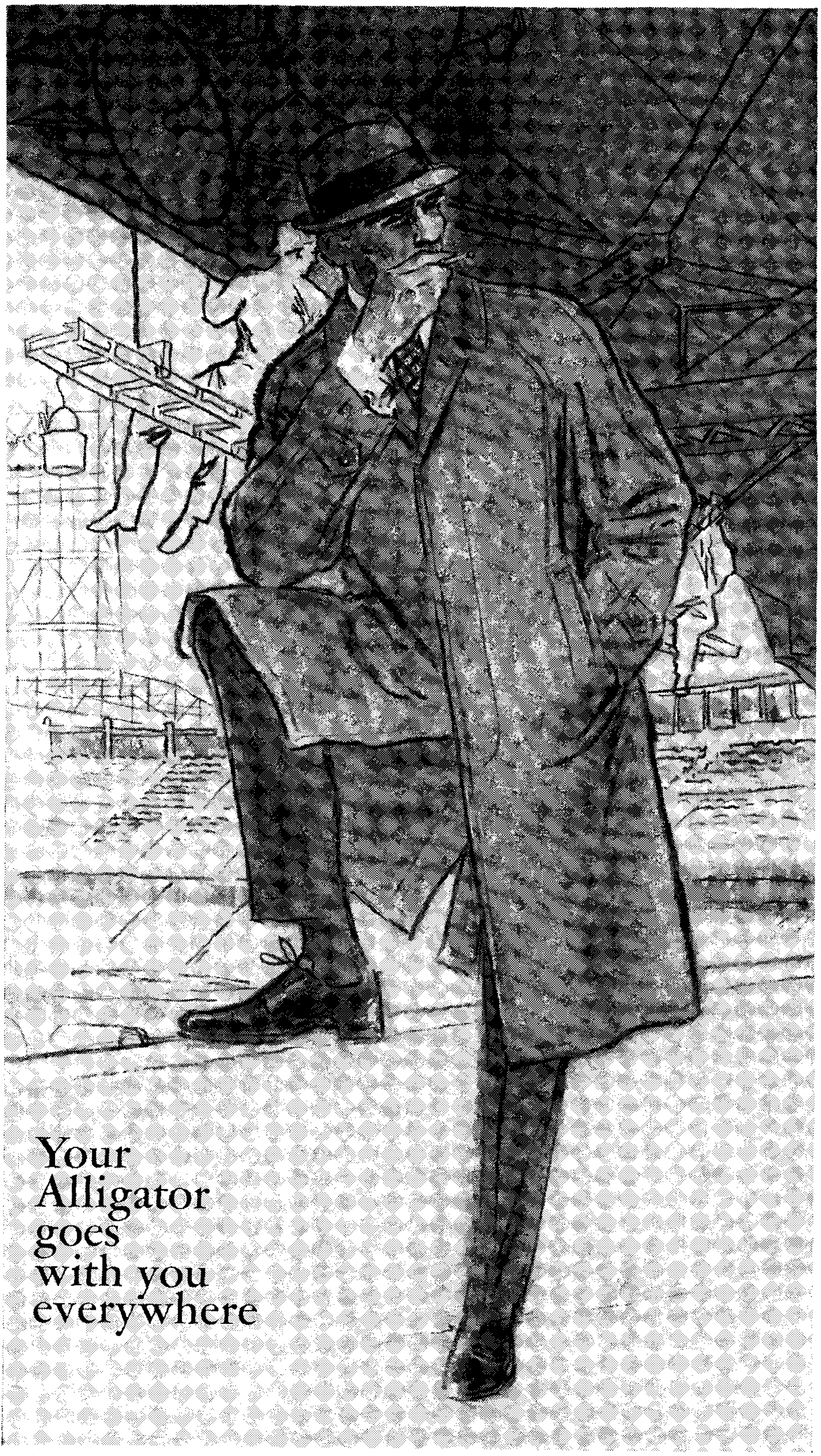
Our class also learned how to make use of "sub-routines." In arithmetic work, certain special operations—like taking a square root or a logarithm—are likely to be used many times, and although it would be quite possible to write out in FORTRAN the detailed steps for, say, taking a square root, it is much more economical to write out, once and for all, a square-root program, store it on magnetic tape, and bring it into a calculation whenever it is needed. Computing the square root of quantity A can be called for simply by writing:

```
SQRT (A)
```

There are about thirty such routines in the normal FORTRAN repertoire, and many other specialized programs and routines are available, thanks to a library in White Plains that is administered by I.B.M. These programs are given out, at no cost, to any computer user, and, in return, the user may supply the library with new programs he has worked out. The library currently contains several thousand programs and is constantly expanding.

Although I hardly qualified as an expert programmer at the end of the two-week course, I did have some understanding of what sort of problems FORTRAN can help one solve, and while none of our homework assignments sprang directly from physics, they involved similar types of calculations, and I felt some confidence in my ability to set up my own problems for the computer. All the time I was taking the course, however, I had an uneasy feeling; what the machine could do became impressively clear to me, but I kept wondering how it did it. When I finished the course, I decided to find out something about the machines, their history, and what we can expect of them in the future.

NOWADAYS, the ability to perform arithmetical computations is shared by most educated people. In doing computations, memory certainly plays an important role. If one did not know the multiplication table by heart, the simplest arithmetic would become a nightmare, and we take it for granted that just about everybody does know



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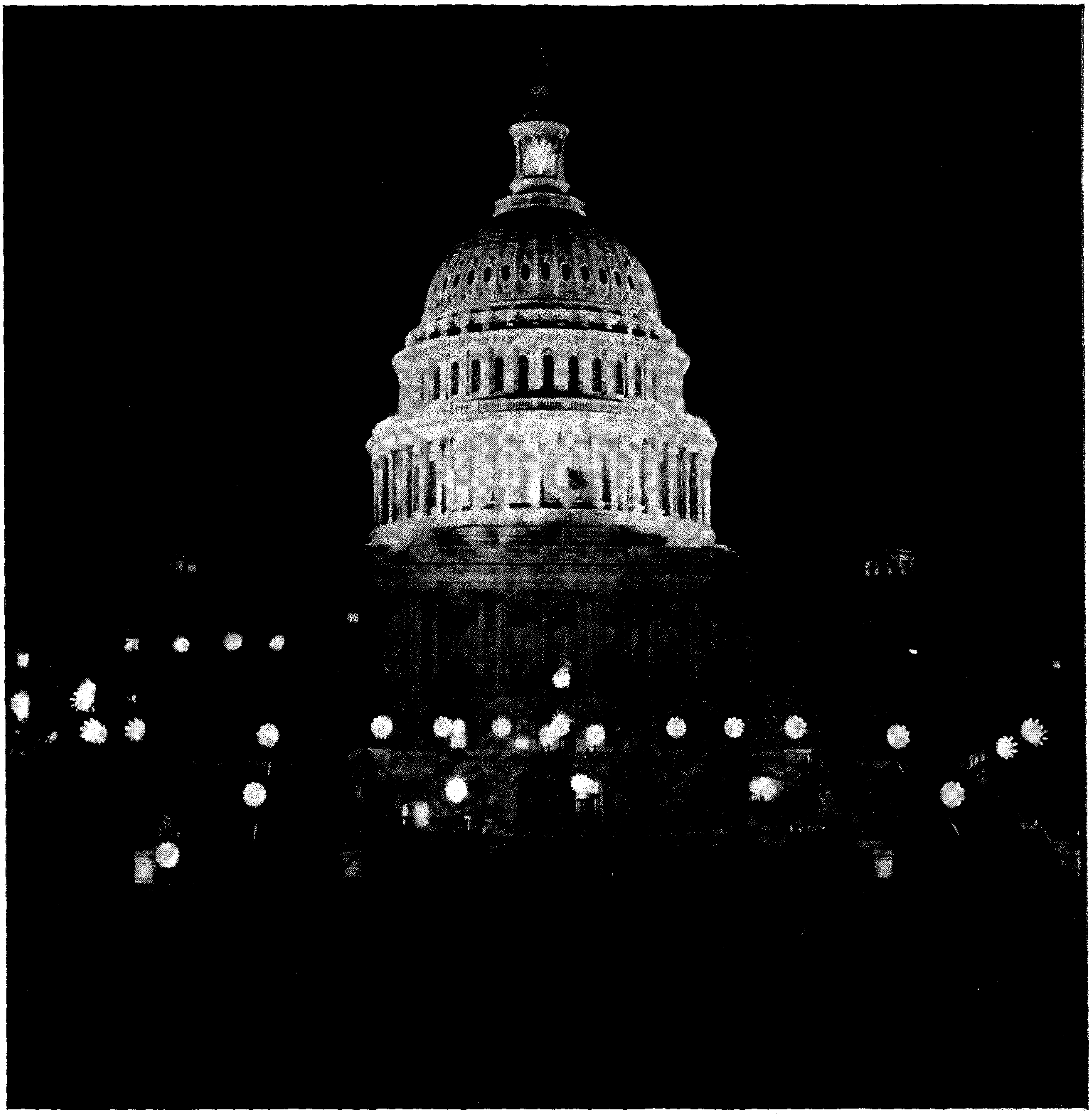
it. This widespread knowledge, however, is quite a recent phenomenon. In a brilliant essay entitled "A Brief History of Computation," written in 1953 and published in a book called "Faster Than Thought," Dr. B. V. Bowden, of Ferranti, Ltd., a British computer-manufacturing firm, notes:

> A few hundred years ago the art of computation was neither commonly understood nor widely practised. In 1662, Pepys, who was then in charge of the contracts branch of the Admiralty, found it necessary to put himself to school, and to rise by candlelight at four o'clock in the morning in order to learn his multiplication tables. He had been to Cambridge, and was, by the standards of his time, a well-educated man, [and] in later life he became President of the Royal Society and a friend of Newton, but when he was Clerk of the Acts he found himself quite unable to understand the simple computations which had to be done when buying timber for the King. In those days school boys seldom went beyond "two times two."

Apparently, his efforts were not in vain, for, as Mr. Bowden notes, in December, 1663, Pepys wrote in his diary: "My wife rose anon, and she and I all the afternoon at arithmetique, and she able to do additions, subtractions and multiplications very well, and so I purpose not to trouble her yet with divisions, but show her the use of Globes."

The ability to calculate rapidly varies a great deal, and has nothing at all to do with the ability to grasp the abstractions of higher mathematics; mathematicians, by and large, are not outstanding computers. In the summer of 1961, I had an opportunity to work with Mr. William Klein, a programmer and numerical analyst for CERN (Centre Européen pour la Recherche Nucléaire), in Geneva, who must be one of the fastest human computers who have ever lived. I was spending the summer doing physics at CERN and had been working with a friend on a problem. After a week or so, we produced an algebraic formula that seemed admirable to us in many respects, and we wanted to evaluate it. CERN has a large Ferranti Mercury computer, and since at the time neither of us knew anything about programming, we asked for help. Enter Mr. Klein. Mr. Klein is a short, kindly, energetic-looking man in his forties. He is of Dutch origin. He looked at our formula for a few seconds, muttering to himself in Dutch, and then gave us numerical estimates for several of the more complex parts of it. Doing this, he said, helped set up the program for the computer in the most efficient way. I had heard about Mr. Klein's almost incredible ability, and I asked him whether he had considered evaluating



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our whole expression in his head. He told me that it would involve much too much work and that he was quite glad to turn the job over to the machine. Watching Mr. Klein at work made a deep impression on me, and I was delighted to find something about him in another of Dr. Bowden's essays, this one called "Thought and Machine Processes." Dr. Bowden writes:

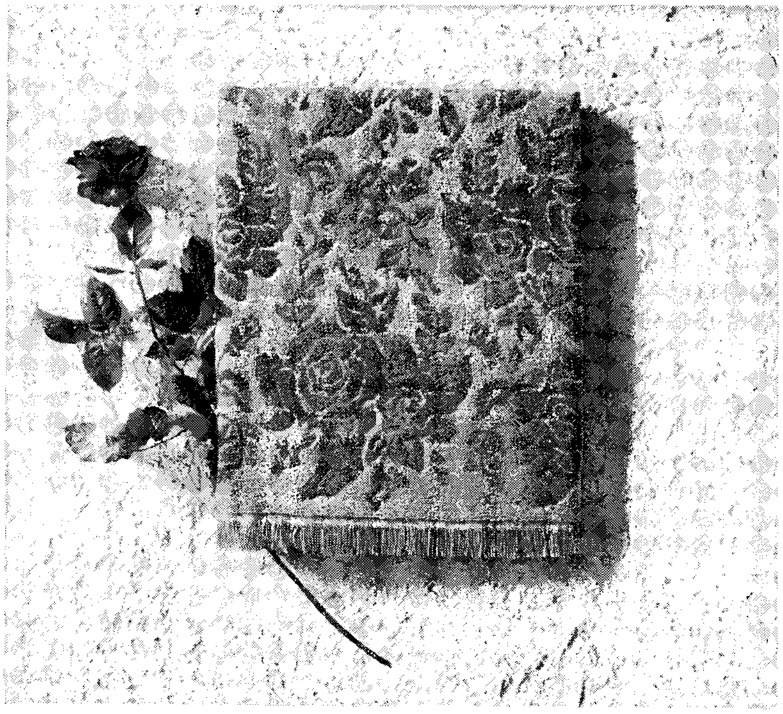
> [Mr. Klein] knows by heart the multiplication tables up to 100 × 100, all squares up to 1000 × 1000, and an enormous number of odd facts, such as 3937 × 127 = 499999, which are very useful to him, and seem to arise instantly in his mind when they are needed. In addition, Mr. Klein [who knows the logarithms of numbers up to 150 to fourteen decimal places] can work out sums like compound interest by "looking up" the logs in his head, after factorizing the numbers he is using, if need be. He has also learnt enough about the calendar to be able to give the day of the week corresponding to any specified date in history.

Dr. Bowden goes on:

> Mr. Klein multiplies numbers of up to six digits faster in his head than an ordinary man can do by using a desk calculating machine. For example, he wrote down the products of six pairs of three digit numbers in nine seconds; an experienced calculating machine operator took a minute to do the same calculations.
>
> Mr. Klein multiplied
>
> 1 388 978 361 × 5 645 418 496
> = 7 841 364 129 733 165 056
>
> completely in his head, a calculation which involved twenty-five multiplications each of two two-digit numbers and twenty-four additions of four-digit numbers—forty-nine operations in all—in sixty-four seconds. . . . A dozen of us tried it [and] the times we took varied between six and sixteen minutes, and all our answers were wrong excepting one.

I asked Mr. Klein about this feat, and he told me that now that he had come to rely on computers, he was slightly out of practice, and Dr. Bowden's multiplication would take him a full two minutes. At any rate, phenomenal ability in computation apparently runs in the Klein family, for Dr. Bowden adds:

> Mr. William Klein's brother Leo, who died at the hands of the Gestapo during the war, was almost as good a computer as William and a better mathematician. Dr. Stokvis of Amsterdam made a psychological study of the brothers; he found that although their performances were very similar their methods of operation were quite different. For example, Mr. William Klein remembers numbers "audibly;" he mutters to himself as he computes, he can be interrupted by loud noises, and if he ever does make a mistake it is by confusing two numbers which sound alike. Leo, on the other hand, remembered things "visually;" and if he made a mistake it was by confusing digits which look alike. Both



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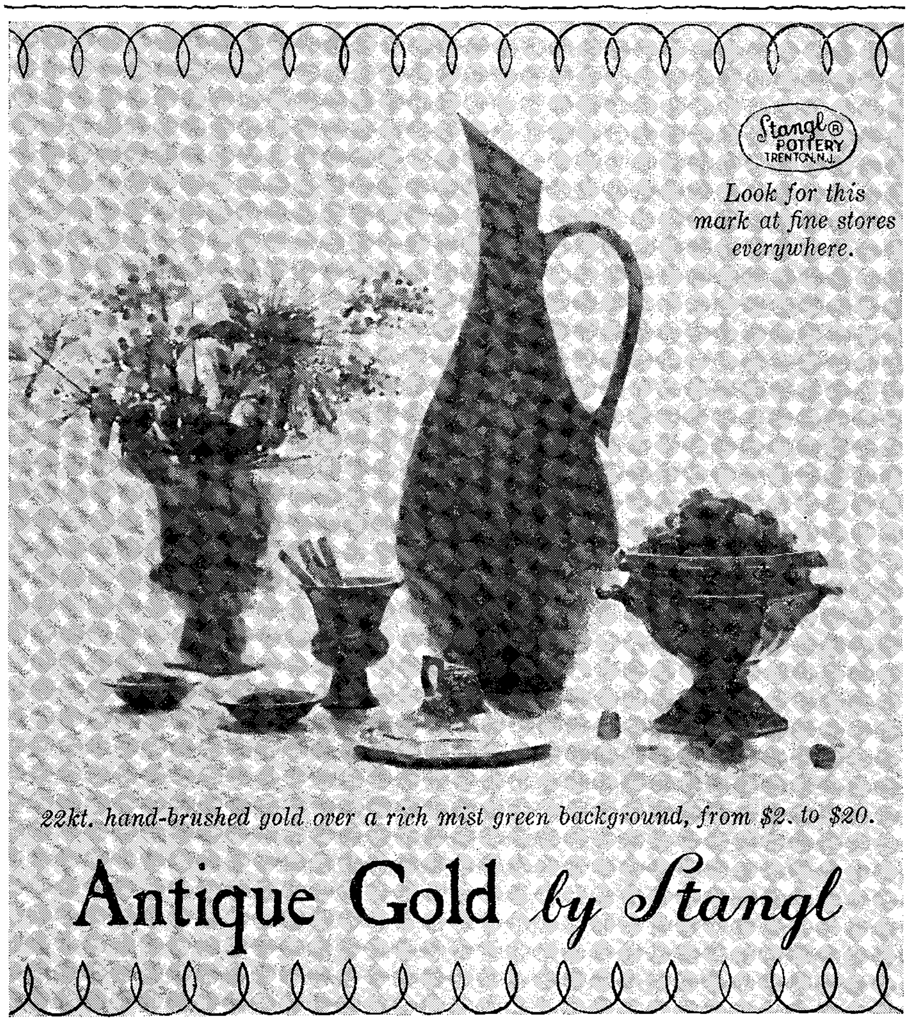

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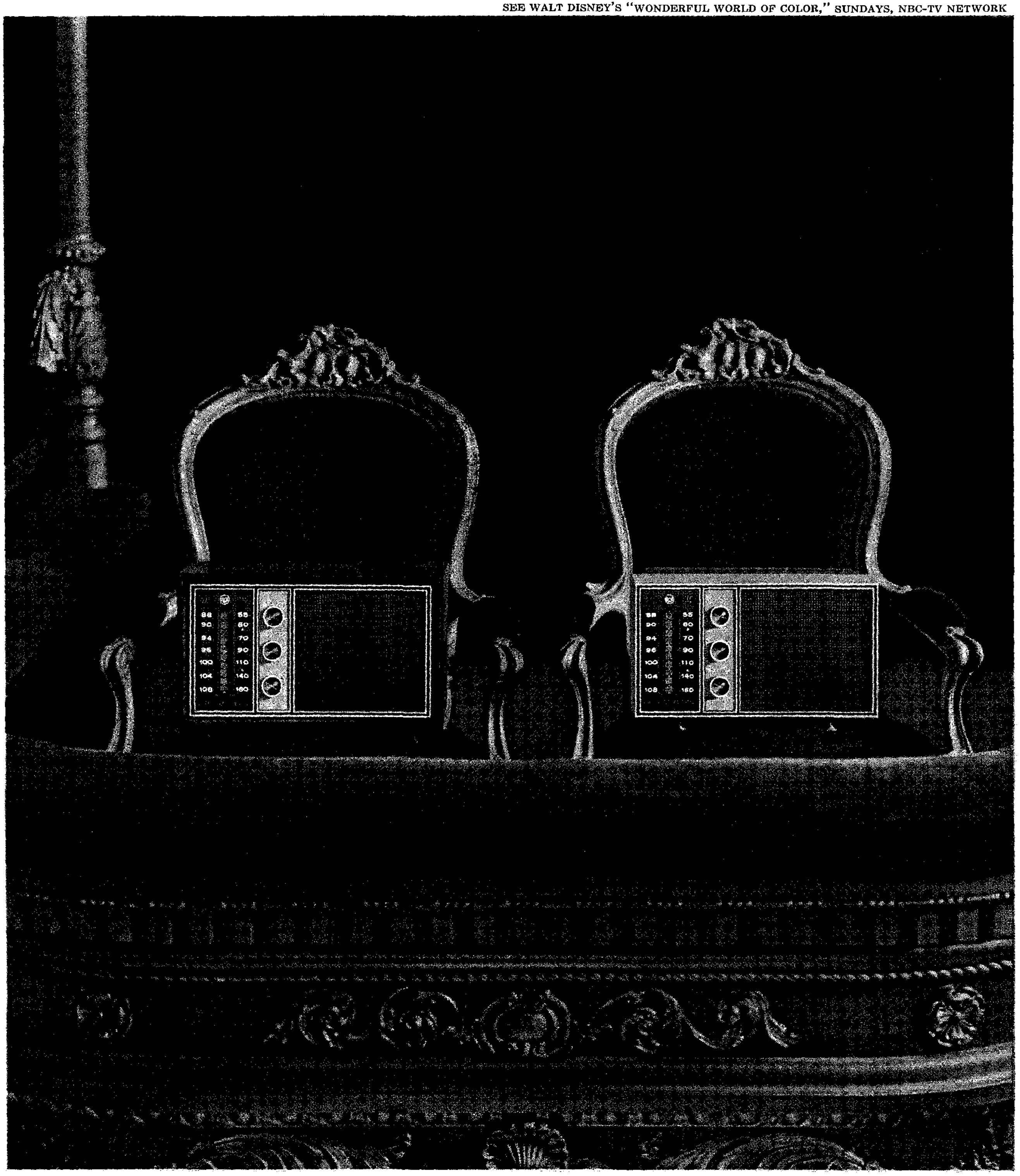

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After all; wasn't it named by Napoleon?

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The House of 4711

brothers were fascinated by numbers from their earliest childhood. . . . William read medicine, took a medical degree and had "walked the hospitals" before he decided to earn his living as a computer.

Mr. Klein told me that, after the war, he spent a few years doing mental arithmetic on the stage in Europe under the pseudonym "Pascal," after the mathematician. Mr. Klein's very reasonable unwillingness to spend more time than necessary these days on the mental drudgery of computation is, of course, akin to the feeling that led to the invention of mechanical calculating devices. As Leibnitz wrote in 1671, "It is unworthy of excellent men to lose hours like slaves in the labor of calculation which could safely be relegated to anyone else if machines were used."

Calculating machines have been of two fundamental types—analogue and digital. The analogue machines represent numbers by some analogous quantity, such as length or size. A child might learn to add by assembling blocks of various sizes; a block of a given size would be the analogue of 1, a block twice the size the analogue of 2, and so on. The most widely used analogue computer is the ordinary slide rule, which was invented in 1622 by the English mathematician William Oughtred, and which is suitable for many rough-and-ready calculations. On the slide rule, numbers are represented by lengths; so much slide rule corresponds essentially to so much number. What limits accuracy in using the slide rule is the limited ability of the eye; it is quite easy to get accuracy to one or two decimal places on most slide rules with the naked eye, and there are very large slide rules that are good for four decimal places, but it is impossible to do better than that. Generally speaking, analogue calculators are limited in their accuracy by the precision with which measurements of length, volume, or other physical quantities can be made. In fact, most big modern computers are digital: they operate with digits in much the same way a human calculator does. Still using blocks but taking the digital approach, we would represent the number 1 by one block, 2 by two blocks, and so on, and addition would involve counting up the blocks. In a digital machine, there is no question of measuring anything; the only limit to the accuracy of the basic arithmetic processes lies in the number of digits that the individual machine can manipulate.

One may wonder why an extremely high level of accuracy is needed. The first answer that comes to mind is that it

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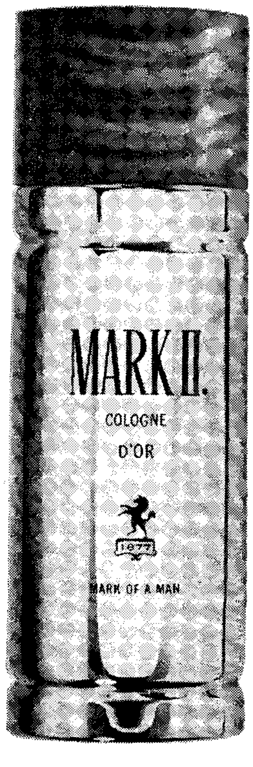

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is necessary in scientific and engineering applications. This is not really correct. A large modern computer does individual arithmetical operations that are accurate to many more decimal places than one ever needs in scientific work. This somewhat surprising point was emphasized by the late Professor John von Neumann in a set of published notes for a series of lectures—"The Computer and the Brain"—that he was preparing to deliver at Yale University just before his death, in 1957. Von Neumann wrote:

> Why are such extreme precisions (like the digital [computer's] one part in a million million) at all necessary? . . . In most problems of applied mathematics and engineering the data are no better than a part in a thousand or a part in ten thousand and often they do not reach the level of a part in a hundred, and the answers are not required or meaningful with higher precisions. In chemistry, biology, or economics, or in other practical matters, the precision levels are usually even less exacting. It has nevertheless been the uniform experience in modern high-speed computing that even precision levels like a part in a hundred thousand are inadequate for a large part of important problems, and that digital machines with precision levels like one part in a million million are fully justified in practice. The reasons for this surprising phenomenon are interesting and significant. They are connected with the inherent structure of our present mathematical and numerical procedures.

What is behind von Neumann's remarks is the fact that most numerical computations are necessarily approximate. Take a simple example like the computation of a square root. Expressing a square root exactly requires an infinite number of digits and would take an infinite amount of time to compute and write out. Machine computations, like any others, are limited both in the size of the numbers they can manipulate and in the amount of time available to do any particular problem. Obviously, there is an inevitability about the appearance of errors in machine computations. In a long computation—and most computations done on a machine involve millions of arithmetical operations—the errors pile up; as von Neumann puts it, "The operations performed in the course of the calculation may amplify errors that were introduced by earlier operations." Therefore, it is important to do each part of the calculation with the greatest possible accuracy. Von Neumann pointed out that to produce a final answer on a computer to an accuracy of one part in a thousand, it is necessary to perform the many intermediate steps to accuracies of the order of one part in a billion. That is the de-

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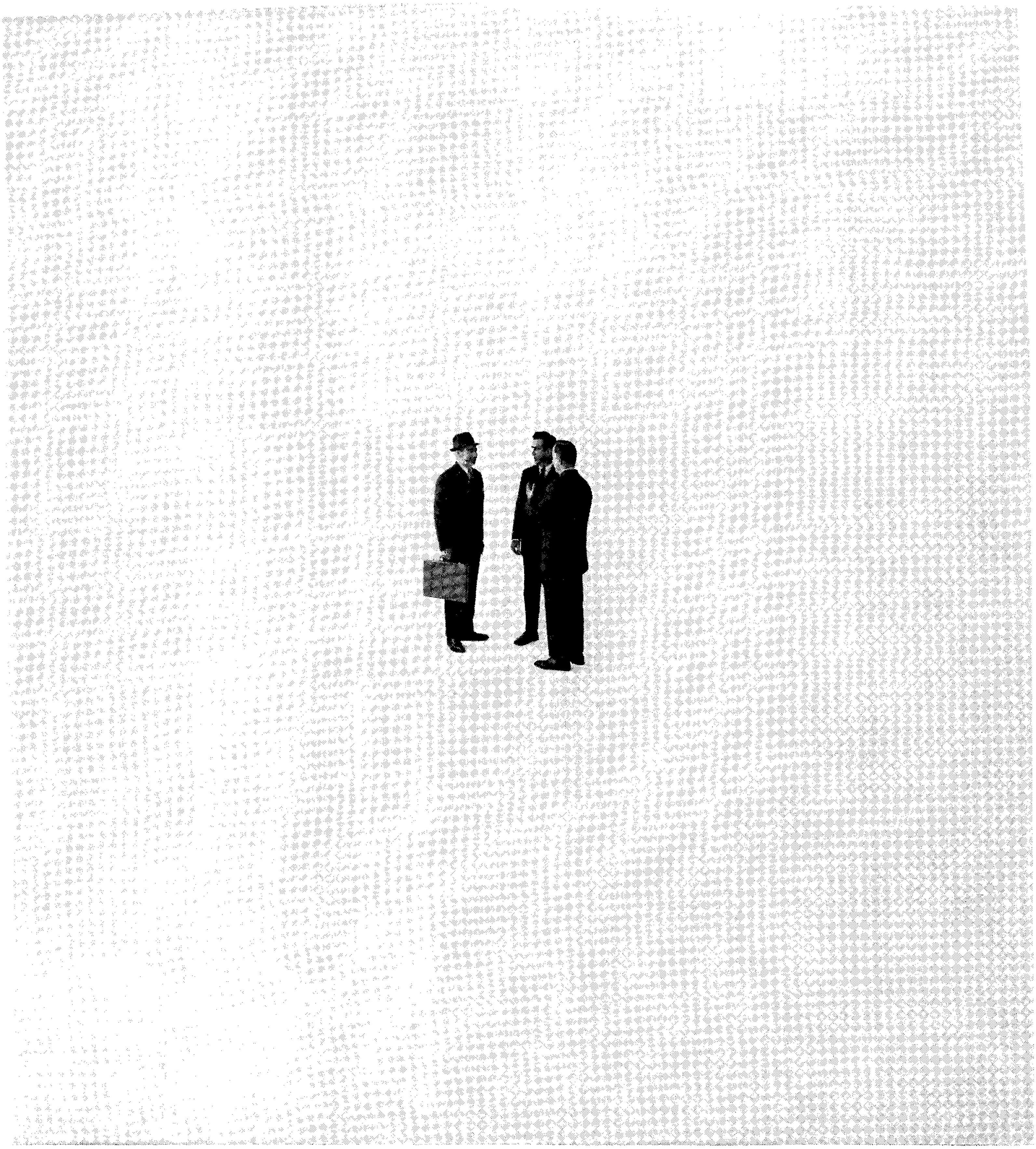

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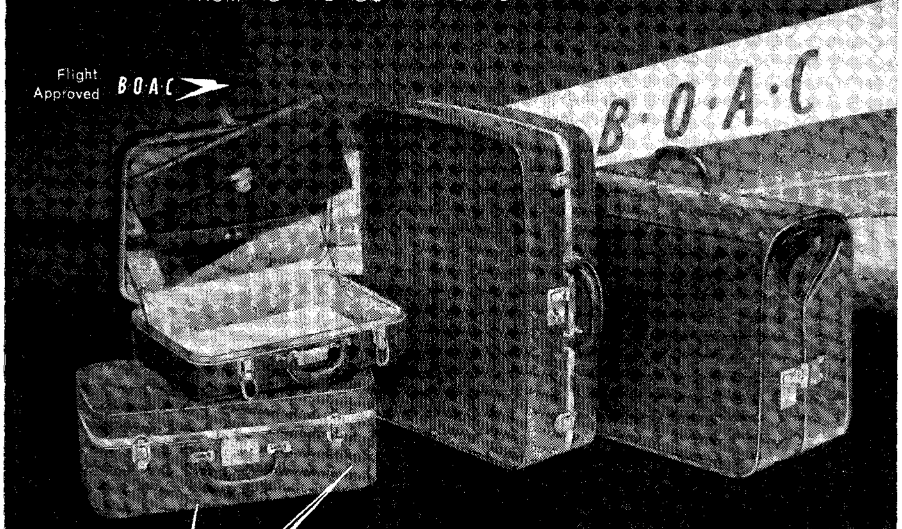

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gree of accuracy that a typical modern digital computer can produce.

THE abacus, which goes back at least to 450 B.C., was the first of the digital computers, and it is still undoubtedly the most widely used. It consists of a frame in which wires with beads strung on them are set in a harp-like arrangement. The beads represent digits, and the wires represent "places;" the abacus, too, is limited in accuracy by its physical size. A skilled abacus operator can maneuver the beads on the place wires at enormous speed. A now almost legendary competition took place in 1946 between one Private Wood, of the American Occupation forces in Japan, and a Japanese clerk named Masturaki. The two men were given a number of arithmetic problems, with Mr. Masturaki using an abacus and Private Wood a hand-operated electric desk calculator. Mr. Masturaki won every time. (In an account of this contest, Dr. Bowden suggests that Mr. Masturaki may have had Klein-like abilities and may have been using the abacus simply as a prop.)

The first truly mechanical computer—an adding machine—seems to have been designed in 1642 by the French philosopher and mathematician Blaise Pascal. Pascal's device was very similar in principle to the modern desk adding devices, although these usually operate electrically instead of mechanically. The numbers, from 0 to 9, were engraved on a series of wheels. The first wheel on the right "stored" the integers 0 to 9, the second wheel the tens, the third the hundreds, and so on. To store, for example, 109 involved putting a 1 on the third wheel, a 0 on the second, and a 9 on the first. To add, say, 8 and 3, one stored the 8 on the first wheel and then turned the wheel through three places. This involved "carrying"—an operation that was done by a series of gears arranged so that they turned the next wheel. In 1671, Leibnitz drew up a plan for a machine that could multiply as well as add, and in 1694 a machine embodying his design was actually built, although it did not function very reliably.

At least part of the reason for the designing of these early computers was the need to calculate tables of the elementary functions, like sines, cosines, and logarithms, that arose again and again in scientific and engineering calculations. It is hard to realize now, when we have literally hundreds of such tables, that a few centuries ago one of them could represent the lifework of a man. Concerning the introduction of logarithms,

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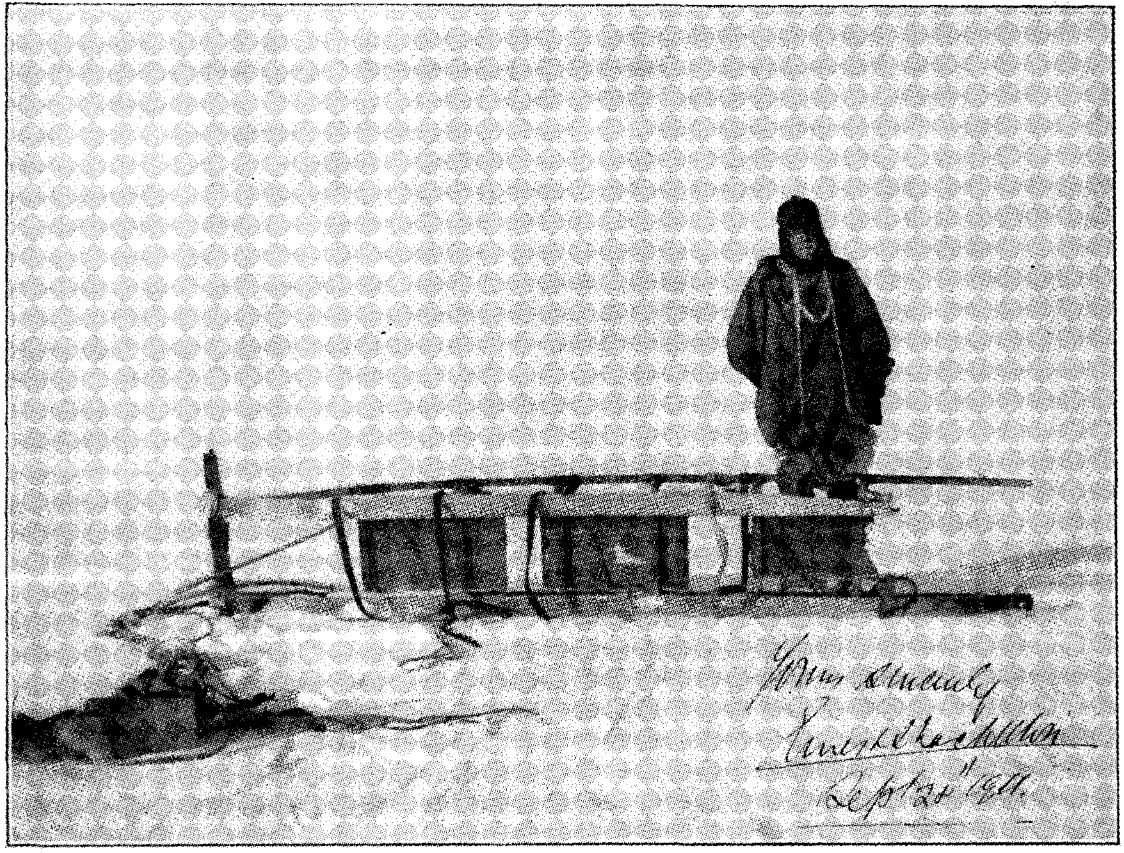

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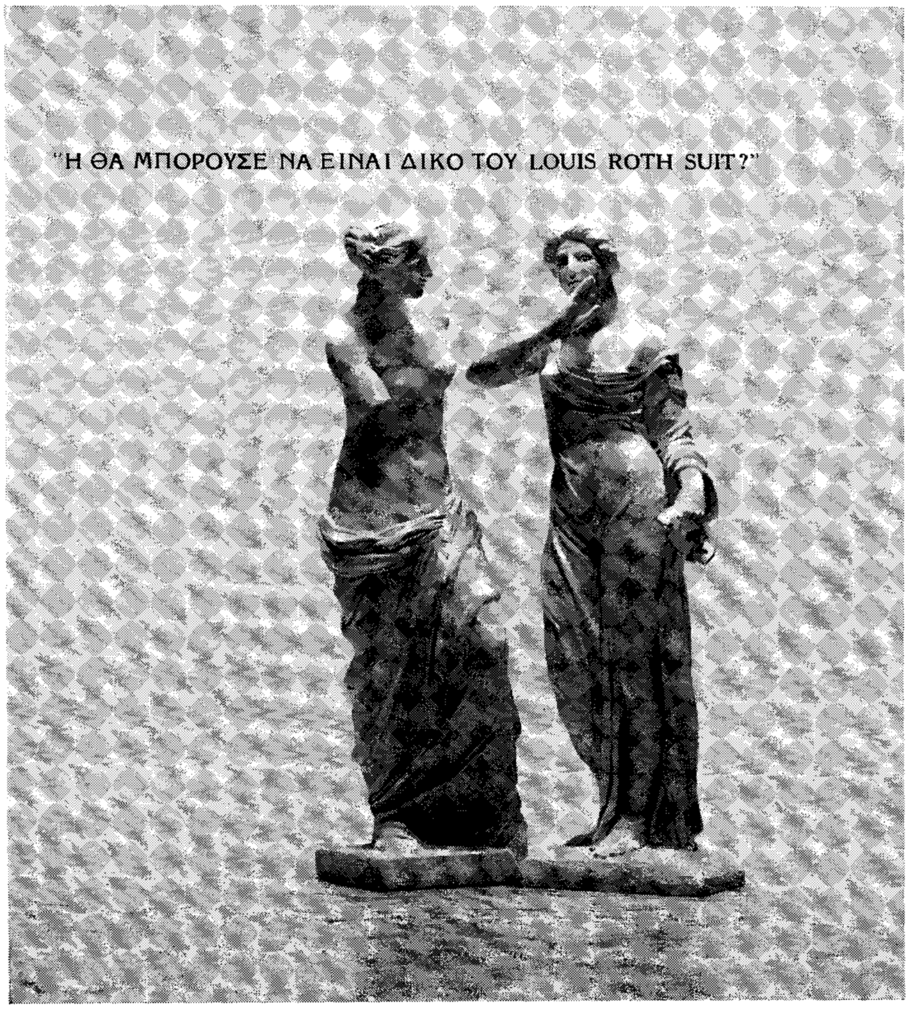


which were invented by the Scottish mathematician John Napier around 1600 and were first tabulated in 1624 (to fourteen decimal places) by Henry Briggs, Dr. Bowden writes:

> The introduction of logarithms by Napier and Briggs revolutionized ordinary computing; our civilization, dependent as it is on navigation, surveying, and astronomy, could probably not have developed as it did without them. Briggs devoted his life to computing the logarithms which Napier had invented. Both men realized the importance of their work; when they were introduced in Edinburgh, a friend related that they gazed at one another in speechless admiration for a quarter of an hour before the silence was broken.

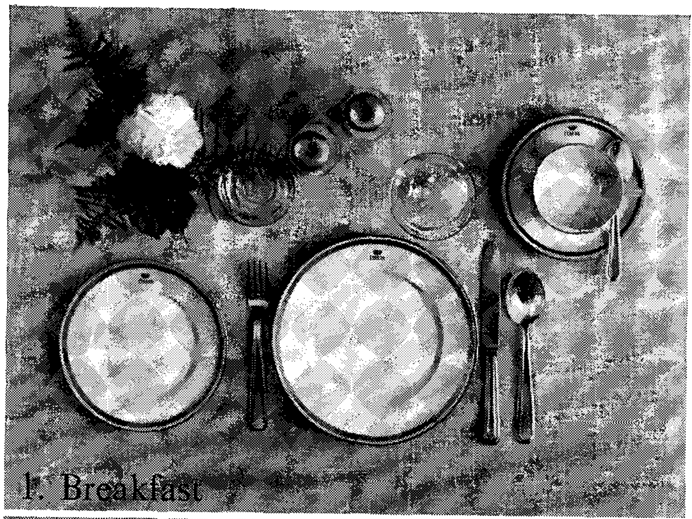
One of the most grandiose of the early non-mechanical computing projects was initiated at the end of the eighteenth century by the French First Republic. It was an elaborate program for the computation of mathematical tables by human beings. In a book entitled "Automatic Digital Computers," Professor M. V. Wilkes, of Cambridge University, describes this almost Swiftian effort as follows:

> This project was organized on what we should now call production lines, and the staff were divided into three grades. First, there were some five or six mathematicians who decided the best mathematical methods and formulae to be used. Secondly, there were eight or ten computers who were competent to handle these formulae and to compute numerical values from them; their role was to compute "pivotal values," that is, selected values of the function spaced at five or ten times the interval required in the final table. Thirdly, there were computers of lower grade, nearly 100 in number, who understood only the elements of arithmetic, but who were able, by following rules laid down, to perform the final stage of the tabulation.

Professor Wilkes adds, "Seventeen folio volumes were computed for this project but were unfortunately never published. In 1820 the British Government made a proposal that they should be published jointly but nothing came of it."

Anyone familiar with the use of modern computers will appreciate the similarities that must have existed between preparing instructions for the hundred arithmeticians and preparing a program for a machine. In fact, this similarity was not lost upon some of the mathematicians of the early nineteenth century, and certainly not upon the English mathematician Charles Babbage. Many remarkable men have contributed to the art of mechanical computation, but Babbage must surely be near the top of the list.

BABBAGE was born on December 26, 1792, at Totnes, in Devonshire. He was the son of a banker, and he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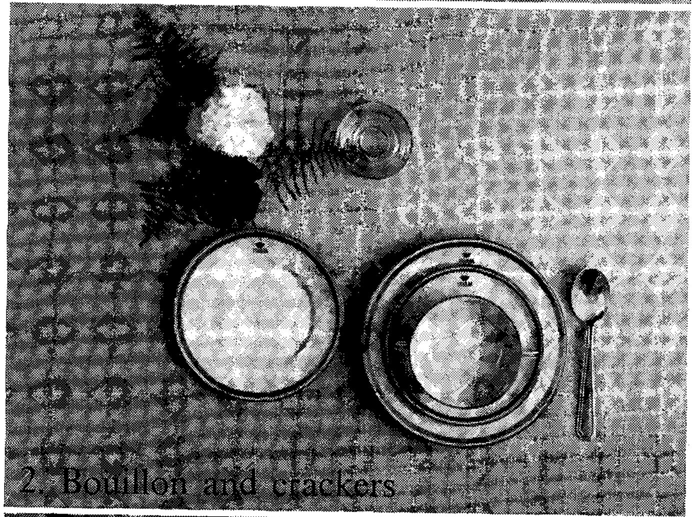
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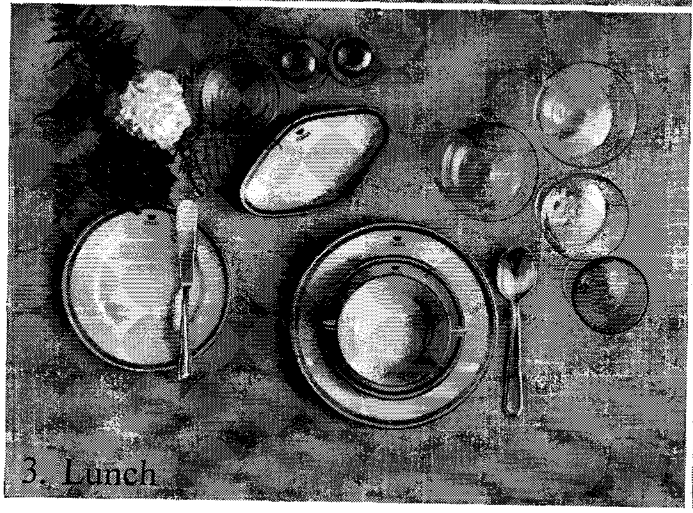
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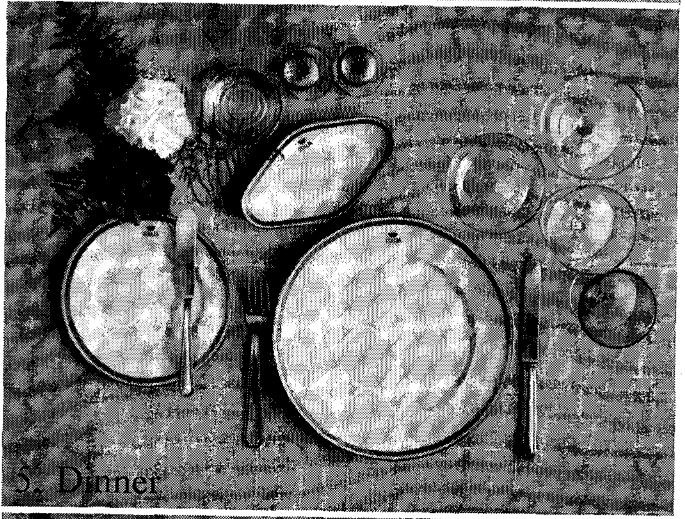
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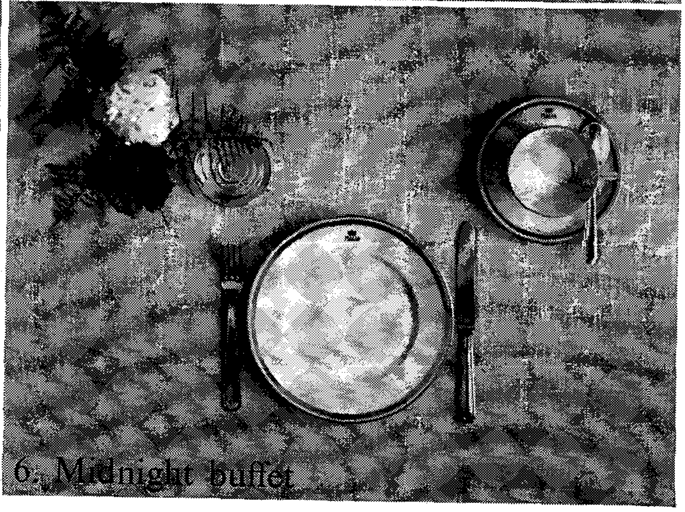
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eventually inherited a considerable fortune, which he used to finance scientific experiments. He taught himself mathematics as a boy, and when he went to Cambridge, in 1810, he found that he knew more algebra than his tutor. At Cambridge, he and some friends founded an organization called the Analytical Society, which was to "leave the world wiser than they found it." There are many accounts of Babbage's career, but perhaps the most delightful is Dr. Bowden's, which forms part of his essay on the history of computation. After describing Babbage's work on computers, Dr. Bowden writes:

> Babbage was full of most ingenious ideas; for example he devised the method which during the last war became known as *Operational Research*, and applied it to an analysis of the pin-making industry. A similar analysis of the printing trade led to results which so offended his publishers that they refused to accept his books. He said, "Political economists have been reproached with too small a use of facts, and too large an employment of theory... let it not be feared that erroneous deductions may be made from recorded facts: the errors which arise from the absence of facts are far more numerous and durable than those which result from unsound reasoning respecting true data." This last sentence might be taken as the motto of operational research workers the world over. One of the most remarkable applications which he made of the method was to an analysis of the economics of the Post Office. He showed conclusively that the cost of collecting, "stamping," and delivering a letter was far greater than the cost of transporting it. He therefore suggested that operations of the Post Office should be simplified by the introduction of a flat rate of charges, which should be independent of the distance for which the letter had to be carried. It was as a result of these arguments of his that Sir Rowland Hill was encouraged to introduce the penny post a few years later. He studied the records of the Equitable Life Insurance Company, and published in 1824 the first comprehensive treatise on actuarial theory, and the first reliable "life tables." They were used both in England and Germany for half a century as the basis of the new and rapidly growing life-insurance business. . . . Babbage had a life-long interest in inventing and in solving codes and ciphers of all kinds; he made skeleton keys for "unpickable" locks; he devised the method, which is now familiar to everyone, of identifying lighthouses by occulting their lights in a rhythmical manner, and had the mortification of seeing the scheme used for the first time during the Crimean War—by the Russians. . . .
>
> [Babbage] set himself up in private practice as a consulting engineer and became very interested in the development of the railways. He was a friend of Sir Isambard Brunel, chief engineer of the Great Western Railway, and helped him by inventing the dynamometer car, with which he could automatically measure and record the tractive force of the locomotive and the irregularities of the track. He

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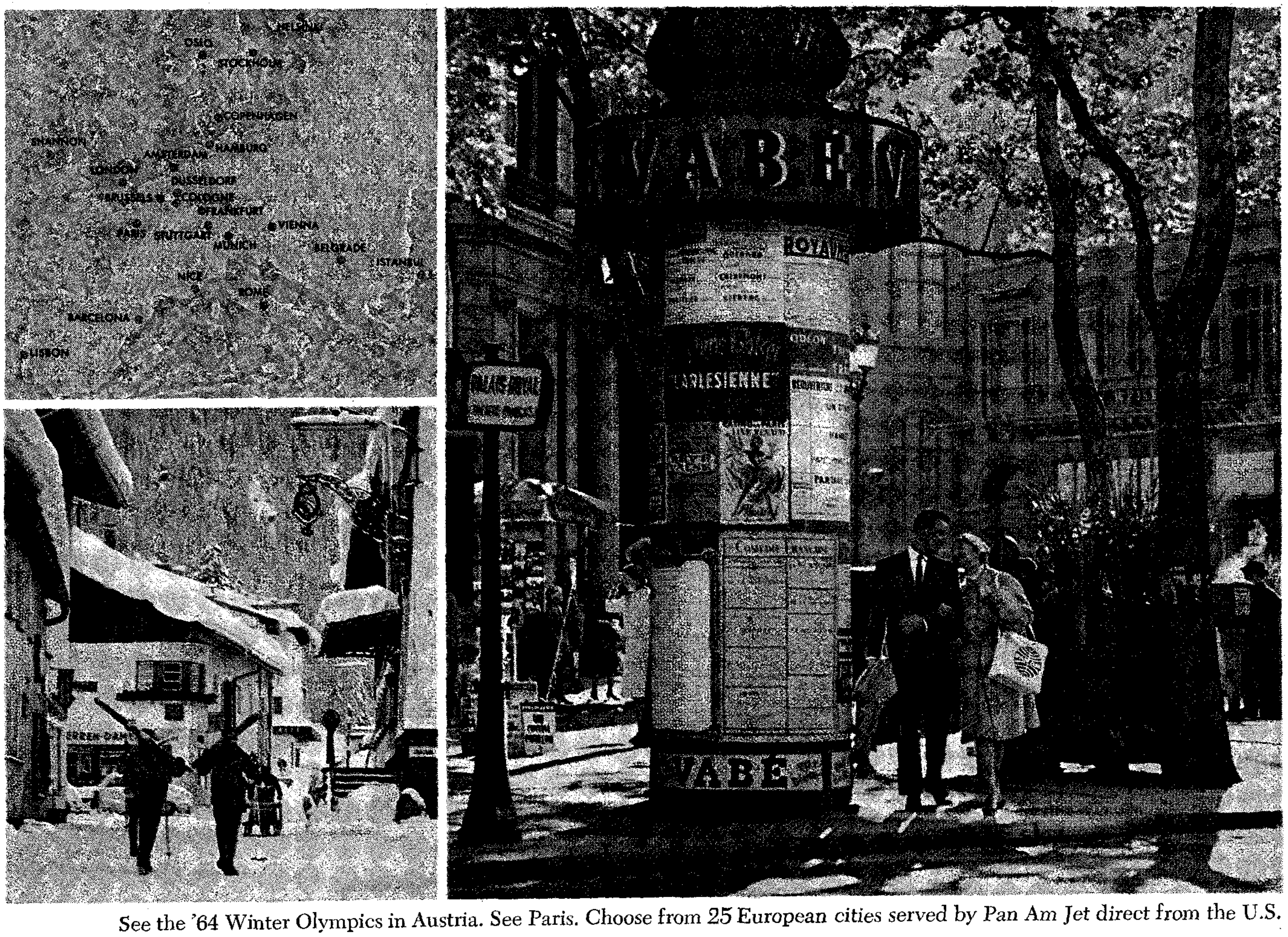
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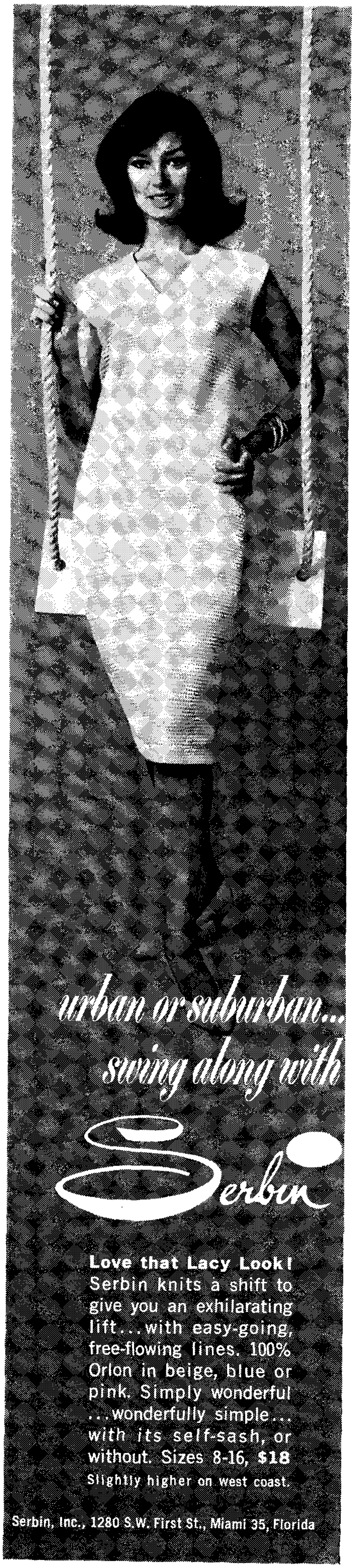
used to run his special train on Sundays, as there were fewer other trains to compete with, but nevertheless the signalling system was so bad that he often found himself heading for another train coming directly towards him on the same track. On more than one occasion he owed his life to the remarkable acuteness of his hearing, which enabled him to get on to a siding and avoid a head-on collision. He suggested the use of the "cow catcher," and he devised the first speedometer; he thought that there should be one in the cab of every locomotive. On one occasion he found himself on Hanwell viaduct on a flat car with no engine, and by holding up a piece of cloth which he had with him he was able to *sail* across the viaduct. He remarked that he thought that he was the first man ever to do this, and it is likely that here again he established a record which will stand for many years to come.

Merely a glance at a portrait of Babbage indicates that he was not a man to put up with nonsense. One of his portraits hangs in the Science Museum in South Kensington; it shows him to have had a high, round forehead, sharp and wide-set eyes, a long, narrow mouth, and a stern, though not entirely humorless, look. He took vigorous swipes at most of the established institutions of his day, once remarking of the Royal Society, for instance, that he had tried to "rescue it from contempt in our own country, and ridicule in others," and he also carried on a lifelong polemic against organ-grinders and street musicians. Sometimes, his writings were testy and acid, but not always. After Lord Tennyson wrote "The Vision of Sin," Dr. Bowden tells us, Babbage sent this note to the poet:

> SIR,
>
> In your otherwise beautiful poem there is a verse which reads
>
> Every moment dies a man,
> Every moment one is born.
>
> It must be manifest that if this were true, the population of the world would be at a standstill. In truth the rate of birth is slightly in excess of that of death. I would suggest that in the next edition of your poem you have it read—
>
> Every moment dies a man
> Every moment $1\frac{1}{16}$ is born.
>
> Strictly speaking this is not correct, the actual figure is so long that I cannot get it into a line, but I believe the figure $1\frac{1}{16}$ will be sufficiently accurate for poetry.
>
> I am, Sir, yours, etc.

Babbage seems to have been inspired to think about computers by the image of the hundred French arithmeticians executing, machinelike, the commands of a few mathematicians. The first machine that Babbage designed, the Difference Engine, was completed in 1822. It was a relatively modest affair—basic-



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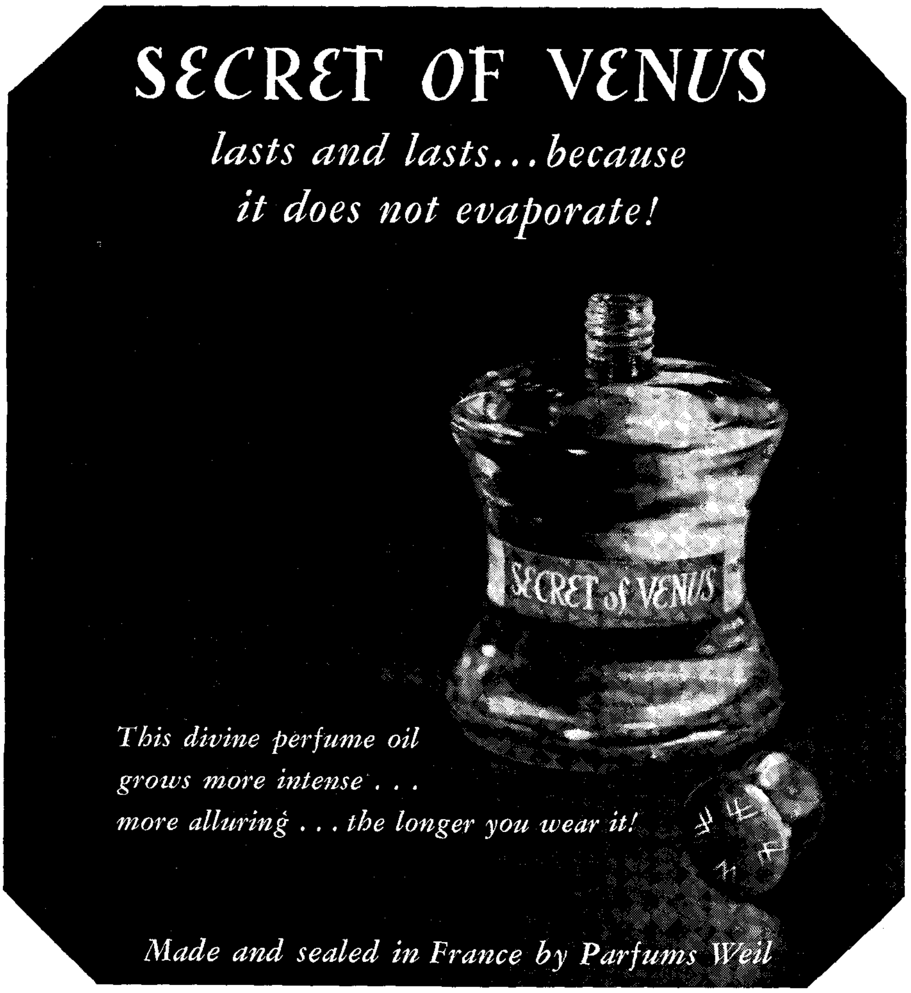
ally an adding machine that was specially designed for the computation of polynomials, such as $x^2 + x + 41$. Babbage's model worked to an accuracy of six decimal places and was actually used in the computation of tables. As a next step, Babbage proposed to make a larger Difference Engine, which would be capable of working to an accuracy of twenty decimal places—no mean trick, even by modern standards. The British government contributed about seventeen thousand pounds toward its construction, but it was never completed. The engineering techniques of Babbage's time were not as far advanced as Babbage's imagination, and no one could make the levers and cogwheels with the precision he needed.

In 1833, Babbage conceived a new device, the Analytical Engine, which occupied him for the rest of his life, and which he never succeeded in building, either. The new engine represented a profound conceptual advance over the old one. The Difference Engine was designed to perform just the limited set of operations necessary in computing simple polynomials; the Analytical Engine was designed to perform any arithmetic operation at all and to string such operations together to solve, in principle, any conceivable arithmetic problem. In fact, the Analytical Engine would have had the sort of flexibility that modern machines have, though nowhere near their speed; Babbage envisioned that it might be able to perform about sixty additions a minute. All the operations were to be mechanical, and thus would involve the machinations of a vast collection of gears and cranks, which presumably were to be run on steam power. The machine, like all subsequent digital computers, was to have four basic parts. There was to be what Babbage called the "store"—corresponding to the "memory" in modern computers—in which the numerical data involved in a calculation would be placed. It would consist of columns of wheels, each bearing ten engraved digits. Babbage wanted the store to hold a thousand fifty-digit numbers. In trying to construct his store, he turned out thousands of superb mechanical drawings and a variety of new machine-shop techniques. The second basic part of his computer was to be the "mill"—the part in which arithmetical operations would be carried out, through the rotation of gears and wheels. Third, there was to be a device—essentially a collection of gears and levers—that could transfer numbers back and forth between the mill and the store. And, finally, there was a mechanism for



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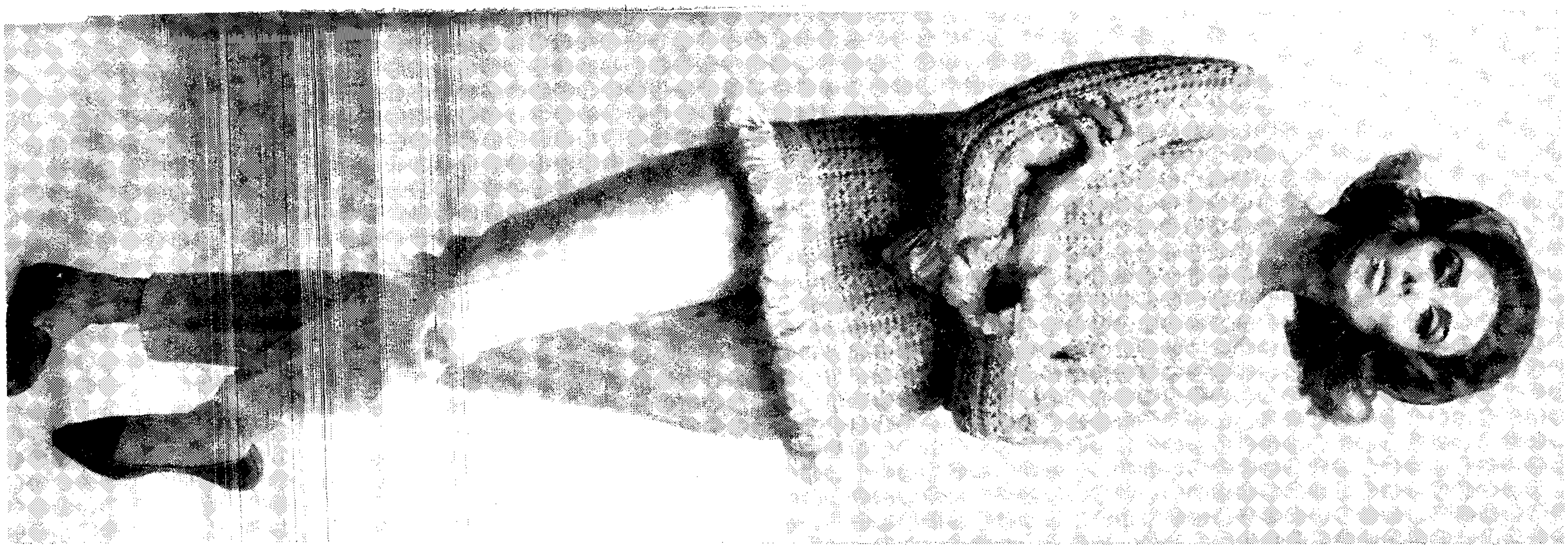
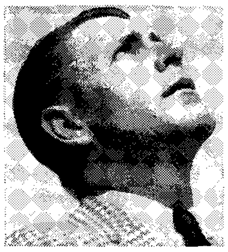


What's wrong with your wife wearing pants?



You're not scared, are you? You don't seriously believe that if she appears in pants instead of a skirt, she's going to begin barking out orders, now do you? Subconsciously seeing pants as the symbol of dominance is such a quaint Victorian notion. As a matter of fact, it never was quite accurate. Sultan favorites in their chiffon trousers, for instance, were certainly the essence of female allure and they scarcely can be said to have ruled the roost. Whether they wear crinolines or pants, women, thank God, are women. But Americans want to be as current in the way they look as they are in the way they live. No upstanding man can be insecure enough to hold it against his wife that she likes to put on pants. Face it, for driving, skiing, cycling, gardening and just looking delicious, pants are preferred because they're easier, more provocative and more fun. So why be chicken about your wife wearing pants? Never fear; you'll still be cock of the walk. Jack Winter proportioned-to-fit pants for women who are not neurotic. 1410 Broadway, New York City.

Jack Winter

getting numerical data in and out. The best description of Babbage's proposed computer was given not by Babbage himself (for all his sharpness of tongue, he was, especially in later life, almost incapable of delivering a coherent account of the Analytical Engine) but by Ada Augusta, Countess of Lovelace, the daughter of the poet Byron. Lady Lovelace, who was born in 1815, early showed a considerable aptitude for mathematics. When she was still a child, she was taken with a group of Lady Byron's friends to see Babbage's Difference Engine, and one of them, Mrs. Augustus De Morgan, noted in her reminiscences, "While the rest of the party gazed at this beautiful instrument with the same sort of expression and feeling that some savages are said to have shown on first seeing a looking glass or hearing a gun, Miss Byron, young as she was, understood its working and saw the great beauty of the invention." Much of what is known about the principles of the Analytical Engine is the result of Miss Byron's interest. In 1840, Babbage gave some lectures in Turin, and in his audience there was an Italian military engineer named L. F. Menabrea, who was on the staff of the Royal Academy at Turin; Menabrea was so impressed by the lectures that he summarized them in an article, in French, which was published in Geneva in 1842. Later, Lady Lovelace translated this article into English and annotated it. Her article, with its annotations, is the best account available of the technical aspects of Babbage's Analytical Engine. Lady Lovelace described in great detail the method that Babbage had devised for getting data in and out of the machine. His plan was to take over the method of punch cards that the French inventor Jacquard had worked out for weaving patterns in rugs. The pattern of punches was used to determine which threads would be woven into the rug pattern at each pass of the shuttle, and the whole process was based on whether certain rods in the Jacquard loom did or did not encounter punches in the cards. Patterns of great intricacy were made on the Jacquard loom, and one of Babbage's most prized possessions was a woven portrait of Jacquard himself, which had required the use of twenty-four thousand cards. Babbage proposed to make a very similar use of cards to run the Analytical Engine, the chief difference being that, as in modern punch cards, the patterns of holes were to correspond to mathematical symbols. As Lady Lovelace put it, "We may say

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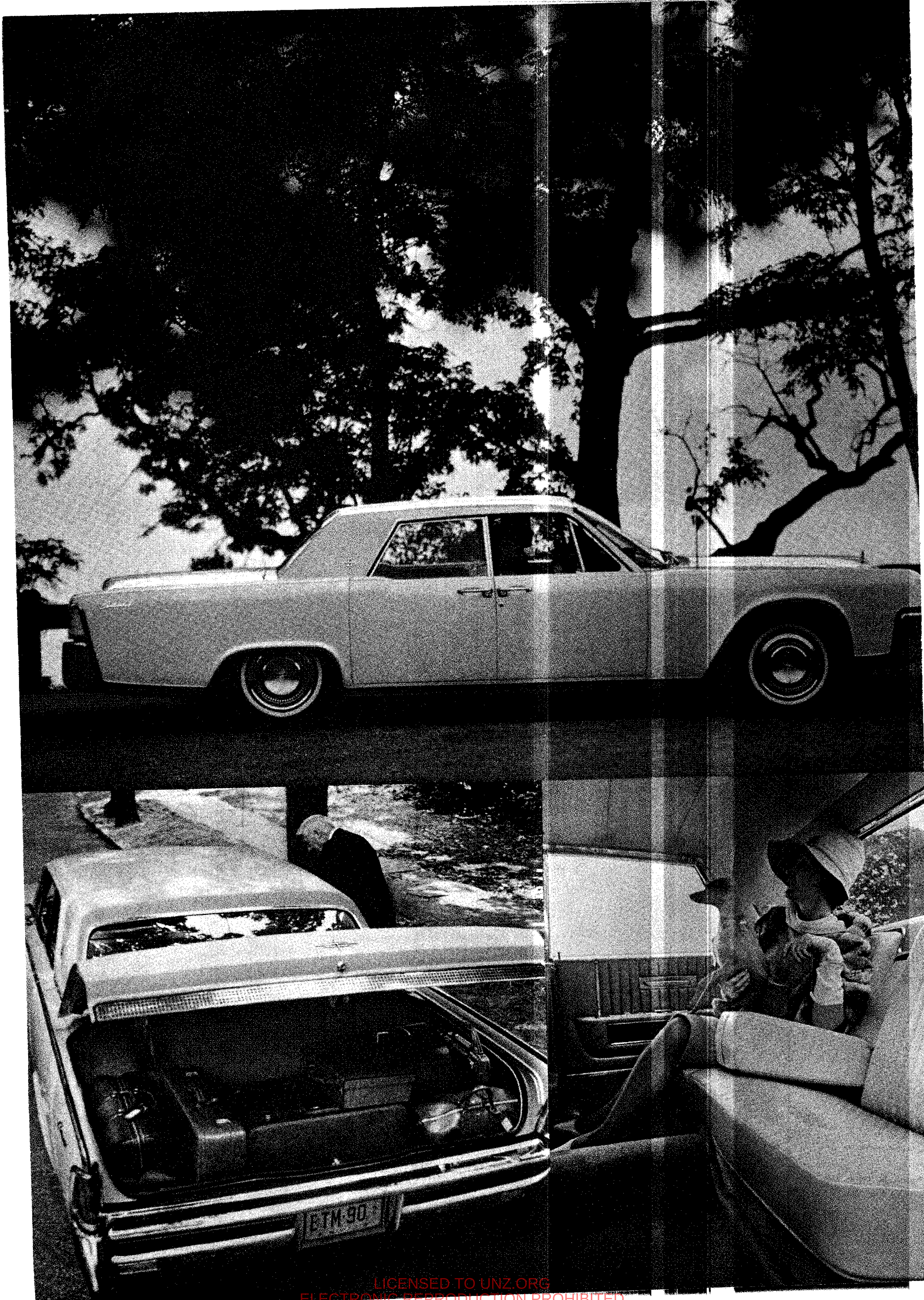
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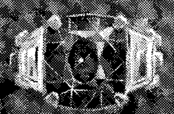

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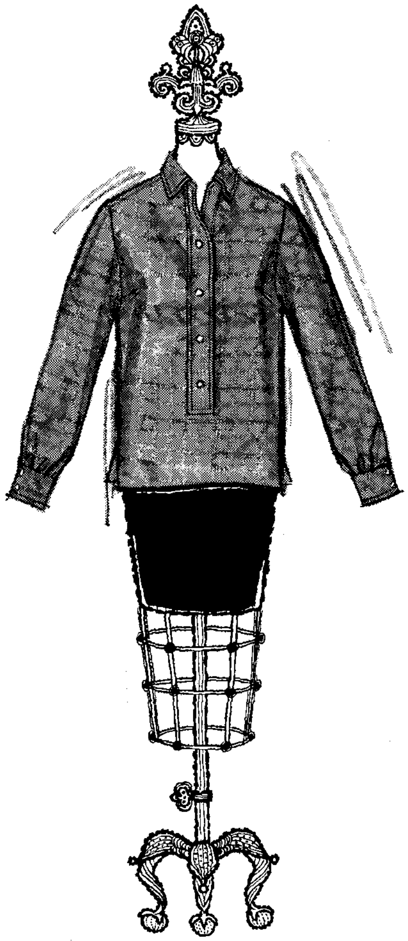

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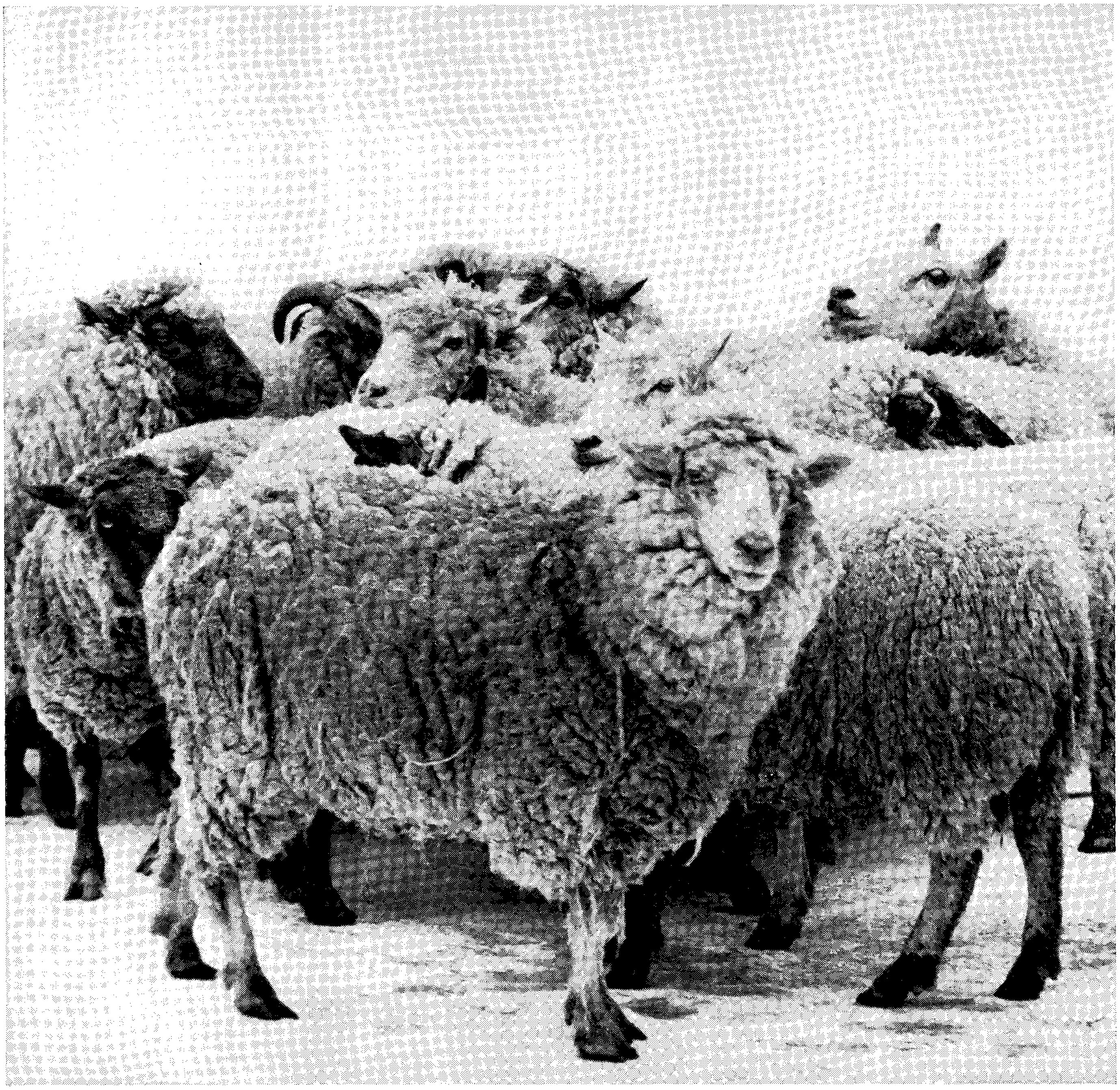
most aptly that the Analytical Engine *weaves algebraic patterns* just as the Jacquard-loom weaves flowers and leaves."

Anyone familiar with modern punch-card programming can only wonder at the sophistication of Babbage's ideas on the subject. In the first place, he saw clearly that by means of cards he could program his machine to do most of its operations automatically. Earlier computers had been largely manual, and the operator had had to intervene physically at every step of the way. As Lady Lovelace wrote, "This engine surpasses its predecessors, both in the extent of the calculations which it can perform, in the facility, certainty and accuracy with which it can effect them, and in the absence of all necessity for the intervention of human intelligence *during the performance of its calculations.*" Babbage also anticipated a number of specific elements of modern programming. For example, he recognized the utility of having special mathematical data stored in an external memory and accessible to the machine on call. If a certain logarithm was needed, the machine was to ring a bell and display at a window a card that would show which logarithm was needed. If the operator supplied the wrong value, the machine was to ring a louder bell. Today, when some quantity like a logarithm is needed, an electronic computer can ordinarily evaluate it afresh much faster than it can read the value from a stored table. This possibility was foreseen by Babbage. "It is an interesting question, which time only can solve, to know whether such Tables on cards will ever be required by the Engine," he wrote. "Tables are used for saving the time of continually computing individual numbers. But the computations to be made by the Engine are so rapid that it seems most probable that it will make shorter work by computing directly from proper formulae than by having recourse to its own Tables." Moreover, Babbage seems to have had a clear understanding of one of the most extraordinary and valuable abilities of automatic computers—the ability to perform conditional operations, such as those called for by the IF statement of FORTRAN. This is the statement that asks the machine to choose among steps, depending on what a previous step came up with—for instance, a positive or negative number. Since the outcome cannot be known prior to the calculation, either the machine must have some mechanism for making the decision and taking the appropriate next step or the operator must intervene in the calculation, thus



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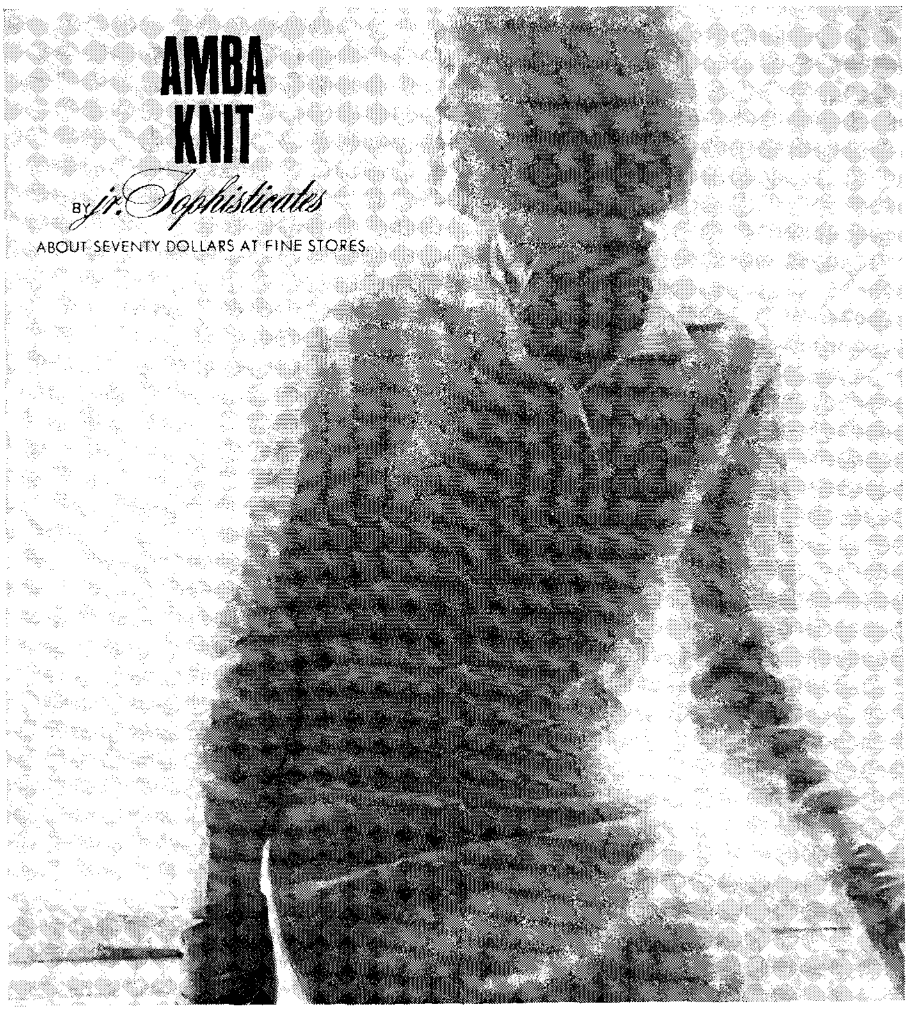
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slowing things down. Babbage's way of having his machine make this sort of decision was exceedingly ingenious, and is very similar in principle to the way modern machines make their decisions. To understand it, let us look at what happens when a larger number is subtracted from a smaller one:

$$\begin{array}{r} 000\ 216 \\ -000\ 317 \\ \hline 999\ 899 \end{array}$$

The string of three 0s to the left of the 216 and the 317 indicates that the size of the numbers we are considering is limited to six digits, and the array of 9s to the left of the 8 is the result of the successive "borrowing" of 1s. If we were not limited to six-digit numbers, the string of 9s would extend indefinitely to the left. Ordinarily, one would write the result of this subtraction as −101. The number 999 899 is known as the "9s complement" of −101. It is easy to see that adding 999 899 to a number and throwing away the 1 to be carried at the end is equivalent to subtracting 101 from that number. For example:

$$\begin{array}{r} 000\ 317 \\ -000\ 101 \\ \hline 000\ 216 \end{array}$$

And:

$$\begin{array}{r} 000\ 317 \\ 999\ 899 \\ \hline 000\ 216 \end{array}$$

Many computers make use of the principle of complementing by 9s to perform subtractions by reducing them to addition.

Needless to say, any given machine can provide only a limited number of places, and Babbage made use of this fact in designing his Analytical Engine to make decisions. Suppose that it carried out a computation and got a negative answer. It would then produce a string of 9s to the left until it ran out of places. What Babbage did was to conceive of an extra place, which would be used not to register another 9 but to set in motion gears that could activate some other part of the computer, which would thereupon select an alternate set of punch cards. In other words, Babbage's machine could, like the 7090, modify its course of action according to the outcome of previous calculations. Babbage described this process as "the Engine moving forward by eating its own tail," and he intended to use it in, among other things, programming the machine to perform cycles of operations. A certain set of operations, for example, was to be

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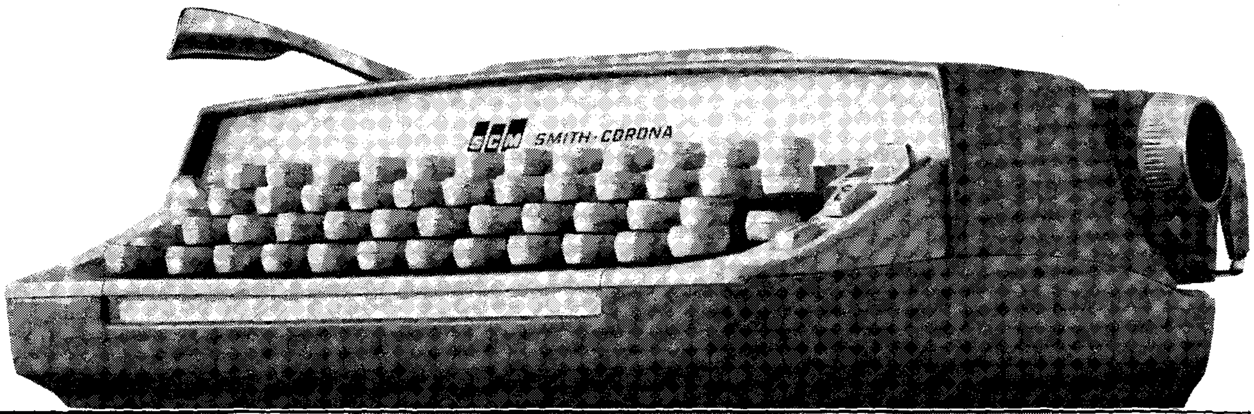

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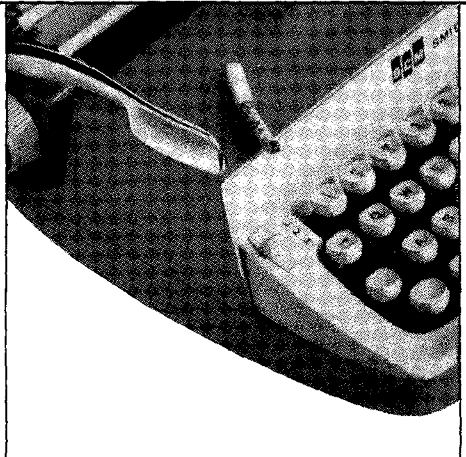

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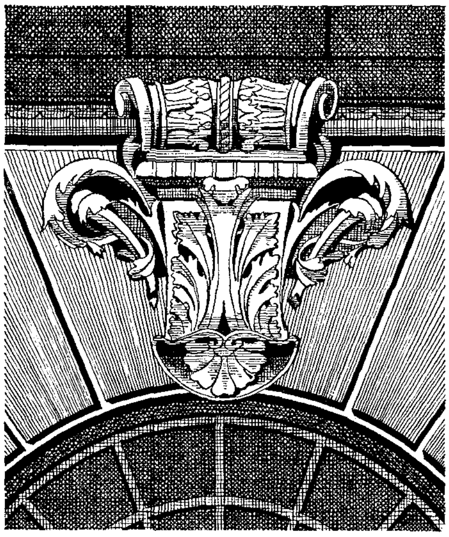
repeated until the resulting number changed sign, at which point the lever action in Babbage's machine would cause the program to be changed and the machine to start a new phase of the calculation. This principle, which is the sequence of operations that is called for by the FORTRAN DO statement, is embodied in all modern computers.

Babbage spent nearly forty years trying to build the Analytical Engine. He could hardly think of anything else. In July, 1836, one of his friends, a mathematician named Mary Somerville, wrote to another friend, "Mr. Babbage is looking wretchedly and has been very unwell. I have done all I could to persuade him to leave town, but in vain. I do fear the machine will be the death of him, for certain I am that the human machine cannot stand that restless energy of mind." In 1842, the government stopped supporting his projects (Babbage described the responsible Chancellor of the Exchequer as "the Herostratus of Science," who, "if he escapes oblivion will be linked with the destroyer of the Ephesian temple"), and he and Lady Lovelace spent a considerable amount of time trying, without success, to invent a foolproof method of playing the horses in order to raise money for the Engine. Later on, Babbage invented a machine that could play ticktacktoe, and he thought for a time of building it and exhibiting it in carnivals. As he wrote in his autobiography, "Passages from the Life of a Philosopher":

> It occurred to me that if an automaton were made to play this game, it might be surrounded with such attractive circumstances that a very popular and profitable exhibition might be produced. I imagined that the machine might consist of the figures of two children playing against each other, accompanied by a lamb and a cock. That the child who won the game might clap his hands whilst the cock was crowing, after which, that the child who was beaten might cry and wring his hands whilst the lamb began bleating.
>
> Having fully satisfied myself of the power of making such an automaton, the next step was to ascertain whether there was any probability, if it were exhibited to the public, of its producing, in a moderate time, such a sum of money as would enable me to construct the Analytical Engine. A friend, to whom I had at an early period communicated the idea, entertained great hopes of its pecuniary success. When it became known that an automaton could beat not merely children but even papa and mamma at a child's game, it seemed not unreasonable to expect that every child who heard of it would ask mamma to see it. On the other hand, every mamma, and some few papas, who heard of it would doubtless take their children to so singular and interesting a sight. I resolved, on my return to London, to make inquiries as to the



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Tenderly
Serenade In Blue
April In Paris
Smoke Gets In Your Eyes
Alone Together
Once Upon A Time
Spring Will Be A Little Late This Year
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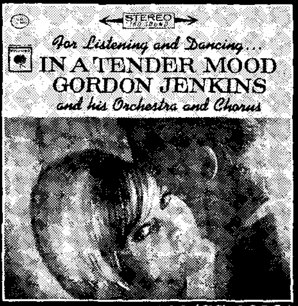
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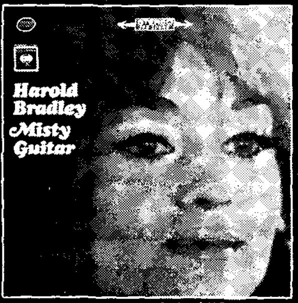
STEREO
Harold Bradley
Misty Guitar

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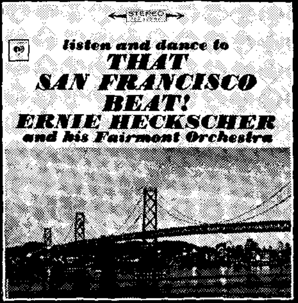
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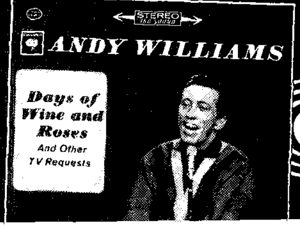
STEREO
ANDY WILLIAMS
Days of Wine and Roses
And Other TV Requests

relative productiveness of the various exhibitions of recent years, and also to obtain some rough estimate of the probable time it would take to construct the automaton, as well as some approximation to the expense.

It occurred to me that if half a dozen were made, they might be exhibited in three different places at the same time. Each exhibitor might then have an automaton in reserve in case of accidental injury. On my return to town I made the inquiries I alluded to, and found that the English machine for making Latin verses, the German talking-machine, as well as several others, were entire failures in a pecuniary point of view. I also found that the most profitable exhibition which had occurred for many years was that of the little dwarf, General Tom Thumb.

On considering the whole question, I arrived at the conclusion, that to conduct the affair to a successful issue it would occupy so much of my own time to contrive and execute the machinery, and then to superintend the working out of the plan, that even if successful in point of pecuniary profit, it would be too late to avail myself of the money thus acquired to complete the Analytical Engine.

By the time of Babbage's death, in 1871, the machine had eaten up much of his personal fortune. Some of its parts were actually constructed (largely by his son, H. P. Babbage), and a great many detailed drawings of other parts were made. By and large, however, Babbage's work was forgotten until the nineteen-forties, when another generation of scientists and engineers, struggling anew with the problem of designing large-scale digital computers, came to realize that Babbage, with all his gears and cranks, had been there before them.

—JEREMY BERNSTEIN

(This is the first of two articles on computers.)

●

OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

[From "Moby Dick"]

Scorning a turnstile wheel at her reverend helm, she sported there a tiller; and that tiller was in one mass, curiously carved from the long narrow lower jaw of her hereditary foe.—*Chapter XVI, "The Ship."*

"Clear away the boats! Luff!" cried Ahab. And obeying his own order, he dashed the helm down before the helmsman could handle the spokes.—*Chapter LXI, "Stubb Kills a Whale."*

The season for the Line at length drew near; and every day when Ahab, coming from his cabin, cast his eyes aloft, the vigilant helmsman would ostentatiously handle his spokes . . . impatient for the order to point the ship's prow for the equator.—*Chapter CXVIII, "The Quadrant."*

During the most violent shocks of the Typhoon, the man at the Pequod's jawbone tiller had several times been reelingly hurled to the deck.—*Chapter CXXIII, "The Musket."*

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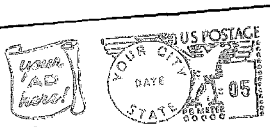

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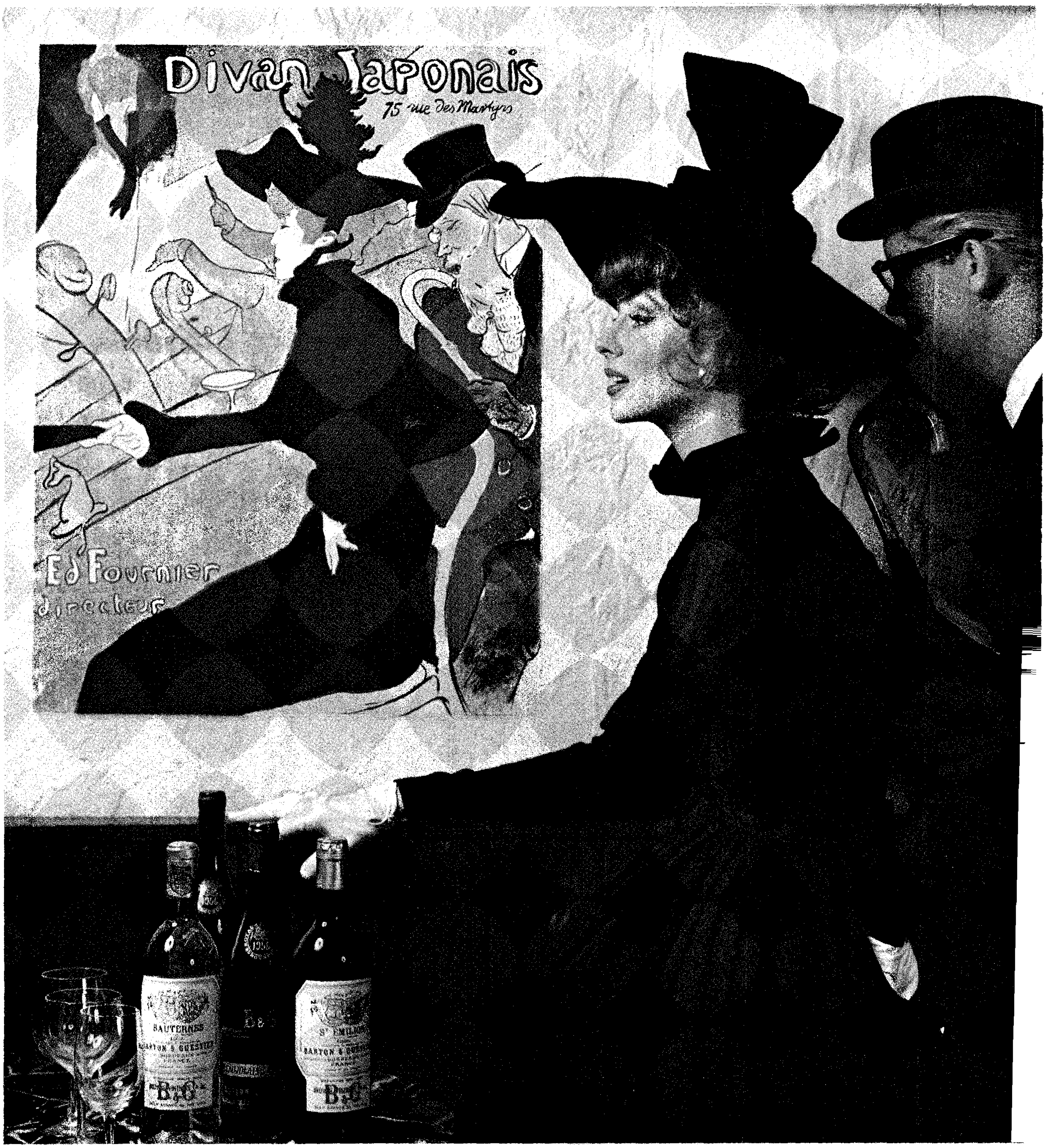
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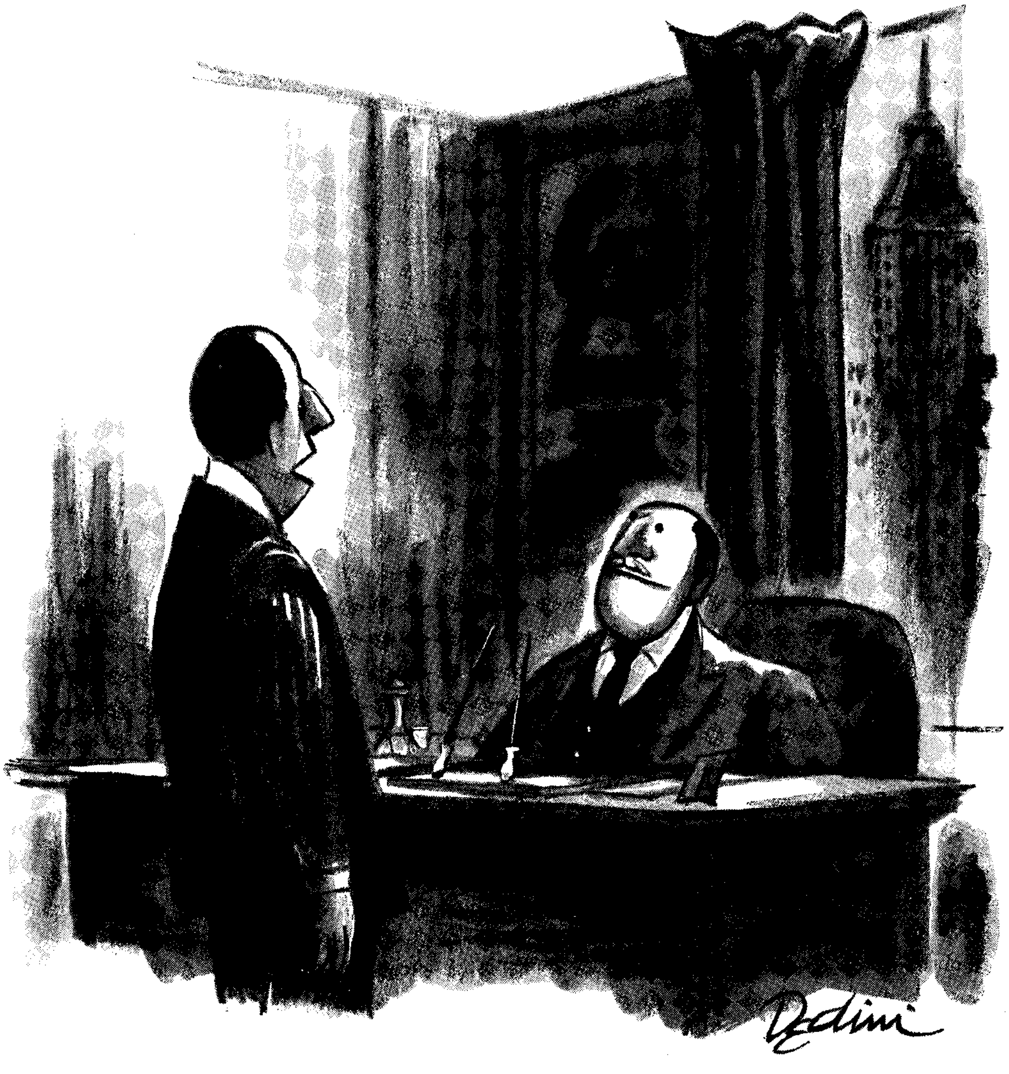
THE THEATRE

MR. HEFLIN FOR THE PLAINTIFF

AS a dedicated courtroom buff, I was entertained fairly consistently by "A Case of Libel," at the Longacre. The drama, written by Henry Denker, is based on the account in Louis Nizer's "My Life in Court" of a celebrated suit brought by Quentin Reynolds against his whilom journalistic and social chum Westbrook Pegler. Shortly after the Second World War, Mr. Pegler, as you may remember, became highly vitriolic on the subject of Mr. Reynolds' alleged cowardice in combat, and went on to accuse him of being a Communist caitiff, a voluptuary, and, generally speaking, a man of meagre morals and no good intent toward his fellows. This, it developed, was practically self-evident libel, but it took some long, hard years to establish that fact in law, and that is the substance of this play. One might think that, with a case so widely known, suspense would be an impossibility, but Mr. Denker has succeeded so well in the old-fashioned art of making us want to hiss the villain and cheer his opposition that we forget that the outcome is inevitable. The actors in the piece, under the direction of Sam Wanamaker, do Mr. Denker proud, and Van Heflin, as the lawyer for the plaintiff, is every inch the forensic superman we all dream of becoming when haled into court for a traffic violation. Mr. Heflin doesn't spare us the histrionics, but, after all, there are very few trial lawyers who do, and his fellow-practitioners in "A Case of Libel"—conspicuously Sidney Blackmer, representing the defendant, and Joseph Julian, who portrays an agitated associate of Mr. Heflin's—all demonstrate that the law can be as lively as a vaudeville show, though perhaps more significant. Let us leave the lawyers in the drama and take up the situation of the defendant. He is, as portrayed by Larry Gates, a whey-faced sciolist with reptilian eyes who flaunts his righteousness like a banner and has no concept of even common decency. It's just possible that this characterization is a trifle too pat for dramatic purposes; maybe a touch, a mere touch, of humanity would have been in order. At any rate, Mr. Gates makes a fine standard Devil, and, with tail awag, he joins the others in moving about quite effectively in a highly ingenious set devised by Donald Oenslager. The plaintiff in "A Case of Libel" is played by John Randolph, and his wife by M'el Dowd. They're nice people, but this is a drama where the lawyers and the defendant have the upper hand.

DAVID BLACK and Nicholas A. Strater, in association with Jerome Rosenfeld (by arrangement with Oscar Lewenstein; L.O.P., Ltd.; and Donald Albery), got together last week to present the Coventry Belgrade Theatre Company (in association with the Arts Council of Great Britain) at the Music Box in a comedy called "Semi-Detached." Seldom has so little owed so little to so many. In this creation by David Turner, which was directed by Anthony Richardson, an assortment of English provincial types are assembled, to no particular purpose, in the home of Fred Midway, at 12 Woody Lane, Dowlihull, on a Sunday morning in the spring of 1963. Mr. Midway is a shabby upstart in the insurance line who has a certain talent for chicanery, and his circle, with the exception of one of his freewheeling daughters, shares his dubious skill for getting along. The gels (there are two of them) are in and out of trouble like rabbits in a hound-infested area, and there is a son around who has got some moll in the family way. This goes on and on, with dear old Dad coming up with tricky solutions for all the domestic problems. The actors throughout the enterprise are exceedingly enthusiastic, but still, where there's no style or content or discernible merit, what can you do? Nothing, I'm afraid, and that's what is done here. Sir Laurence Olivier played this in London, I understand, for several weeks, or even months. He must be a great man for triumphing over his material.

ANOTHER English number turned up at the Morosco last week, this one consisting of a pair of one-act plays called "The Private Ear" and "The



"Mr. Adler, I feel I'm not getting my share of the American Dream."

Public Eye." Written by Peter Shaffer, and featuring Geraldine McEwan, Barry Foster, Brian Bedford, and Moray Watson, they aren't exactly enthralling, and—not to put too fine a point on it—"The Private Ear" section, which has to do with a shy young music lover who is persuaded by a pal to attempt the seduction of a young woman he has met in passing, is actively bothersome. The other part of the program has a quota of wit. It involves a private detective checking up on a young lady married to a middle-aged man, and, as things work out, the young lady, who has done her husband no wrong, becomes fascinated with the shadowy voyeur. It's only a trifle, and, Lord knows, its development causes no surprise. But it's jolly enough, for all that, and the acting is laudable. —John McCarten

OFF BROADWAY

Corruption—Italian Style

Ugo Betti, the author of "Corruption in the Palace of Justice," at the Cherry Lane, was, according to a note in the program, a Roman magistrate for many years before his death, in 1953. The play, whose title is as descriptive as any you'll ever find, is about an investigation in the Palace of Justice of "a foreign city." The principal characters are all high government officials—the President, the Chief Justice and four other judges, and an investigator who is sent to find out which one of them has been dealing with an underworld boss. The boss, who could have identified the miscreant, has been found dead. The setting—a very good one, by William Ritman—is, I guess, the magistrates' room. The plot, which is almost entirely concerned with the inquiry, is pervaded nearly to the end by a kind of Old World cynicism, and is resolved by a grim practical joke; the very end touches a religious note. Along the way, Betti shows himself a fairly shrewd observer of the guilty and the more or less innocent who are under suspicion, and manages—with the help, of course, of the actors and of Richard Altman, the director—to keep most of his characters fairly human.

The first act is fine; the second and third acts are often stagy and hollow. Perhaps these two might have gone better if David Hooks, as the most ambitious of the judges, who is so clever that the investigator asks him to help, had been a little less forthright or downright and had played with more blandness and subtlety, and (to be fair) if the playwright had not handed him a long and dreadful speech in which he

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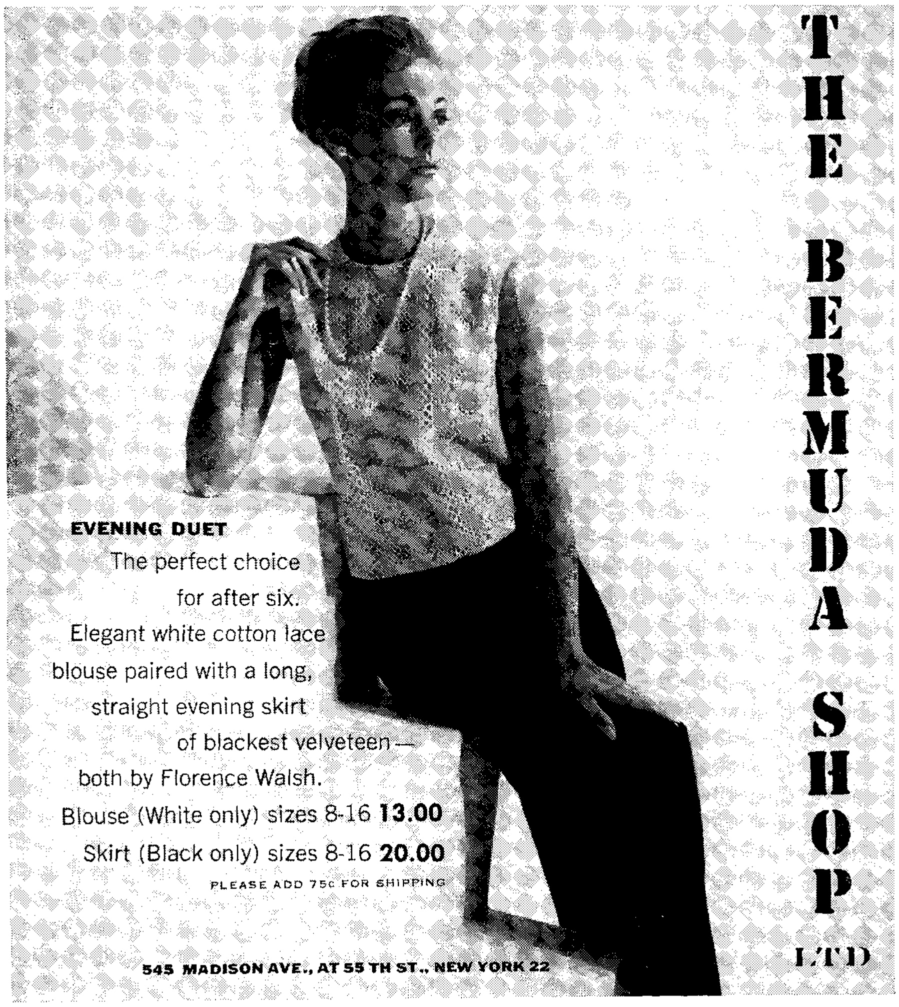

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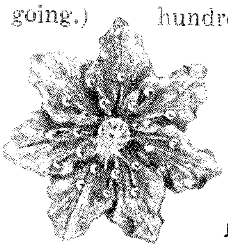

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tells the President's daughter that as a child he saw his parents embracing, and that this sneaky glimpse of the animal nature of man soured him on innocence forever. Such pat psychological explanations—the little episode in the past that has made a man what he is today—may be acceptable in case histories, but they seldom hold up in the theatre. The other performances are good or pretty good. C. K. Alexander, with his customary relish, plays the Chief Justice, an ironic, impish man dying of a bad heart, and he certainly can fake a heart attack. Leonardo Cimino is exactly right as the sly, skeptical investigator, and so is Muni Seroff as the President, a good and gentle man falsely accused, who is so appalled at being considered guilty that he acts guilty, babbling and fibbing and refusing even to submit a statement in his own defense. As the President's daughter—an extremely difficult role, I should think, since she is mostly called upon to react extravagantly to rather inadequate stimuli—Maria Tucci does well, too. I have small taste for plays about evil, innocence, guilt, and other abstractions, and for the image-ridden dialogue that goes with them, but "Corruption in the P. of J." is really a play, and deserves to be done. There is always some excitement in Cherry Lane productions, and, for all its flaws, there is some excitement in this one. The translation, by Henry Reed, sounded smooth.

PATRICIA NEWAY is such a splendid performer, so incapable of being false or trivial, that she deserves the best. "Morning Sun," an uncomfortable mixture of opera and musical comedy recently resident at the Phoenix, was anything but the best (and anything but the worst, to be sure), frequently forcing her to carry on like Melpomene at a Sunday-school picnic. Even so, she never missed an opportunity for gentleness or lightness, and, by the strength of her acting and singing, she was at times very moving. There were some folksy or pretentious numbers in the show, which concerned the troubles of a Missouri woman widowed by the Civil War, and some agreeable ones, too. Among the latter was "Pebble Waltz," a jubilant dance full of leaps and cartwheels by a talented young dancer and actor named Danny Lockin. Eldon Elder's settings were up to Phoenix standards, which are high.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

At 428 MPH, the only thing between me and the salt were Goodyear tires.—*Adv. in The New Yorker.*

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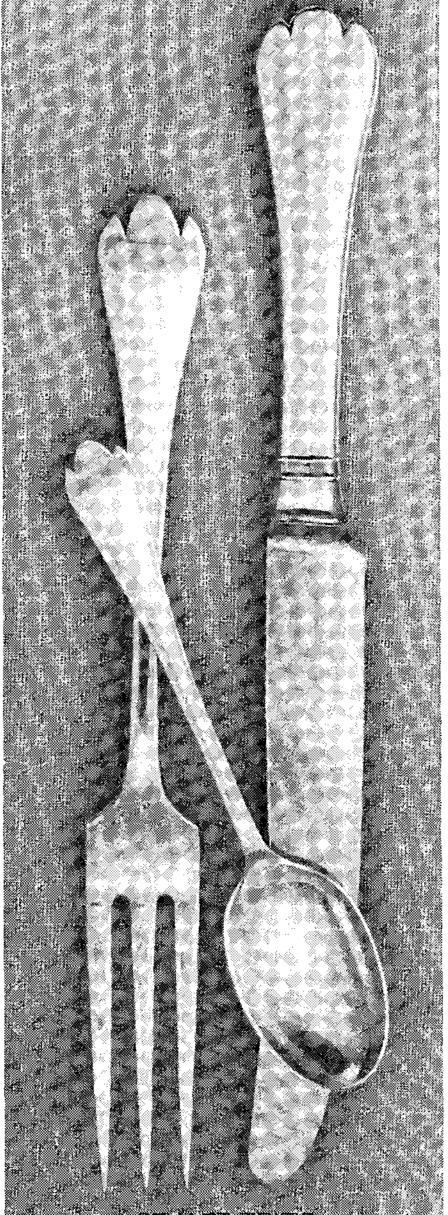

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FOOTBALL

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THE American fondness for machines that can do everything attained a sort of climax when someone thought up the quarterback who can run the ball, pass the ball, punt the ball, or just hide the ball before popping it, beanbag fashion, to a playmate that nobody on the other side of the line of scrimmage would ever suspect. The result is a glorified piece of machinery, and when it's properly constructed you get a Roberts of Columbia or a Wood of Cornell or a Staubach of Navy. The only thing is that no mechanism can function with perfection unless it can be shut down now and then while standby equipment is pressed into service. Staubach, who with luck will finish out the season without being broken in three by the opposition he must encounter, has jack rabbits the like of Sai alongside him in the backfield, and, win or lose, they can roll up a score. But there are times when Roberts and Wood seem not to have much of anyone alongside as relief, and then real trouble begins. Roberts can now look back (that is, if his neck isn't too stiff after what he went through these past two weekends) with a modicum of gloom on his afternoons against Princeton and Yale, both of which, for lack of clever throwers of passes, have to get along mostly with plain old-fashioned chaps who can run. There's an analogy involving tortoises and hares in here somewhere, but I can't quite put my finger on it. Wood, too, can look back with gloom (and more easily, since his neck is not quite as stiff) on his afternoon, last Saturday, against Harvard, which had Bassett as its quarterback; Bassett, though he's a good boy and appears to be trying to match Wood and Roberts and Staubach as an all-purpose device, is two laps to the rear.

So here's what happens when an all-purpose man goes up against an all-purpose backfield of four men. Harvard gets off two dreadful punts into a dreadful wind, Wood gets off one of those passes of his, and Cornell is in the lead, 7–0. Possibly on the theory that two quarterbacks are better than one, Cornell sends in Sponaugle, its second-string all-purpose man, alongside Wood. Cornell's intent to deceive is

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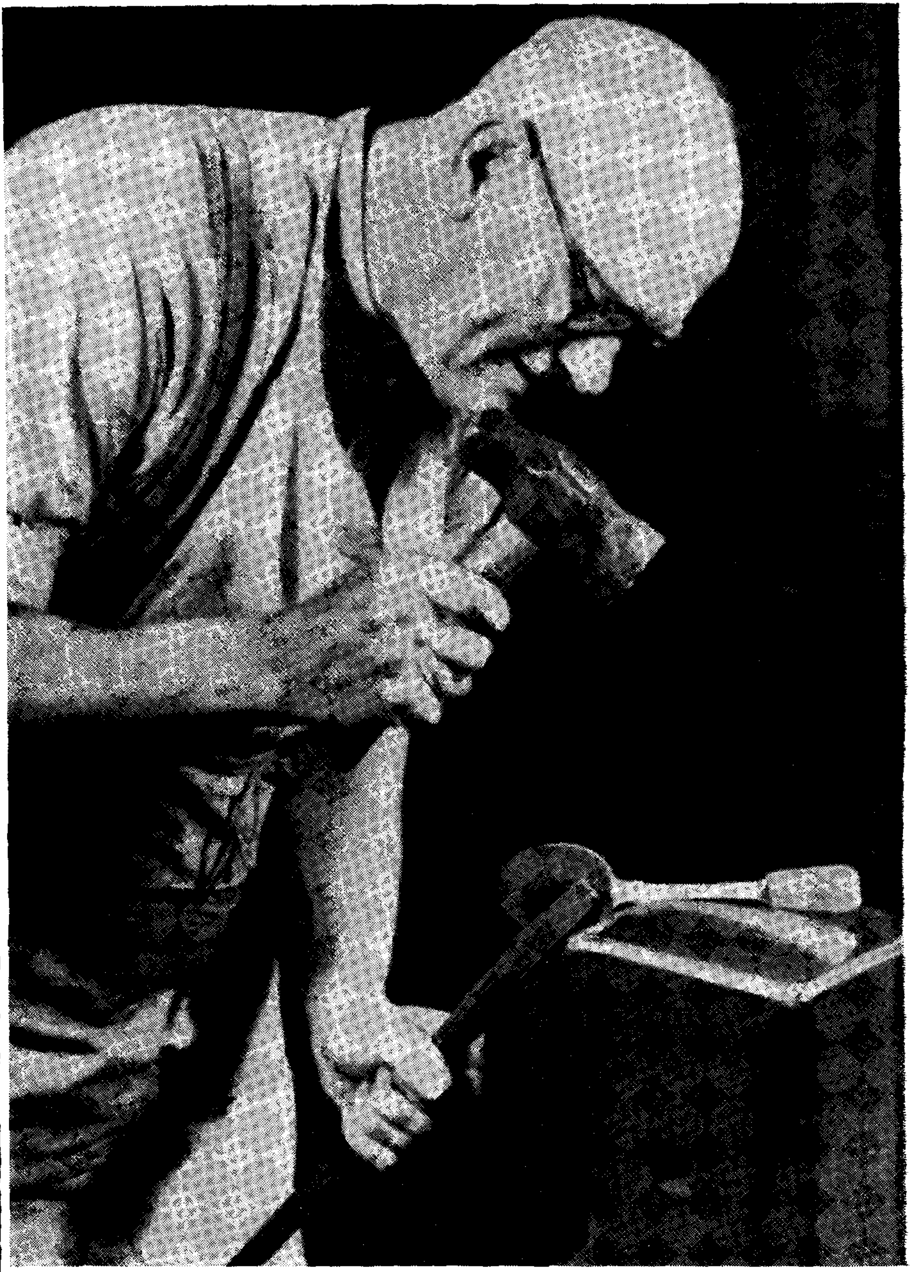

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now at a maximum, but as Wood runs one way (without the ball) and Sponaugle the other way (with it), Sponaugle fumbles when he is tackled. Harvard, letting Bassett, Grana, and Grant lug the ball in turn, and letting Dockery catch passes, and collecting a brace of fumbled Cornell throws, has three touchdowns in a row. Wood spends the remainder of the afternoon attempting to get back in stride, but nothing happens except that Milne, of whom Cornell could use two or three more, whisks through a brief breach in the Harvard line and goes seventy-eight yards for the final touchdown. End product: Harvard 21, Cornell 14.

I liked Milne's gallop; it had style, it even had panache. But I liked Grant's touchdown better. He made it in two tries. On his first one, the two Harvards who should have escorted him ran into one another instead of the enemy, but Grant went through left tackle for six yards. On the next play, good for fifteen yards, he overtook the laggard compatriot who was smoothing the way, shunted him aside, and climbed halfway up the Cornell man awaiting him at the goal. It was indeed a well-earned touchdown. I liked Bassett, too, and silently congratulated him on having such effective helpmeets to share the burden of lugging the ball, and I admired Wood, while sympathizing with him for not having more Milnes around. It goes to show, I guess, that Cornell can't keep on just knocking on Wood for luck.

THE case of Roberts is sadder by far. Throwing twenty-four passes against Yale, and gaining a good deal of ground before Yale set up an eight-man line to run him out of the ballpark, and rushing the ball sixteen times (to little avail), and backing up the line on defense, he was everywhere in the midst of chaos. Yale was in no respect whatever the team that had burbled along for the previous fortnight, and Rapp, a quarterback whose passing has often made strong coaches weep, did well for himself, and would have done better if his receivers had been more adept. And there were Egloff and Berk to slam through the middle of the Columbia line on a sort of crossover play that may have been borrowed from Brown the week before; at any rate, the Yale railbirds say they hadn't seen the team use the play before. As for the Yale defenders, they snaffled three of Roberts' passes, and the line went for him so fast that eventually he was caught with the ball behind his own

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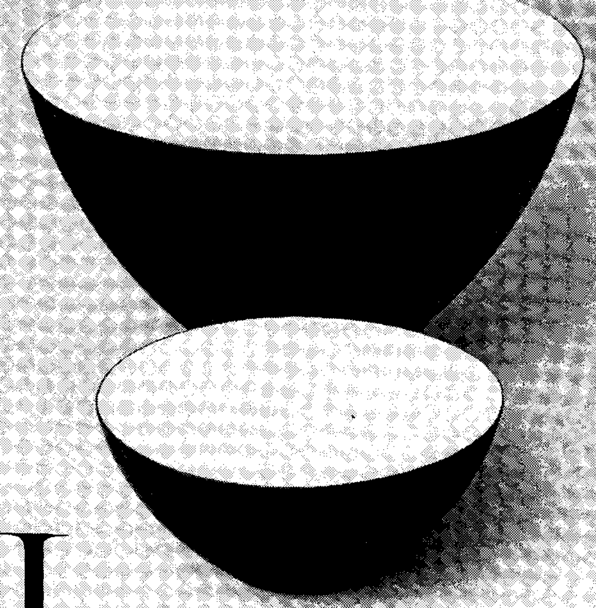

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goal line; that made the final count Yale 19, Columbia 7.

AMONG the other surprises (after all, Brown had given Yale a sound thrashing the week before) was Army's ability to put down Penn State for the third straight year with the same stunt—a field goal by the reliable Heydt (Army 10, Penn State 7). Were all those Army injuries this month merely stagecraft? Another surprise was Princeton's knocking off Pennsylvania by as much as 34–0. Could Penn go so deep into a sinking spell in just one week? And the pinnacle was Navy, which went all the way to Dallas to play Southern Methodist Friday night and lost, 32–28. Staubach did well, and so did his sidekicks, but one always wonders why teams that have a game in hand start throwing passes that are intercepted, and Staubach may ponder that question the rest of the season before he comes up with an answer. —J. W. L.

•

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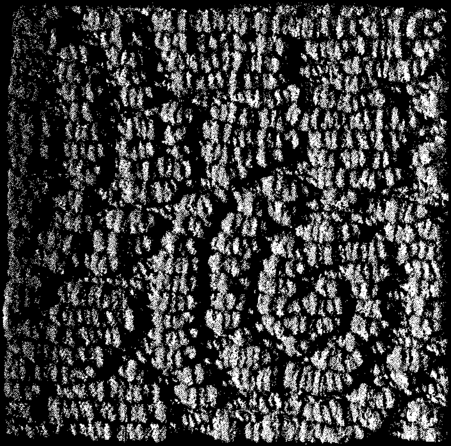

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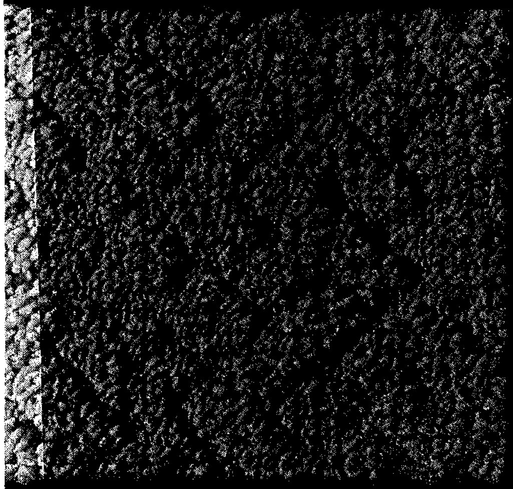

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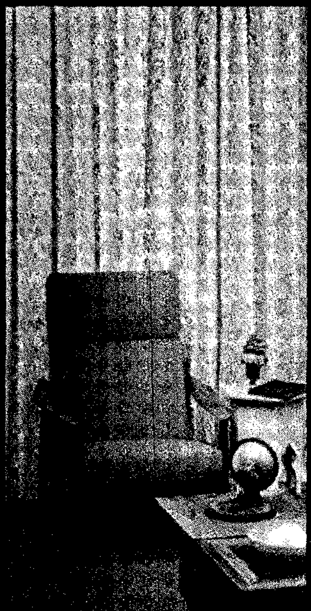

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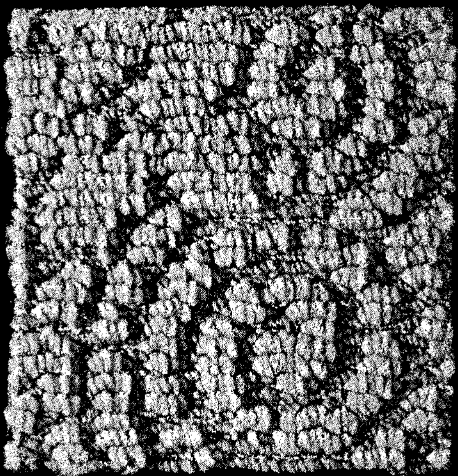

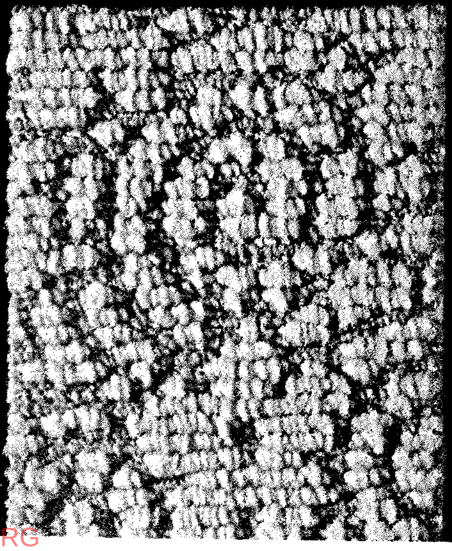

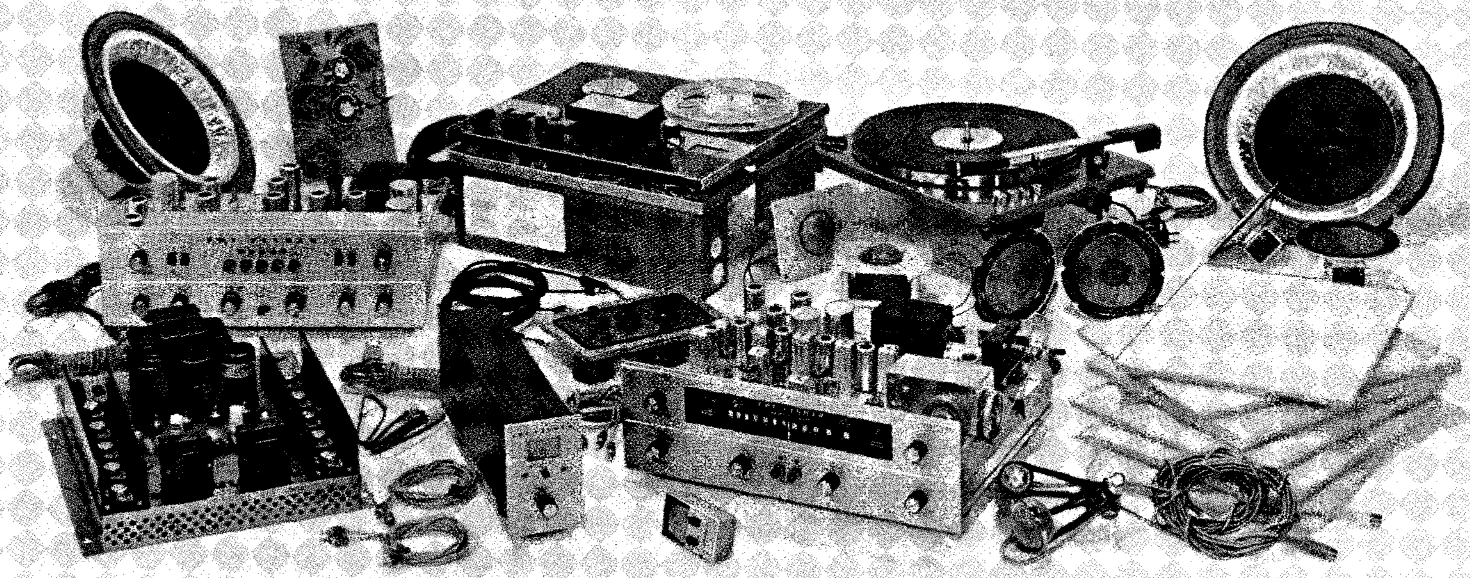

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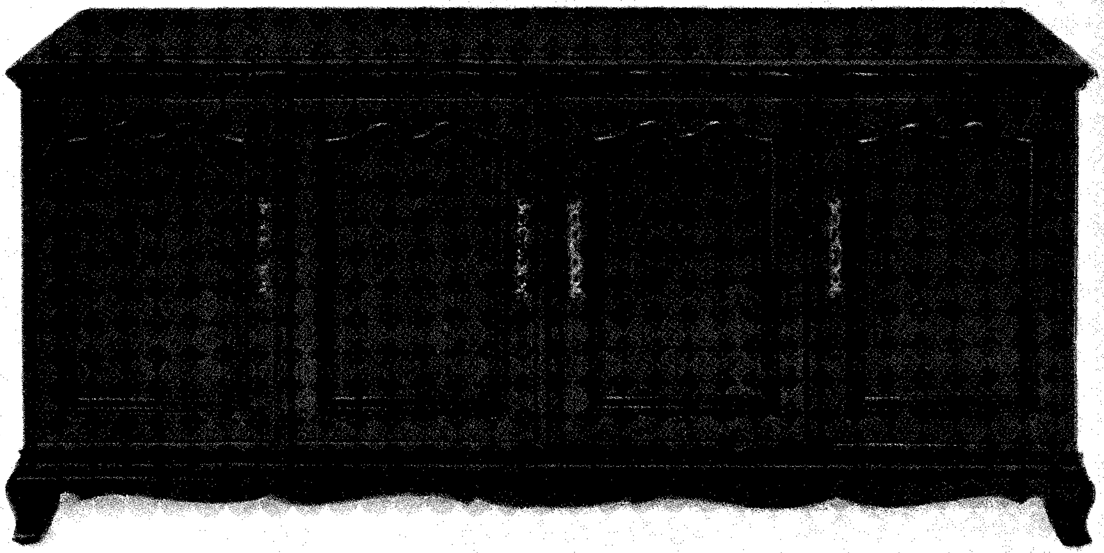

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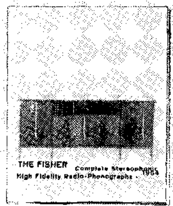

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SAINT'S DAY

I WENT to Mexico suddenly one summer, with two friends, Jack and Martha, who were painters. I had spent the previous five years studying the pottery designs and techniques of a group of village Indians in the southwest United States. It had been close work, delightful but so detailed that when the study was finished and published I was at a loss—a woman with time on her hands. My friends' invitation to join them came at the right time. As an anthropologist, I had been trained to observe cultures and interpret them to one another. My work had led me to record Indian songs and ceremonies, designs and techniques, and social behavior, but it had never extended to the Indians of Mexico; I could visit there for pure enjoyment.

In the winter, my friends occupied an apartment in Greenwich Village. In the summer, they sought out places where the weather was tolerable, the painting good, and the living not too expensive. I had been to Mexico before, though not for a long time. Oaxaca, the mountain city my friends had selected, might be cool at night, I thought, but I could vividly remember the midday blaze of sun on red earth and white sand. Still, people live reasonably in Mexico, as a rule. Nobody goes out in the midday blast unless he must. Ordinarily, Mexicans rest and wait in their cool houses after lunch until the evening washes soothingly over them. I accepted my friends' invitation, and offered my car as transport.

We proceeded in leisurely fashion down the spine of Mexico. We substituted long luncheons for siestas, and sat in cool hotel dining rooms until the heat was gone. Then we would drive on until the blue blackness that takes the place of twilight in Mexico had obliterated the earth. Sometimes we liked a luncheon stop so well that we stayed on for a day or so. Other localities we ran from; the breweries of Monterrey Jack pronounced indistinguishable from those of Hoboken. He and Martha kept asking plaintively when we would get to what they called "the real Mexico," but for me the real Mexico had begun when we walked out the south door of the customs house in Nuevo Laredo. We had Gulf shrimp and cool beer for lunch, and then I saw the yellow blossoms of wild olive trees lining the highway ahead. Later, I looked at Otomi Indians walking along the roadside, spinning yarn as they went, their spindles resting against their shoulders and their busy fingers twisting the

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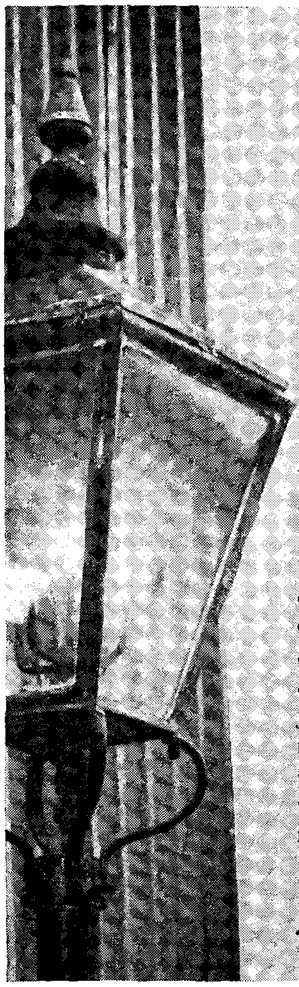

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strands. Children waved from the doorways of Limón, and we bought, for a quarter, a stick a yard long with tangerines tied on it from end to end, like golden balls on a sceptre. I argued with the Yaqui Indian garageman in Tamazunchale and made sure he put gasoline and not kerosene in the car. My Spanish was not the best, but it sufficed. And all along the way, I felt a lovely lightheartedness, for these were not "my" Indians; I did not have to do anything about them, or try to know them.

Martha, when she was not driving, studied a soft-cover guidebook and Spanish grammar. She practiced incessantly, at first cultivating the Castilian lisp. Later, she found out that nobody outside the largest cities could understand her. When we reached Mexico City, we went about it diligently. We saw the markets, the Basilica of Guadalupe, the National Palace, and the Tiffany-glass curtain at the Bellas Artes. "After all, we *are* tourists," Martha said.

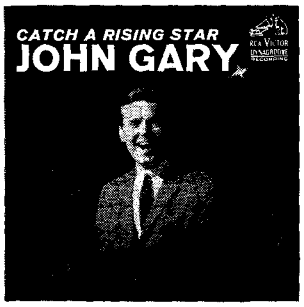
After a week of tourism, we started south again. The mountains rose and dropped away rhythmically. The cornfields climbed the mountainsides like stairs, the Indians grew smaller and more reserved, and the mountain farmers usually stayed on their narrow fields. We did not see them moving from town to town except on market days.

It was on a market day that we drove into Oaxaca. The city lay compact between the folds of the surrounding mountains. A river arched across one end of the town through a Spanish aqueduct and meandered through fields poison-green with alfalfa before it lost itself in a blaze of sand and stone in the lower valley. Before we dropped down the final mountain slope and followed the river into the town, I took over the wheel from Martha. It seemed only fair to leave her, a landscape painter, free to look about. She and Jack had come to this place to work. At intervals, I stopped the car so they could see everything, especially the great butter-yellow oxen, yoked by their horns to wooden plows, turning the earth for the next sowing. The farmers of Oaxaca are busy all year long; they can raise twelve crops in twelve months without exhausting their soil.

A little later, over cocktails, I divulged this fact, gleaned from the guidebook, to Jack and Martha. We were sitting at a table on the sidewalk outside our hotel, under its arched portico.

"Is that a lot of alfalfa?" Jack asked.

"In New Mexico, we usually get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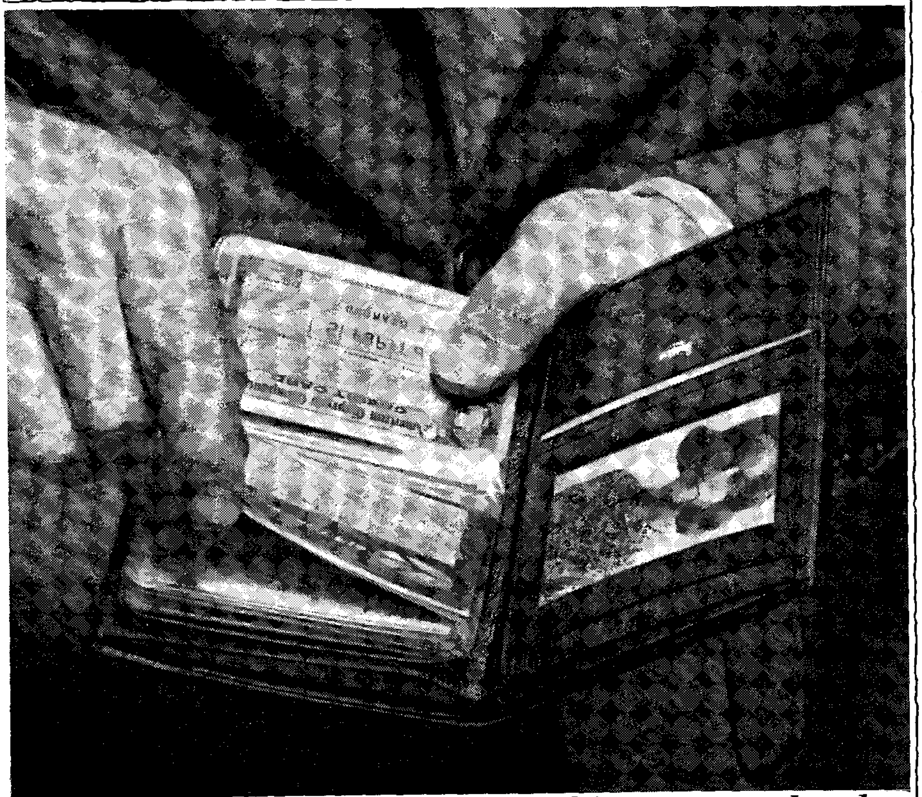

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two crops a year," I replied. "Three are phenomenal."

"And you hear that Mexicans are lazy!" Jack said.

"What do the farmers do for recreation?" Martha asked.

I consulted the guidebook again. "It says they have dancing and feasting on saints' days and national holidays," I reported. " 'Many native villages are within easy driving distance of the city,' " I read. " 'Travellers who have opportunity should visit at least one, and observe native ceremonies, a strange combination of primitive Indian and medieval Spanish religions.' " I flipped the pages. "The great time seems to be Halloween," I said, paraphrasing. "They have picnics in the cemeteries, and bake special cakes and bread for the dead to eat with them. It seems there is a feeling that the dead are never far away—that they can share the joys of the living family. Especially dead children."

"Well, if there's a saint's day while we're around, we ought to try to join the festivities," said Jack.

I laid down the guidebook and Martha picked it up. "There are many pottery-making villages within an easy drive of the city," she announced. "We might find a fiesta going on in one of those."

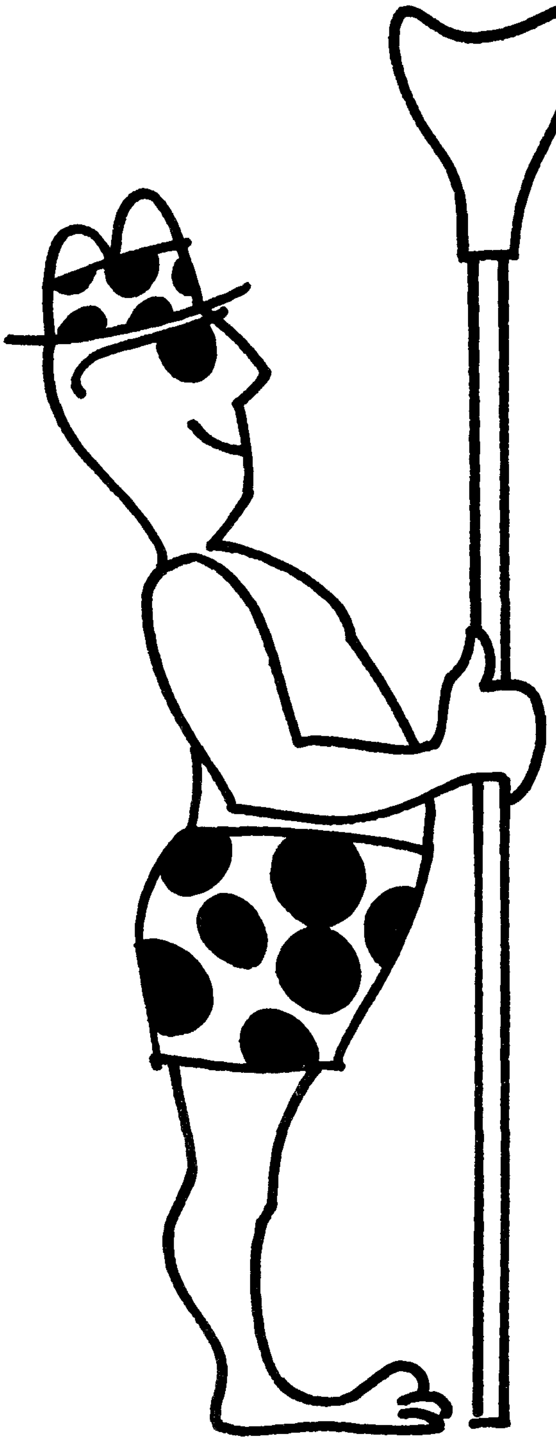
"What about another round of Margaritas?" Jack asked. "I can't say I really like the things, but I suppose we ought to drink the wine of the country while we're here."

" 'The state of Oaxaca is famous for its tequila, which is so delicate in flavor that much of it cannot be shipped away from its place of manufacture, even to nearby parts of Mexico,' " Martha read.

"Maybe we should start with a tequila-making village," Jack suggested. "Maybe there's one that makes tequila and runs up a little pottery on the side."

I sipped the second Margarita. "I'd like tequila better than pottery-making," I said. "I've seen an awful lot of pottery."

THE first two weeks in Oaxaca were idyllic for me. I rose when the donkeys' feet padded on the cobblestone street beneath my window on their way to the market. I showered, then drank the chocolate and crunched the roll the maid brought up to me. I wandered about the town, I inspected the churches and their treasures, I visited the museum and the post office, I went to the hairdresser's, I ate leisurely lunches, and I went to the outdoor market. I left my notebook—I



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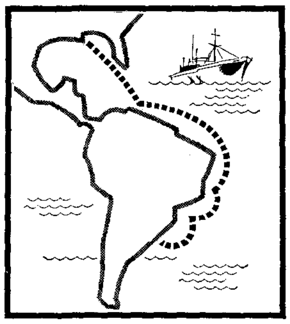

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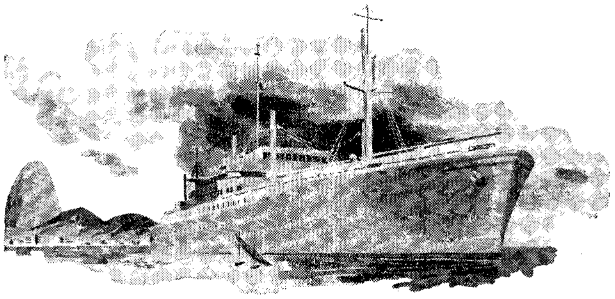

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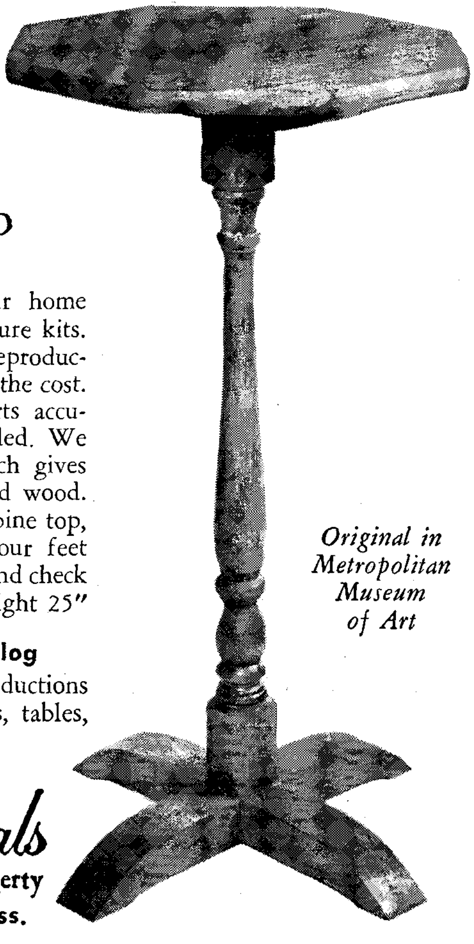

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did have one along with me, out of habit—at the hotel. The whole south side of the market was stalls filled with pottery. I stayed on the north side, where the baskets were, or wandered down the central aisles where the *curanderas* sat beside their little heaps of herbs.

My friends, meanwhile, were busy. Jack had shut himself into an inner room of the hotel and begun to produce the first of a series of Mexican abstractions. Martha drove to the top of a hill and painted every day. Sometimes Jack and I met at lunch; if Martha was unusually hot or tired, she now and then came in for the meal. The rest of the daylight hours I spent alone. Inevitably, I acquired the siesta habit. I wakened at four, and while Martha and Jack showered and rested I revisited the market.

Gradually my observation periods, morning and evening, lengthened and began to blend. The pattern of the market day emerged for me. The people who were there early in the morning seldom lingered throughout the day. The food and flower peddlers, the sellers of meat and fish, and the herb venders went home early. The weavers went home for their siestas, leaving their stalls shuttered and locked, but returned to their looms in the late afternoon. Only the pottery sellers, in whom I was firmly not interested, stayed throughout the day, rolling themselves in their shawls or ponchos to sleep through the worst heat.

I have never seen more completely uninterested people than those pottery sellers. They sat in clumps, by villages—as one could tell by their pottery styles—and largely ignored the world. "Two pesos for the bowl, lady. Take or leave." I grew to recognize faces in other parts of the market, but the pottery sellers lived behind façades as blank as their bowls.

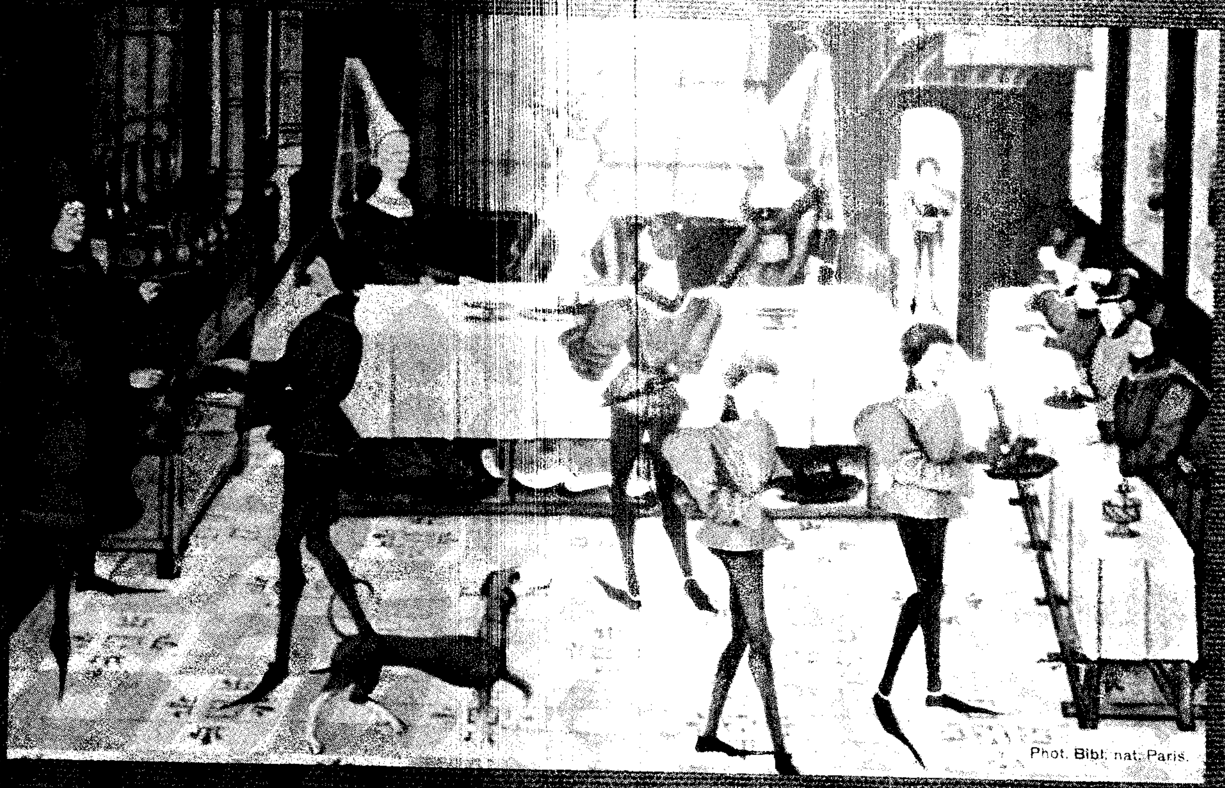
"Are you two going to paint *all* the time?" I demanded crossly one evening. I was getting bored.

"Why not?" Jack asked. "That's what we came here for. Aren't you having a good time? Aren't you resting?"

"I've about caught up on my rest," I said. "I'd like to *see* something."

"Where would you like to go?"

"What about seeing a native village?" Martha asked. "We can drive out early in the morning and be back by noon, for lunch and a nap. Look." She spread on the tabletop the Chamber of Commerce map with which the hotel had supplied us. "There's one. It can't be more than ten miles . . . or is that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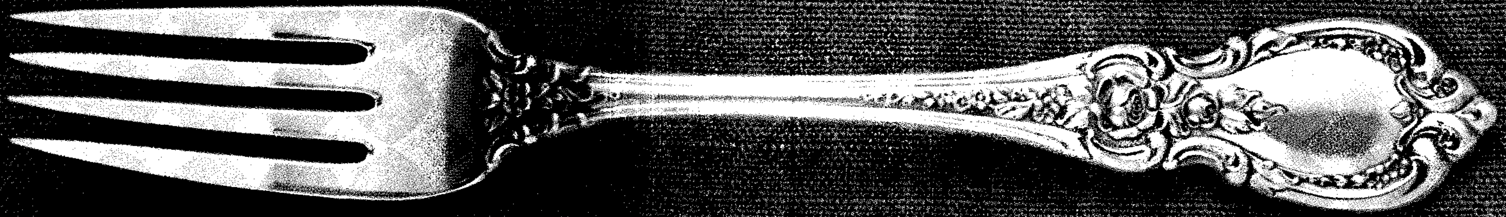

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ten kilometres? Here's a good road going straight to it."

So, the following morning, after an early and light breakfast, we started for the village. The map showed it with a drawing of a pot—I was not to escape, it seemed. The road was good for the first mile. Then the pavement ended and sand began. I took the wheel, as the one having most experience with country driving. We plowed along a narrowing track that wound across the plain in the direction of the river while the sun grew hotter. I watched the temperature gauge on the dashboard. It had not yet reached the boiling point, but it was high. I wondered about the man who had written the guidebook. If this was his idea of a good road, what would he consider a bad one? The sun was steadily rising in the whitening blue of the sky.

"We've gone more than ten miles," Martha said flatly.

"Is the village on this side of the river?" I asked Jack, who was clutching the map like a talisman.

"I guess so," he said. "There's so much color and design on this thing I can't make out the directions."

He held out the map to me, and I stopped the car to examine it. There was not even a yucca blade to shelter behind. I cut off the engine and studied the map.

"Listen," said Martha. "What's that?" There was a singing sound—not the whine of the cooling motor, and not the buzz in my ears. It seemed to come from just ahead of us, where the ground dipped down. I coaxed the car along what had become a footpath, right to the edge of a bluff above a terrace with the river below it.

On the terrace there was blessed green—the tossing plumes of young willow trees. Beneath the trees we could make out the blocky house forms of an adobe village. The singing issued from among the trees. Now we could distinguish the somewhat distorted strains of "La Paloma," played, as nearly as any of us could tell, on a partly tuned accordion.

"There it is!" Martha cried.

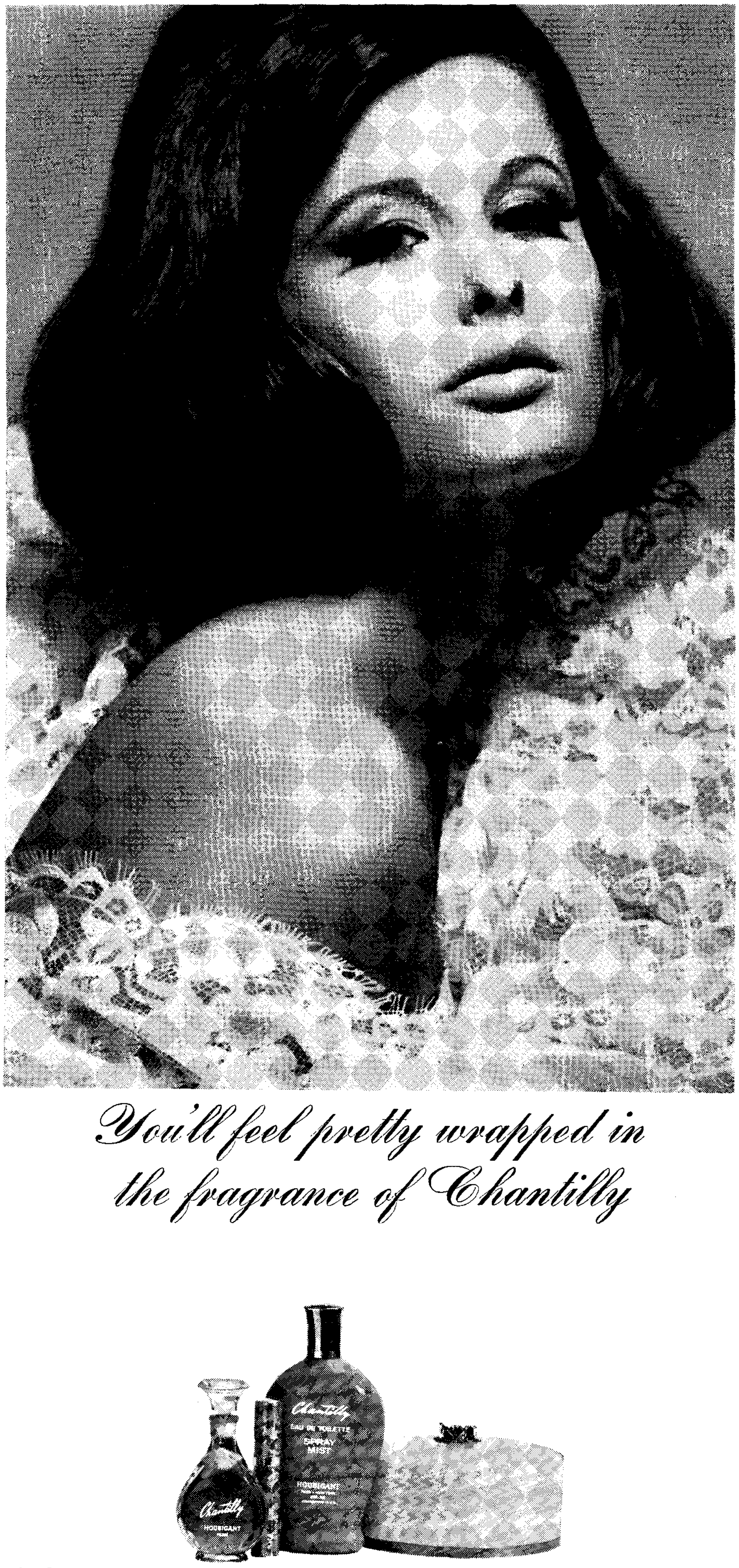
"Let's go," said Jack. "Even if it isn't the place we started out for, it's a village. We can get some water there."

"It might not be safe to drink," I said.

"I'd drink anything. I'm spitting cotton now," he said.

"Me, too," said Martha.

"La Paloma" turned into "The March of the Toreadors." I put the car keys in my purse, and we scrambled down the bank. I was wrestling with



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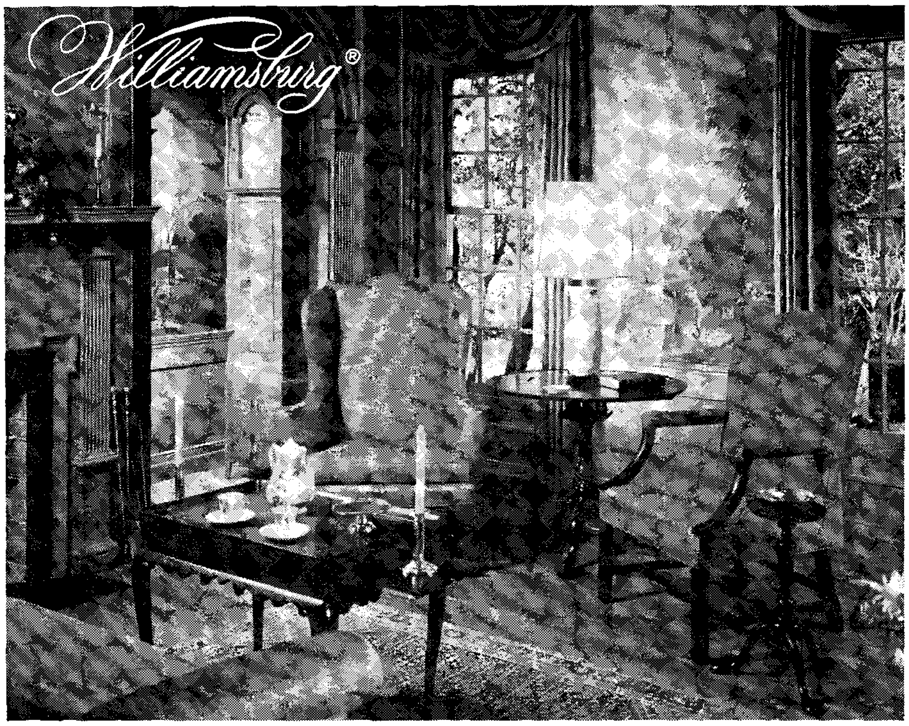

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inner guilt. I was the one who was accustomed to field trips, who should have remembered to bring boiled water from the hotel.

THE willows must have been planted after the village was built, to shade it. The trees arched over a street that was paved with shards of broken pottery, and drooped across the pottery-crested garden walls on either side. We walked in coolness and solitude, for there was not a soul anywhere to be seen. Up ahead of us a Strauss waltz blared out suddenly, and we stepped into the plaza.

All the people of the village seemed to be there. At one side was a little willow-arbor shrine, in which stood carved and painted saints. The musicians, with accordion, trumpet, bass viol, and violin, were grouped around the shrine. On either side of the plaza, strips of cotton cloth had been attached to bamboo poles thrust into the sand, to provide shelter for the audience. At the end of this cover nearest the shrine, another piece of cloth was stretched on the ground. Beyond the shrine we could see small cooking fires, with iron kettles hung above them. Other kettles were propped over smaller fires, on tripods. In spite of the heat, the smell of the cooking was delicious.

For a while, we stood confronting the village while the village, *en masse*, confronted us. At last, a man rose from the group nearest the shrine and advanced toward us, his hat in his hand. I thought he walked a little unsteadily, but that could have been the heat and the shifting sand underfoot. "*Bien venudos*," he said. Then his Spanish failed him and he spoke for some moments in a tongue unknown to us. Presently, seeing that we did not understand him, he resorted to sign language to invite us to come forward and join him in the shade.

We passed before the smiling, welcoming village people and dropped gratefully on mats spread for us beside our host, and I reflected that I had almost never seen any of the pottery sellers in the market at Oaxaca standing. Apparently they were quite short people. The man who had greeted us did not reach above eye level of my five feet six inches. Martha's five-ten and Jack's more than six feet made us look colossal.

Whatever our relative sizes, however, we were their guests, and no less welcome because we were unexpected. The *música* played, the company smiled, and two men rose to dance. Their bare feet made intricate patterns on the scorching dust of the plaza. Their rising, spreading arms suggested the flight of birds. In just such sweeping forms of movement did my Indian friends of the Southwest simulate flight in their eagle dances. I reached in my purse. My note pad was back at the hotel, but I must find some scrap of paper to take notes on. My vacation was over. This was something that had to be recorded.

A hand fell on my wrist, and I looked, startled, into our host's angry face. "No! No!" he cried, and uttered a string of Indian words—again unintelligible to me—and, at the end, a wailing "*Mi alma! Mi alma!*"

"Is he saying it's St. Alma's Day?" Martha asked.

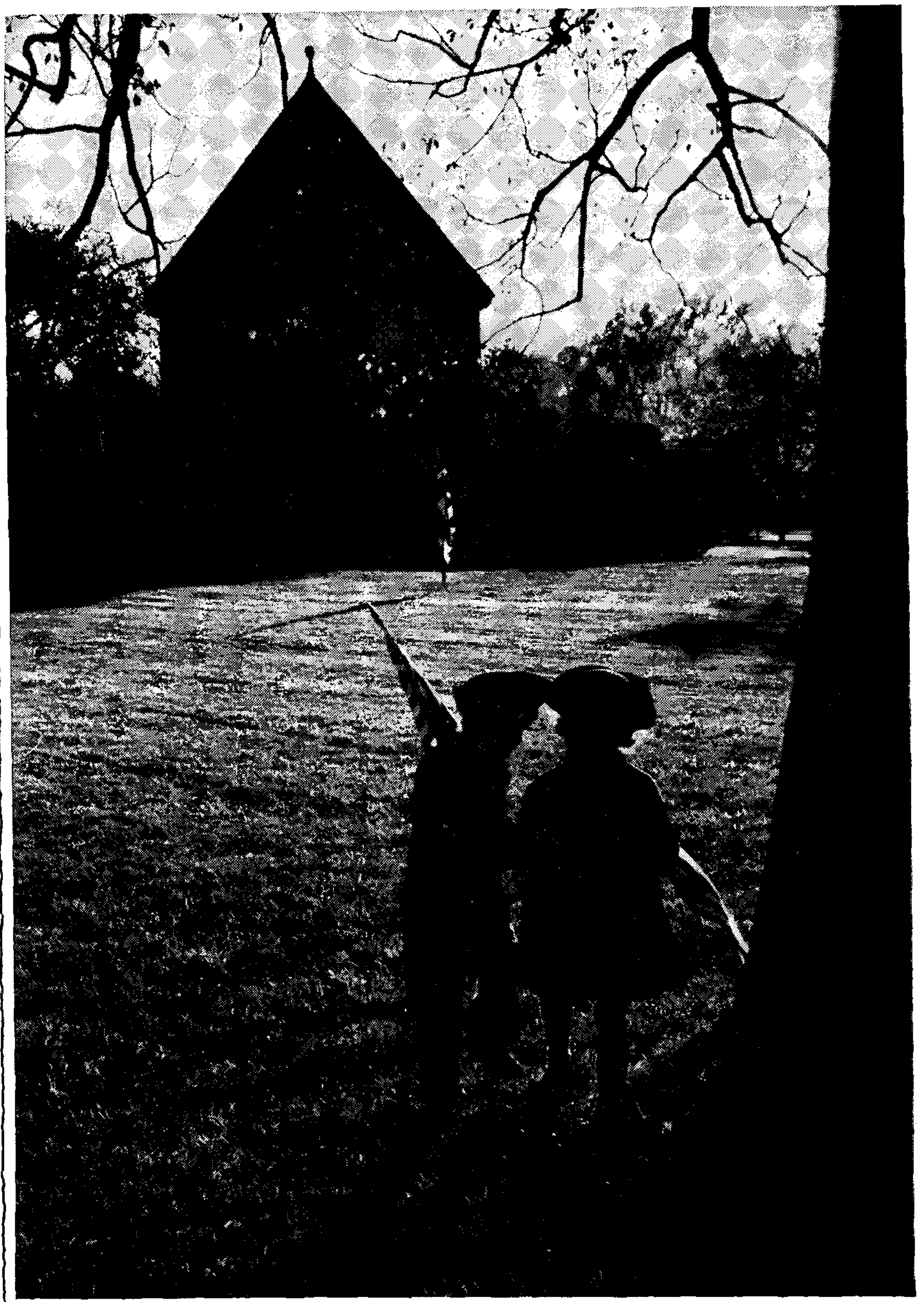
I considered. I had never heard of a St. Alma, but there might be one. I turned to the man. He was still watching me, but his face had relaxed from fury to anxiety. "*Que día es?*" I asked him. "*El día de Santa Alma?*"

Apparently I had struck the right note. The man nodded. "*Sí. Santa Alma,*" he repeated, and again, "*Santa Alma. Angelita.*" He beamed on us once more. Then an older woman approached us with a tin cup in one hand and a large jug in the other.

"It's St. Alma's Day, all right," I reported to Martha and Jack. "I never heard of her, but she must have been something special. He says she was a little angel."

The woman offered the tin cup to Martha, who took it, glanced into it, and thanked the woman in Spanish. "Thank goodness, it's water," Martha said. "I'm as dry as a bone," and she tipped back her head and dumped the contents of the cup down her throat—after which she simply sat there, cup extended, a smile on her face, not speaking, not seeming to breathe.

The woman filled the cup and handed it to me, and in my turn I downed the contents. In my turn, speechless, I watched the cup passed on to Jack. Before Martha or I could move to stop



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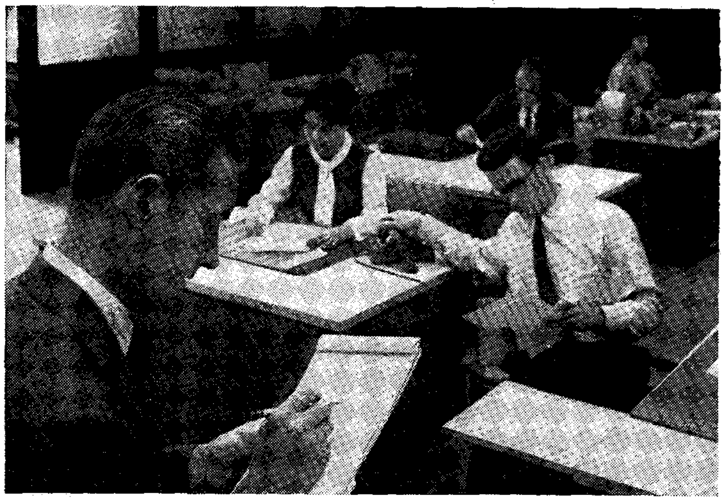

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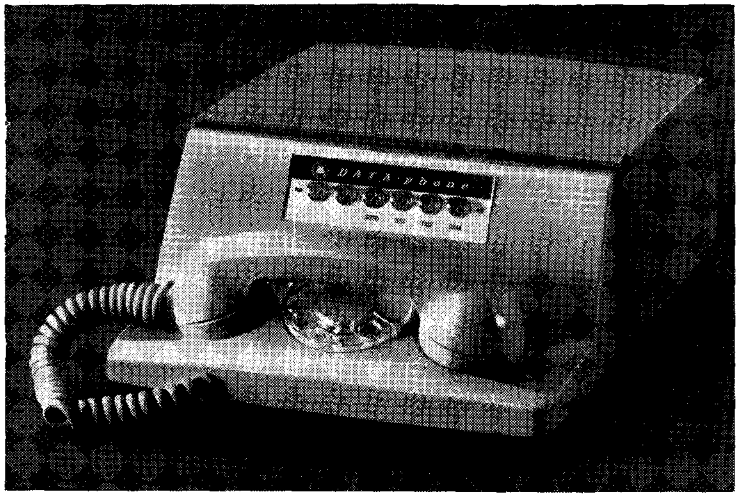

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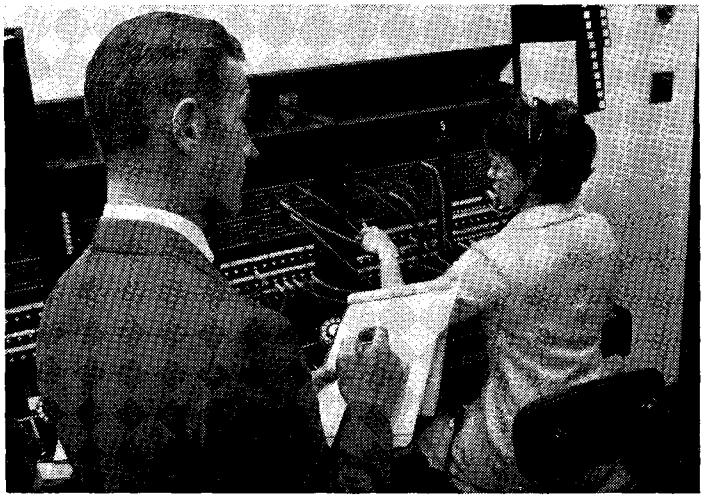

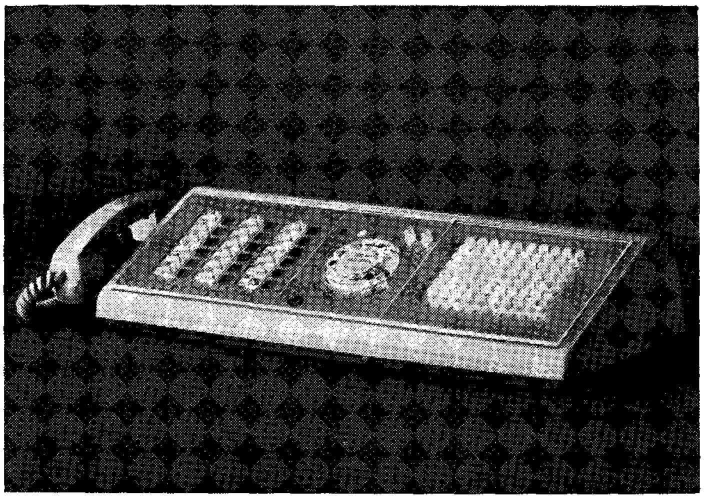

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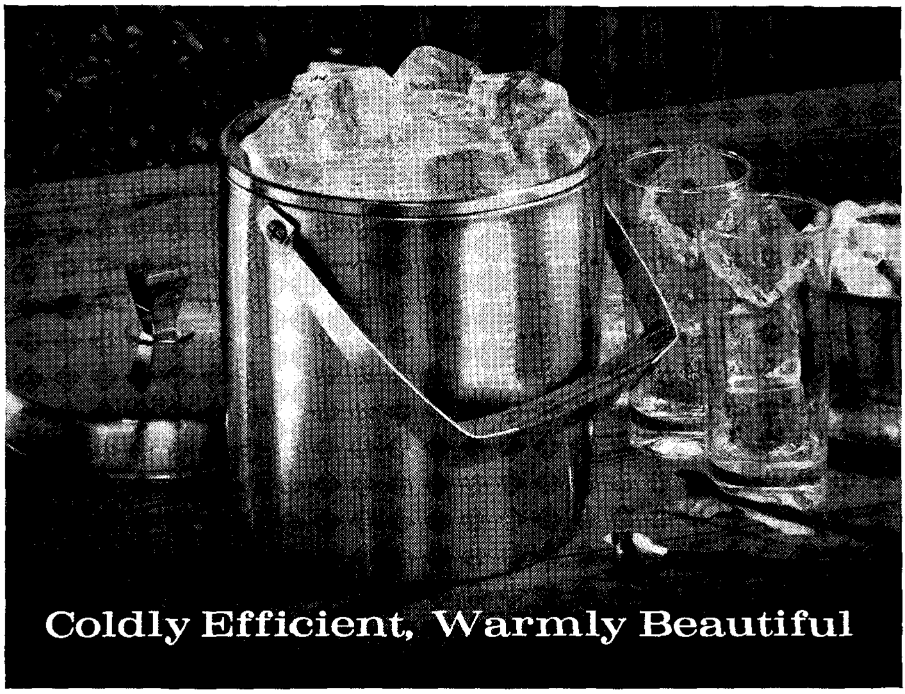

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him, he also swallowed whole a cup full of fiery-fresh tequila.

Tears were streaming down my face. "Well," I said, wiping them away, "whatever is going to happen, we'll see it now." An inner voice warned me, "Not see it—do it. You have become part of whatever happens, whether you like it or not."

"What could happen?" Martha asked nervously.

I shook my head. I had no idea. Anything could happen. I was off my anthropological home base, and could neither anticipate nor predict. Tapping my finger in time to the music, I sat and watched the two dancers, and then the others who joined them. By the way the shadows knotted about the dancers' feet I knew it must now be full noon. Our breakfast was far away and long ago. More men got up to dance, as cool as if they were in an air-conditioned hall, and the sweat formed, congealed, and evaporated along my spine as I watched them. Here were Mexicans who had not retired at siesta time but braved their sun without fear. Martha was turning browner before my eyes as she sat in the reflected light. Jack's nose had passed the tomato stage and was well along toward the beet. My own skin was stretched tight and hard across my cheekbones. A little more heat, I thought, must crack it.

Again the woman approached us, and held out her hand to me. Thankfully, I saw that it was empty. I stood up, swaying a little with the heat. Why would anyone with a nice cool adobe house want to stay outside on a day like this? A strange idea of feasting indeed. Perhaps the medieval Spanish element at which the guidebook hinted was self-torture.

I followed the woman to the cloth stretched on the ground. Now it was strewn with enamelware bowls, and baskets piled with food—with bottles and tin cups and heaped fruits and candies. Three places were set, each with an enamelware plate and an army knife. There was no native pottery anywhere in sight. I swayed a little again as I sat down, but I am positive that I was not drunk. The whole world had taken on an additional, delightful clarity, that was all. I looked at Jack and Martha, who had followed us to the cloth. They beamed back at me.

"Having a good time?" I asked.

"Oh, yes!" Martha said. "This is what we wanted all the time—the real Mexico. Music, and a fiesta—" She broke off as the woman began to pile *tortillas* and barbecued pork onto our plates.

"Say, this is good!" Jack exclaimed,

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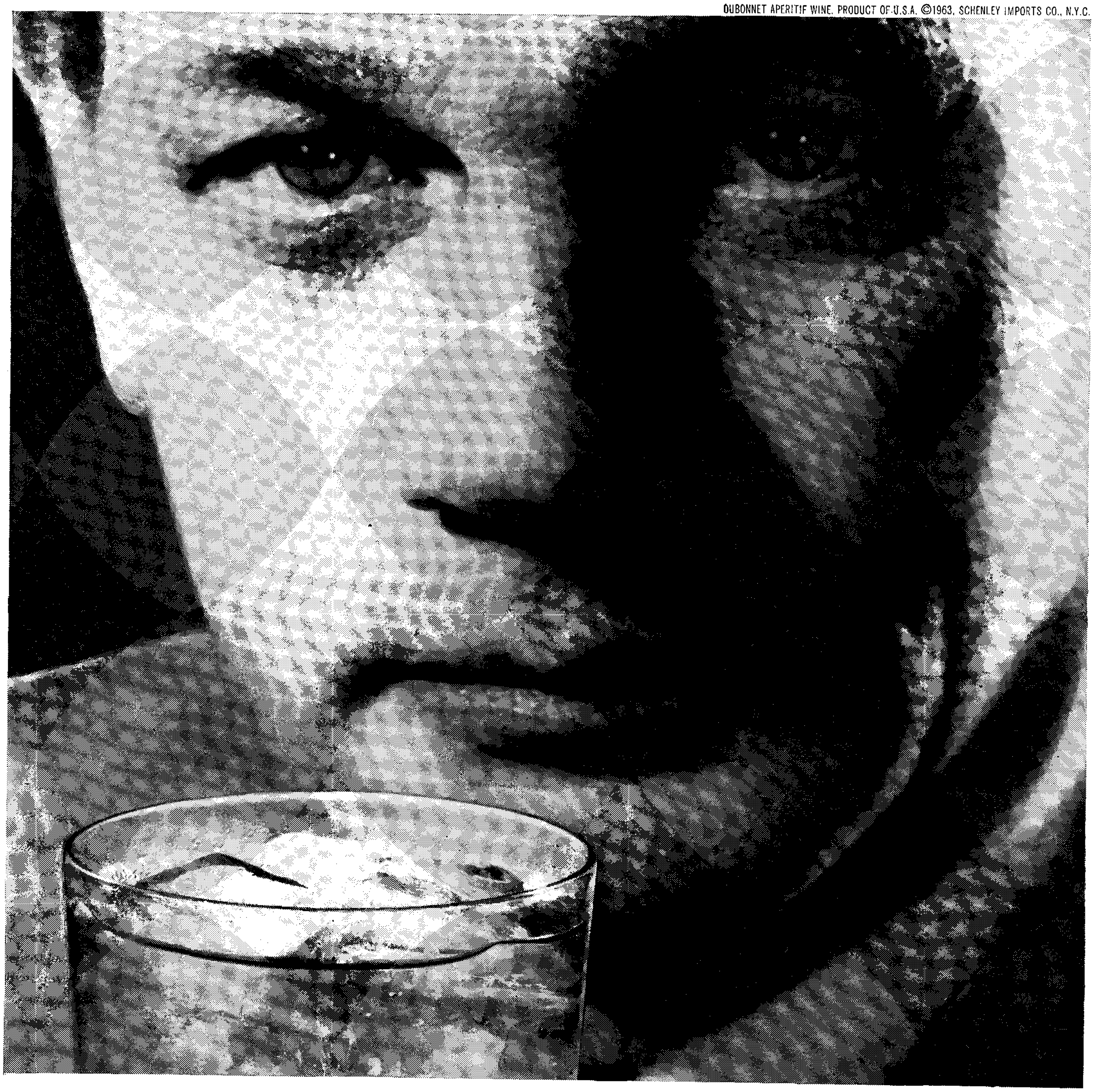

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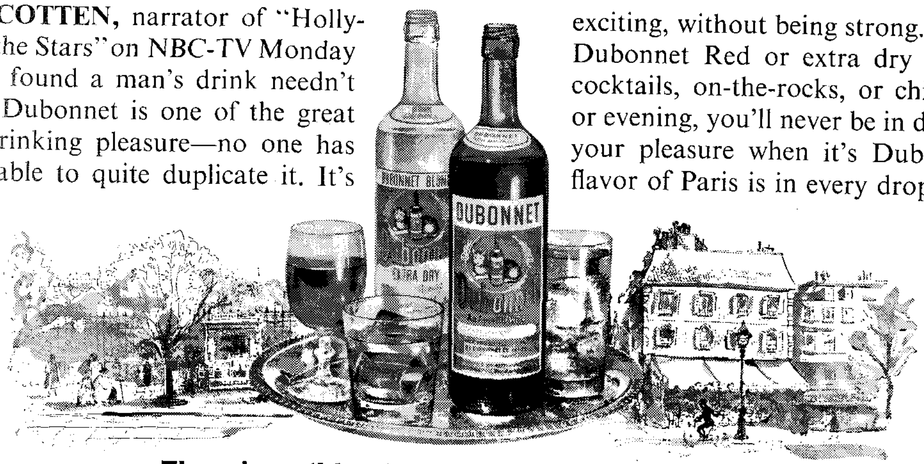

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tasting his first mouthful. "The guidebook says most Mexican foods are highly seasoned—" A look of doubt gathered on his face and spread across it. His eyes bulged. Our hostess produced the tin cup again, and the tequila anesthetized him to the pain of chili burns.

It was a long, dazzling afternoon. We were all part of the fiesta. My feeling of well-being intensified as the heat enveloped me; happiness grew like a tropical plant. The music continued without pause. The European instruments were augmented by a nose flute, an ancient Zapotecan instrument, played by blowing through the nose, which I had never thought to hear, and a small pottery drum with a rawhide head, but the sounds were unfamiliar.

Sometime during the afternoon, a young man in surgically white pajamas appeared before me, bowing. I knew at once what he was asking, although I could not understand a word he spoke, and I rose and joined him on the sand before the shrine. Together we stepped and turned, now facing one another, now back to back, never touching, always moving with the beat of the drum. I had kicked off my shoes and my feet were bare; the sun poured down on my bare head. Even so, I towered above my partner. I looked around for Martha and Jack. They, too, were dancing.

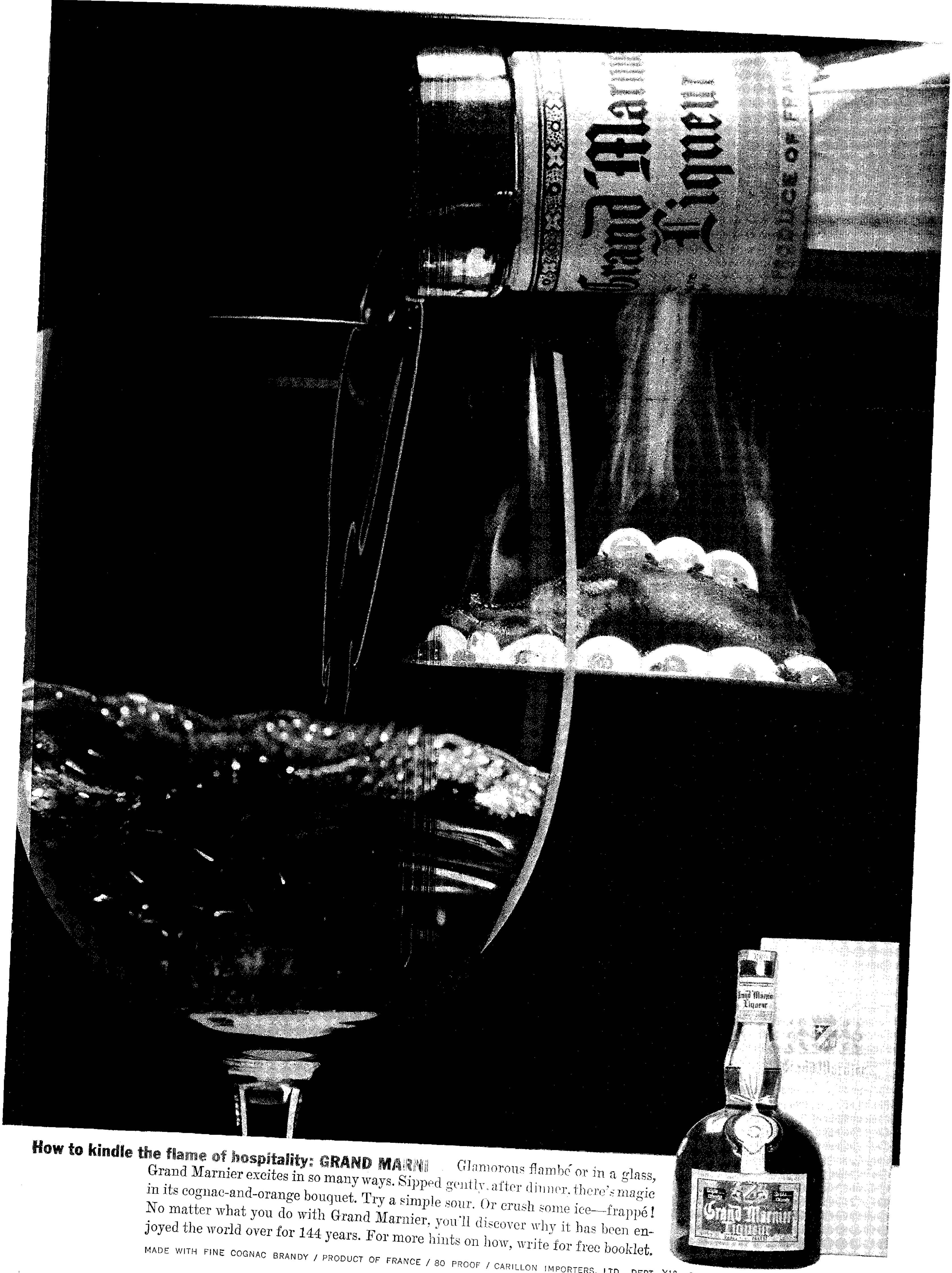
We must have danced for a long time, for after a while the shadows around our feet untangled themselves and stretched away across the shuttling plaza. When we grew tired or hungry or thirsty, we stopped and rested, and were fed and given more tequila. "The bouquet is too delicate for shipment away from the village where it is made," Martha called to me once, and we rocked with the exquisite wit of the quotation.

Suddenly there was a gunshot. We were galvanized. We sat down abruptly on the sand, and then got back to our feet. Before the shrine was a man with a rifle in his hand. While we swayed uncertainly in our places, he fired again, in the air, and again and then again. Two men went forward, took the largest saint from the shrine, and carried it out into the center of the plaza.

"*Santa Alma*?" I whispered to our hostess.

She shook her head. "*Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe*," she said—and, indeed, I could see for myself the rosy gown and star-strewn mantle.

The woman took my arm and turned me to face a house on the opposite side of the plaza. "*Allá está la santa alma*,"



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she said, and then, wailing "*Ay! Ay! La angelita!*," she ran forward and fell prostrate at the feet of two men who had just carried from the house a small sheeted bundle on a bier.

I knew now. A child had died the night before, and the "*santa alma*" meant, literally, its "blessed soul." The child was leaving home, and the village was rejoicing because one angel—a little one—had joined the others. I turned to my friends and watched the shock on their faces turn to sorrow as the gaiety on the Indian faces surrounding us faded into grief. The party was over, and the time to say goodbye had come.

Slowly, the funeral procession formed. Men and women fell into line behind the bier, candles in their hands. The *música*—all of it—marched at the head of the column, just behind the saint, to the strains of "Guadalajara." Our host looked at us, curious and uncertain. We held out our hands, and he lighted candles and gave them to us. We had feasted and drunk and danced with these people; we could not walk away from them now. That they rejoiced where we would have sorrowed made no difference. Trailing at the end of the line of mourners, we filed out of the plaza and, with our new friends, entered a small, bare churchyard. Yellow willow leaves floated across the knee-high yellow wall that rimmed it. The baking yellow sand spread all around us, and the yellow candle flames began to show as the purple dusk came on.

There was no priest. A few of the people said prayers. We stood for a little while beside the shallow hole that had been scooped in the sand, listening to women sob. Then, as the *música* began again, we turned and made our way to the car that would carry us back into our own world. —Alice Marriott

•

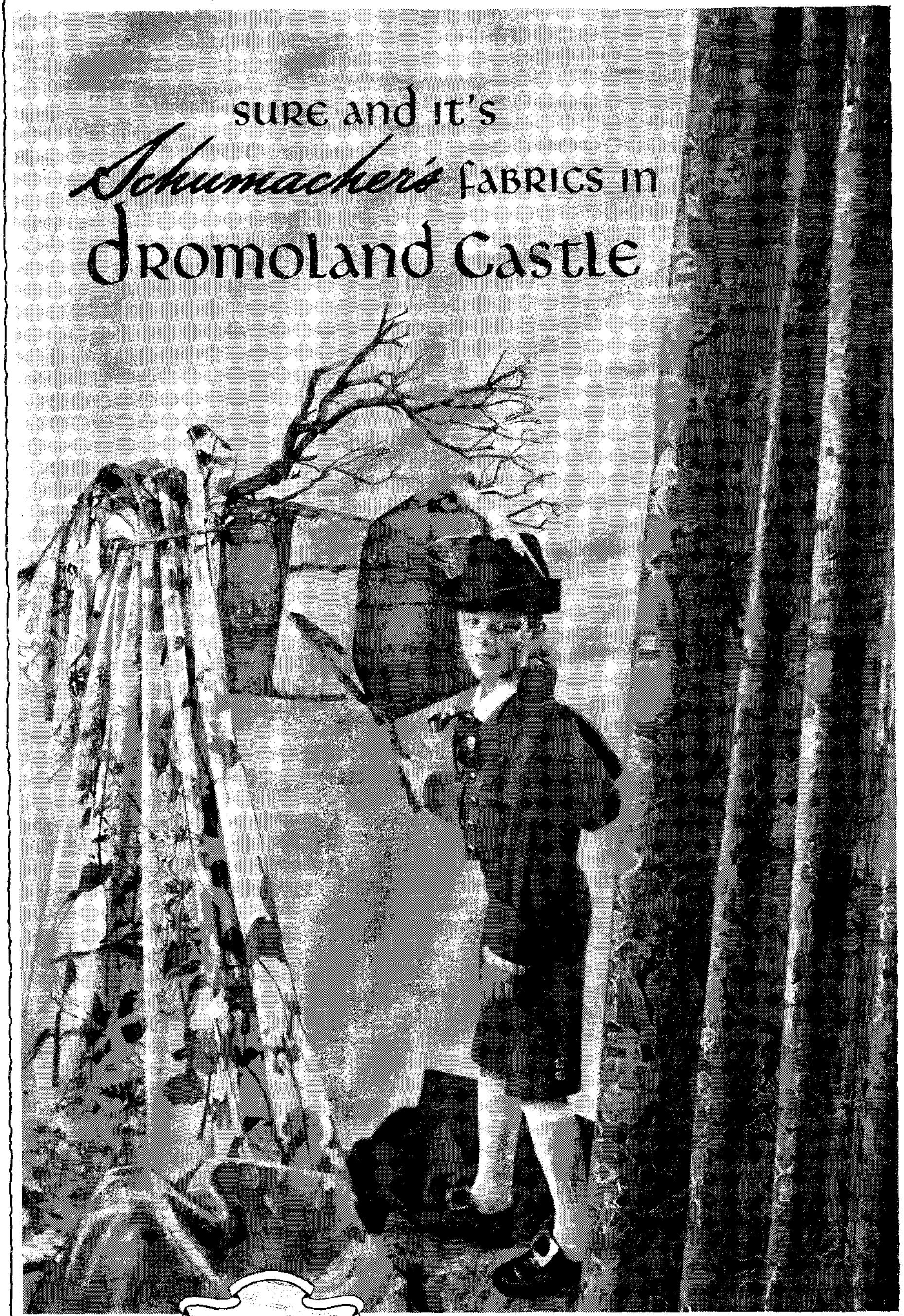
Dear Heloise:

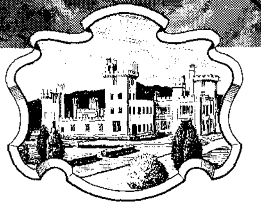
One day when I was cleaning the bed springs my husband watched me for a minute and then asked, "Why don't we take them outside at house cleaning time and just hose them down with a garden hose?"

We did just that last Saturday....

The springs will dry in 15 minutes. I am so delighted with this idea that I just rubbed the broken ends together back and forth and in my mixing bowl fell the nicest crumbs you ever saw! —*Parkersburg (W. Va.) Sentinel.*

Halcyon days, all in all.





When it came to selecting fabrics for decorating Dromoland Castle, Ireland's newest tourist attraction, Leon Hegwood and Carleton Varney of Dorothy Draper & Co., Inc. came to Schumacher's. There's a reason why leading decorators select Schumacher's for their important decorating assignments... because they know Schumacher's quality, variety and design ingenuity have been unchallenged for over 75 years.

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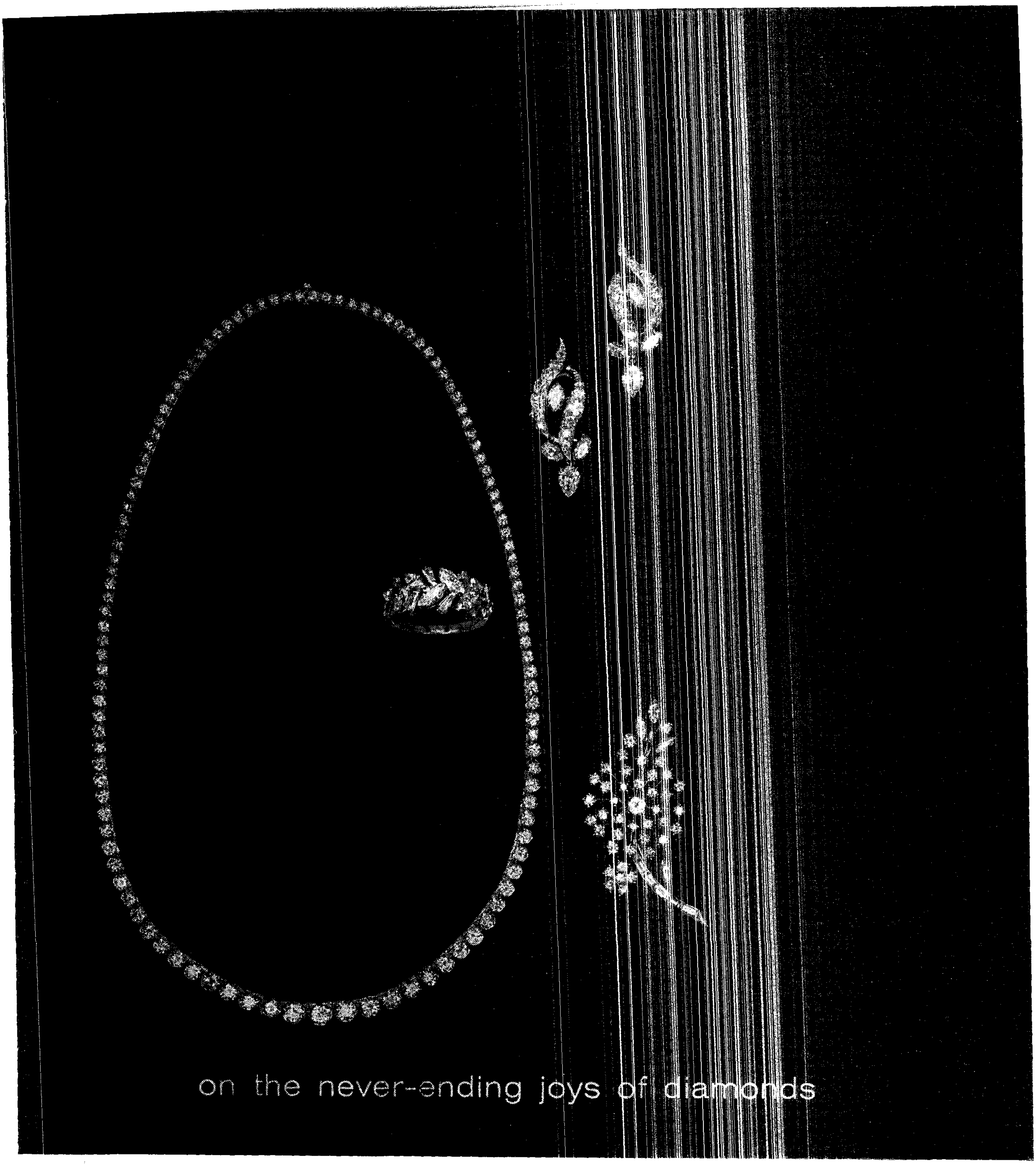
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

WHEN a friend who is particularly knowledgeable in the matter of traditional decoration recently returned from a tour of rural France and reported that hardly a stick of *mobilier rustique* is left, it occurred to me that since this furniture—its various styles lumped together indiscriminately under the name of French Provincial—holds a place of high honor in what the decorators love to call our "decaw," I ought to take a look around and find out how these delightful antiques are faring here on the local scene. Well, there is no doubt about it, authentic French country household pieces are mighty scarce and mighty costly, and are getting scarcer and costlier every day. One might wonder why furniture that was so admirably suited to family life in the eighteenth century should have such success in a century as strikingly dissimilar as our own. The answer, apparently, is that, no matter how different our mores, and even our tastes, may be from those of the time of Louis XV (it was in his reign that French Provincial flourished in all its simple perfection), the human frame remains much the same, and the ample and deeply cushioned fauteuils, bergères, and chaise longues that supported in delicious ease the *derrières* of the eighteenth-century chatelain and his spouse have an identical appeal for the squirearchy of Long Island and Connecticut. In the early eighteenth century, country gentlemen could still remember painfully the scantily upholstered *mobilier Louis Treize* of their grandfathers, much of which lingered on in drafty châteaux well into the Regency, when, fashion having removed a good deal of extra material from the sitter's pants, he was all the better pleased to find it on the chair he sat on. I am not, of course, pretending that the robust practicality of the French accounts entirely for a style that remains to this day one of the great achievements of applied art; it is certain, though, that in the adaptation of rococo cabinetwork—so enormously popular at the time in Paris—to the simpler life of the provinces, it was the unerring French instinct for fitness that banished all the superfluous Parisian finery of the new style and retained only the purity and beauty of the molded lines.

Not the least interesting characteristic of this provincial furniture is the manner in which one style slowly developed into another, always without any abrupt transition, the classical straight lines of the Louis XVI design (when they were accepted at all in the provinces) being superimposed on, rather than substituted for, the curves of the by then familiar and trustworthy Louis XV elements. A beautiful example of this sort of skillful grafting of a new style onto a predecessor is to be seen at Elinor Merrell, 18 East 69th Street, in a pair of graceful and marvellously comfortable easy chairs whose walnut frames are pure Louis XV and whose elaborately twisted stretchers are typical Louis XIII. These exquisite mementos of a period that had the courage of its artistic convictions are sold separately, at $750 apiece, but it would, I think, be a pity to lose the chance of placing such lovely and intimate pieces on either side of a fireplace. While the Merrell collection is not a large one, the pieces are all authentic beyond dispute and varied enough to avoid the monotony that sometimes comes of too many lyre-back chairs and too many curving-aproned tables; moreover, as rare provincial goes at this time, even in the reliable shops in Paris, the prices here are reasonable. There is, for example, a charming low rush-bottom armchair, for $275, that is unusual not only in having openwork splats and an openwork design in the stretchers but in having retained its original white paint, which the zeal of restorers over the years has generally removed from such chairs, and, at $850, there is a typical farm table (five and a half feet long, thirty inches wide, and twenty-nine inches high) of fruit wood, with a curving apron, that would be the glory of any modern library.

From such relatively modest furniture we move on to more imposing pieces, among which the Merrell shop offers several of those magnificent armoires that were the triumph of provincial cabinetmaking. One of them,



Contour necklace, about $5100; ring, about $1800; earrings, about $2200; pin, about $2100. Your jeweler can show you many other pieces.

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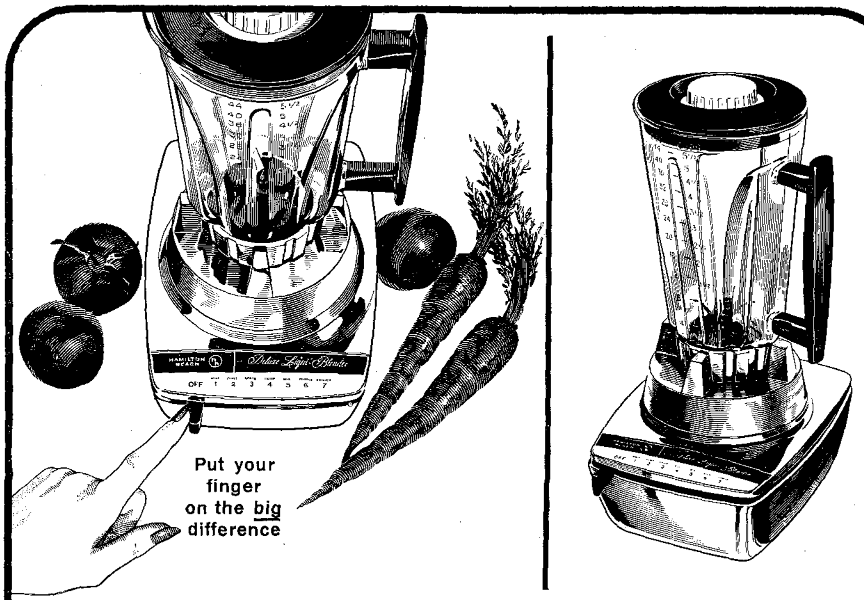
at $1,200, is a two-door affair of oak, with elaborate carvings of musical instruments—bagpipe, horn, drum, and so on—on each panel, the armoire having obviously been part of the furnishings of a provincial family of wealth and taste. In the same class of delicately distinguished cabinetwork is a double-bodied fruit-wood buffet whose upper and lower doors are separated by two drawers with beautifully wrought steel drop handles; $1,800 for this. Among these luxurious pieces are interspersed a number of minor objects, like small tables and straight chairs, and there is even a stool—the only piece in the collection that has the neoclassic straight lines of the Louis XVI period.

Contemplating the formidable collection of French country furniture assembled by Samuel Fields, at 230 East 54th Street, one gets the impression that the valuable contents of half the provincial museums in France have come to roost in these crowded showrooms. Here are to be found a group of unpretentious rush-bottom chairs, at prices beginning around $75, and a certain number of rustic peasant furnishings, but most of the objects in the collection were almost certainly made for the gentry, if not for the local noblesse, and are of a simple domestic charm that has, at the same time, the most solid elegance. Examples of such upper-class country furnishings include a walnut commode with three *bombé* drawers whose handles and keyhole mountings are of intricately worked bronze ($2,500), a splendid Louis XV game table of pale fruit wood with a leather-inlaid top that can be turned over to reveal a baize-covered surface, for cards, or lifted off entirely, disclosing a backgammon layout beneath ($975), a pair of very beautiful beechwood armchairs in the graceful Regency style ($1,150 the pair), a Directoire fruit-wood bed, the head and foot of which are identical, with round knobs surmounting gently tapered columns ($575), and a most unusual painted side table, with a Chinese scene done in blue on a cream-colored background ($750), not to mention many other specimens of such restrained *luxe* as the rural eighteenth-century cabinetmakers permitted themselves.

I CAN'T help suspecting that it is something of a *faute-de-mieux* attitude that has turned the enthusiasm of decorators and editors of home-fashions magazines so abruptly to the country furniture of Spain. There isn't enough French Provincial to go



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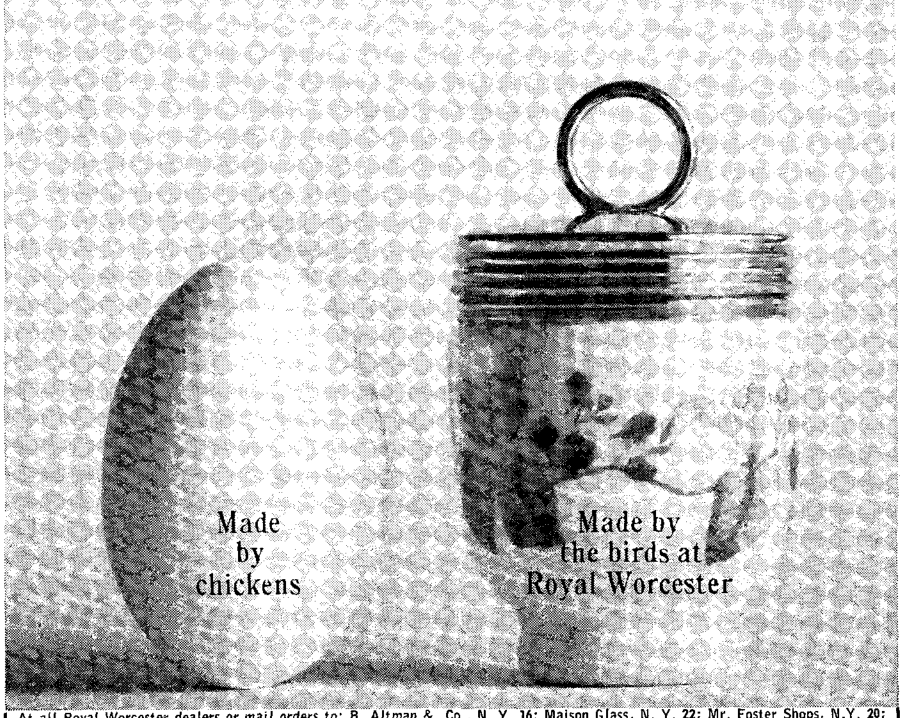

At all Royal Worcester dealers or mail orders to: B. Altman & Co., N. Y. 16; Maison Glass, N. Y. 22; Mr. Foster Shops, N.Y. 20; Shreve Crump & Low, Boston 16; C. D. Peacock, Chicago 3; Zell Bros., Portland 5, Ore. Include postage and local taxes, if any.

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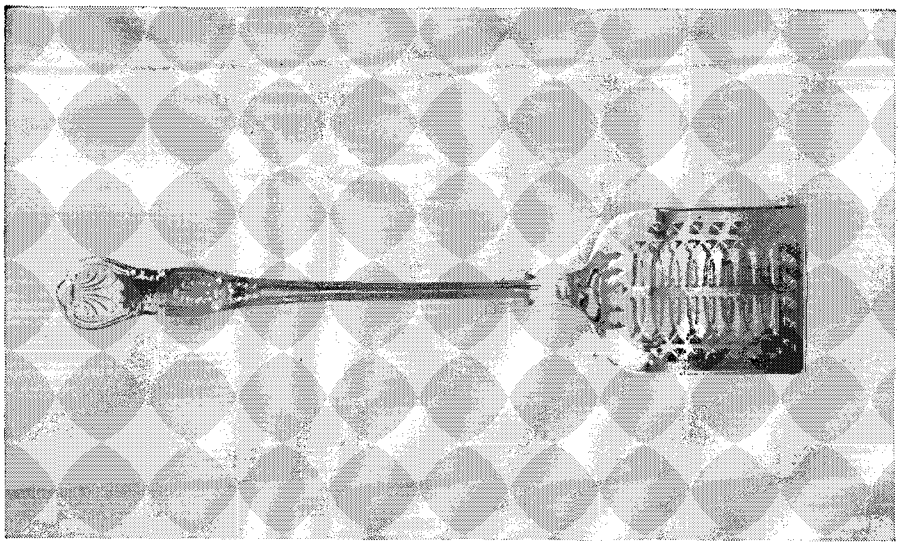

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around? Well, there seems to be a reasonable sufficiency of Spanish cabinetwork of the same rustic nature to justify the launching of a full-fledged trend in that direction. In the authentic eighteenth-century Spanish furniture that has come down to us, there is to be found neither the elegance nor the vitality of the French of the same period; the decoration is coarser, and there is not the same exquisite concern with detail. However, some of the copies of antique pieces being turned out in Spain today by extremely skilled cabinetmakers show, in the matter of craftsmanship, the sort of conscientious absorption in the work in hand that we associate with artisans of the eighteenth century. This is especially true of a collection at Lord & Taylor, which consists of reproductions made in Spain, not in factories but here and there in small villages, by cabinetmakers who show a remarkable understanding of what they are about. Among the examples of this kind of superior workmanship are a couple of chairs with caned backs and seats (one with arms and the other straight, at $95 and $75, respectively) that have much of the delicacy and grace of Louis XVI design, and several walnut buffets—or credenzas, as decorators seem to label anything resembling a sideboard—most of which are large enough (around eighty-two inches) for a spacious apartment, and which have elaborately carved panelled doors (around $250). As curious reminders of a period when living was a precarious business, and whole families—noble as well as peasant—had to pack up and go somewhere else at a moment's notice, there is in the L. & T. collection a large number of good reproductions of seventeenth-century pieces that fold up. What should be of especial interest to householders in cramped quarters is a group of good-looking folding chairs that stack as neatly as you please; some are upholstered in quite handsome fabric, others in a sturdy black cowhide, and, either way, they cost $125 apiece. Serving the same general purpose are some folding wrought-iron stools with black hide seats ($135), which could also be put to use as extra tables for a cocktail or two or a coffee tray.

WHATEVER you may think of furniture reproductions, there can, I feel, be no doubt in anybody's mind about the importance of Lord & Taylor's exhibit of hand-made scatter rugs reproduced by Greek country women from eighteenth-century peas-

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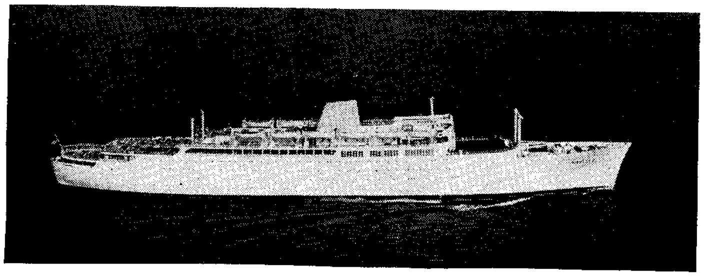

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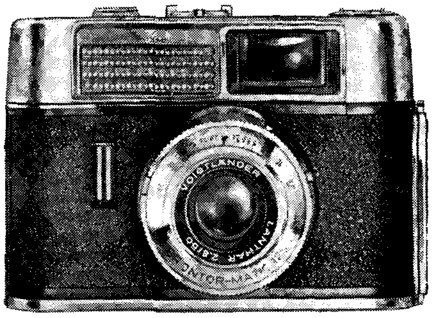

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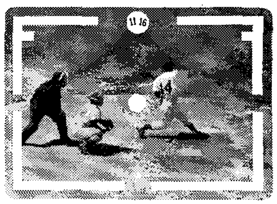

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ant designs whose originals—or scraps of whose originals—are in the Benaki Museum, in Athens. The work is done under the supervision of the Queen's Fund, an organization for the encouragement of native handicrafts, and not only is the execution impeccably correct (the rugs are done in needle point) but the patterns have a refreshing beauty, and the combinations of colors—pale green flowers on brown, light-red flowers and beige bees on a brown ground, and so on—are a delight. Curiously, although Greece was under Turkish rule during the period that produced the museum fragments from which Lord & Taylor's rugs are copied, the reproductions have no suggestion of Turkish design. Whatever the explanation, the rugs cost from $95 to $125. All in all, it's a thoroughly satisfactory collection—satisfactory, that is, if you are not dead set on a rug that is big as well as beautiful. —S. H.

•

If you want your audience or readers to identify themselves with your hero, then you must let that hero become a mirror image of the reader.

To do this, employ what we call sensory words and modifying phrases, instead of purely factual nouns and verbs.

Add enough adjectives to conjure up vivid color images and other sensory qualities that permit empathy.

For example, look at the bare sentence: "The boy is walking."

That is a factual statement, devoid of descriptive adjectives.

We need greater use of adjectives to produce empathy, for logic is cold, unfeeling and thus without human attributes.

So notice the progressive degrees of empathy generated by these:

"The boy is walking."

"The little boy is walking."

"The little immigrant boy is walking."

"The little immigrant boy is walking, with tears in his eyes."

"The little immigrant boy is walking with tears in his eyes, carrying his dead puppy."

So send for my booklet "How to Write Salable Copy," enclosing a long stamped, return envelope, plus 20 cents.—*Dr. George W. Crane in the Durham (N.C.) Morning Herald.*

What kind of title is *that*, for heaven's sake? Why not "How to Write Irresistible Copy with a Cadaver Under the Desk"?

•

To know your Russian geography, you have to know when as well as where. The latest report on Premier Khrushchev is that he's just flown to Volgograd to inspect a state farm. Better look at a really up-to-date map to find that one. It formerly was Stalingrad. That was after its change from St. Petersberg.—*The Journal-American.*

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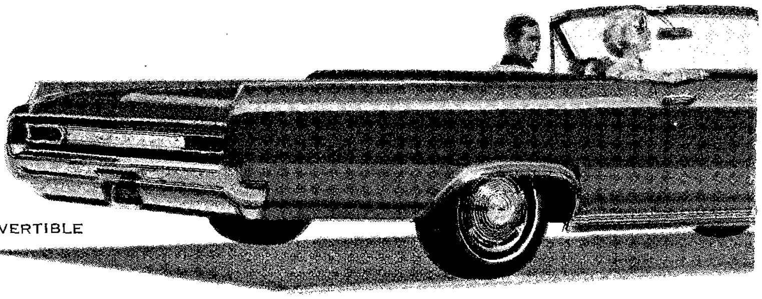

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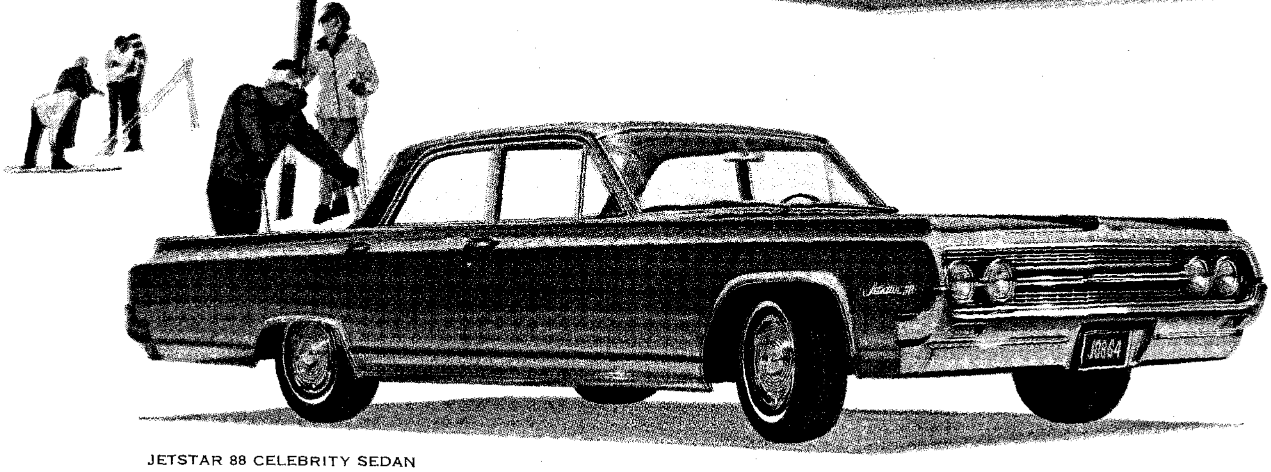

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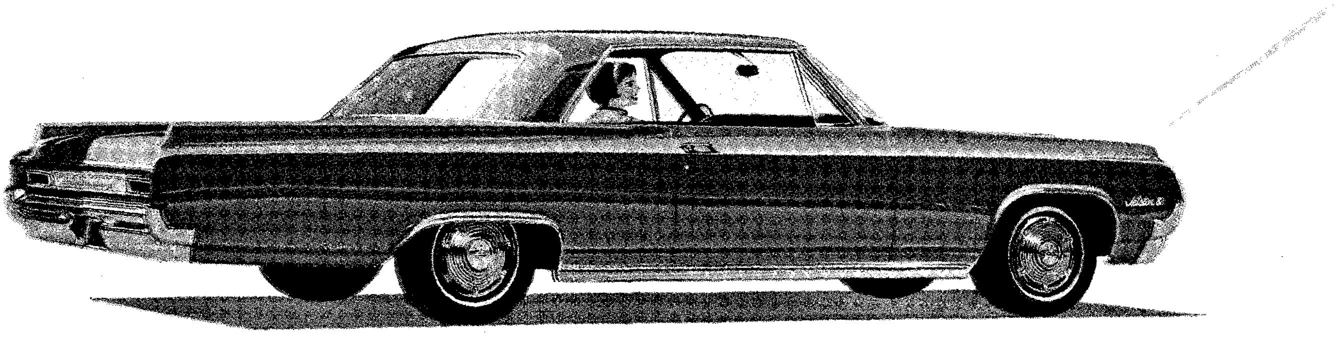

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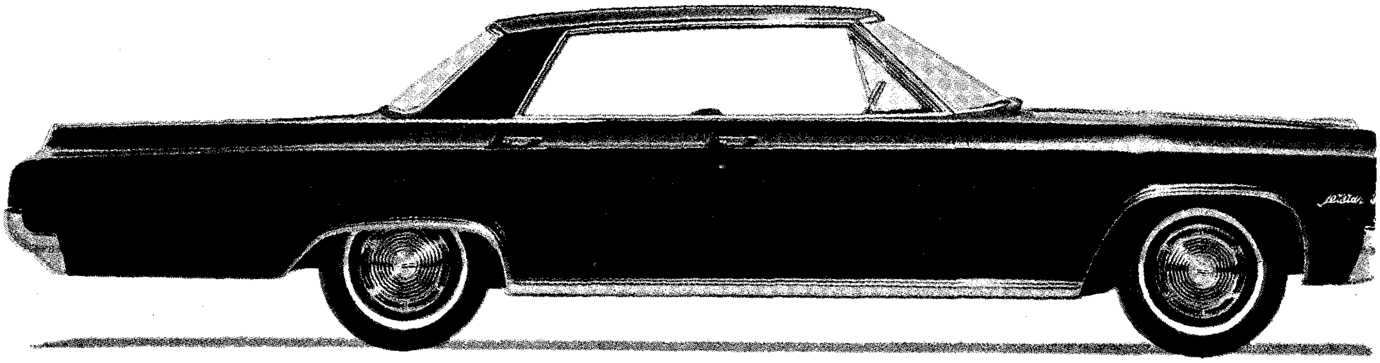

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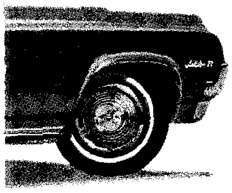

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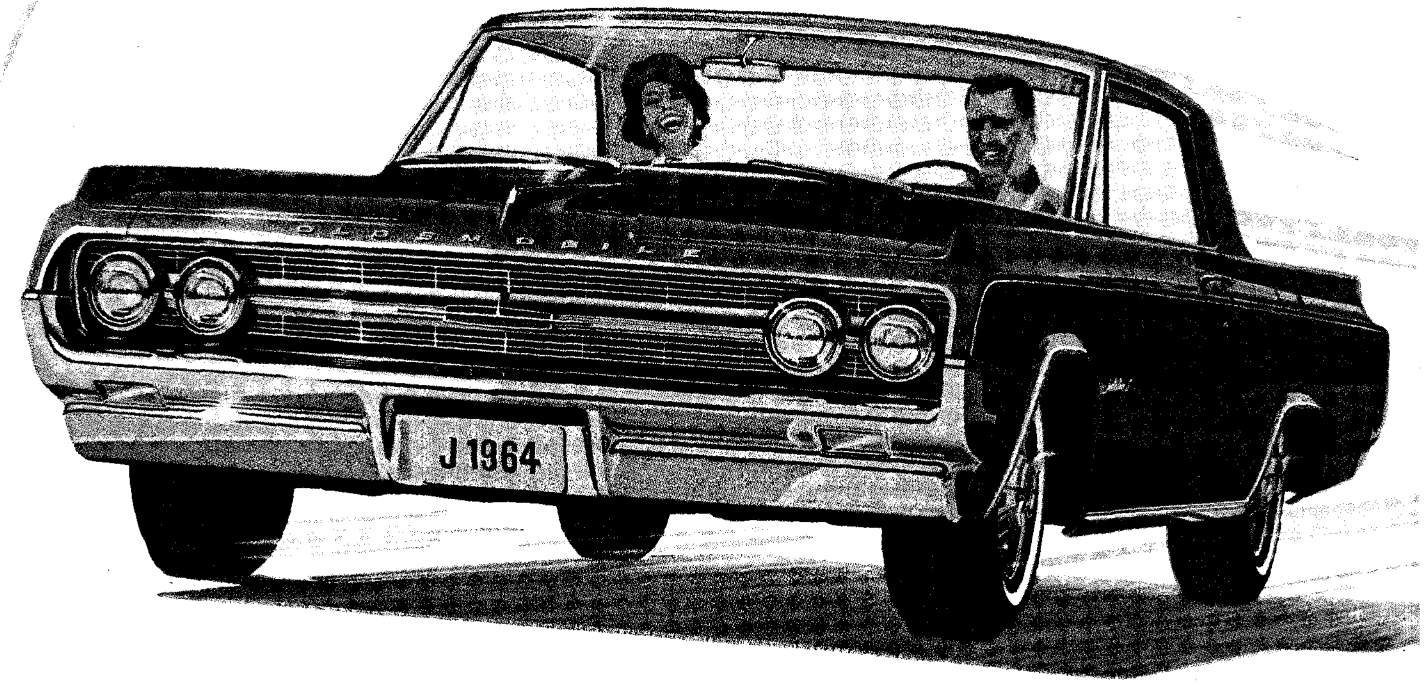

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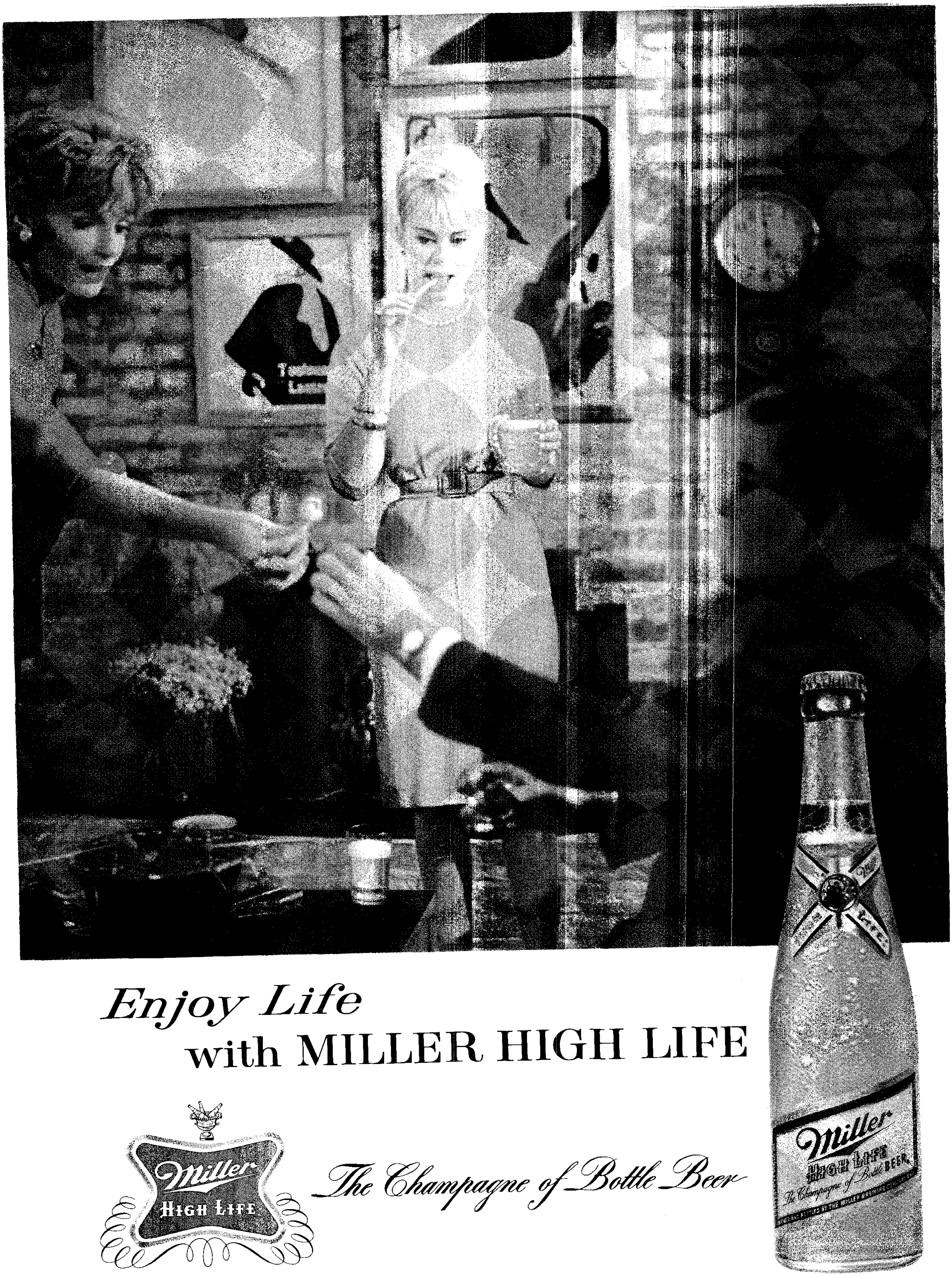
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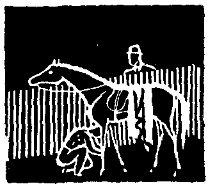
THE RACE TRACK

Four for Four



AFTER complaining so often about the unreliability of the two-year-olds this season, the least I can do is give Roman Brother credit for being different. His victory in the Champagne Stakes at Aqueduct last Saturday was his fourth in four starts, and from the commanding way he won there's no telling how high he'll go. Making up a lot of ground in the last half mile, he passed the winning post nearly five lengths ahead of Traffic. Bupers was third, a length farther back. Eleven runners paraded for the Champagne, the oldest (it was first run in 1867) and the richest (its gross value was $212,150) race in the state for the younger set. Of the lot, Roman Brother, a big, well-made bay, looking more like a colt than the gelding he is, and Count Tario, a handsome individual from Chicago, where he won the Hawthorne Juvenile, were the most pleasing. Dunfee, winner of the Cowdin, also looked particularly fit, and Bupers, a workmanlike colt, appeared none the worse for his recent efforts in the Cowdin and the Futurity. At the start, Count Bud, a stablemate of Roman Brother, was the first away, followed by Dunfee, who quickly took the lead, and they and Count Tario raced together down the backstretch and round the long turn into the stretch well in front of the others. Meanwhile, Roman Brother and Bupers, both of whom stumbled slightly after the start, were catching up, but Roman Brother, closer to the rail, was doing a better job of it. A furlong out, he passed the leaders as though they were standing still.

No doubt about it, Louis Wolfson, who owns Roman Brother, has a nice property. He bought him as a yearling from the Ocala Stud Farm in Florida (he's by Third Brother out of Roman Zephyr) for $23,500, and he has earned $162,875 in prize money, $152,150 of it last weekend. His next start will probably be in the Garden State Stakes in Jersey next month; he wasn't nominated for the Pimlico Futurity at Baltimore a little later—the last chance he'd have to win a purse in six figures this season. By the way, this was the second time Harbor View Farm's colors have been first in the Champagne. Three

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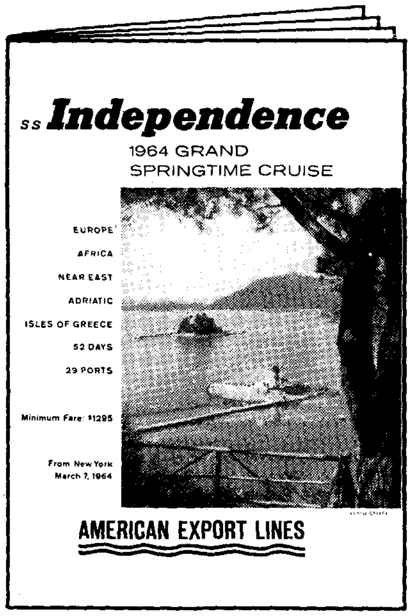

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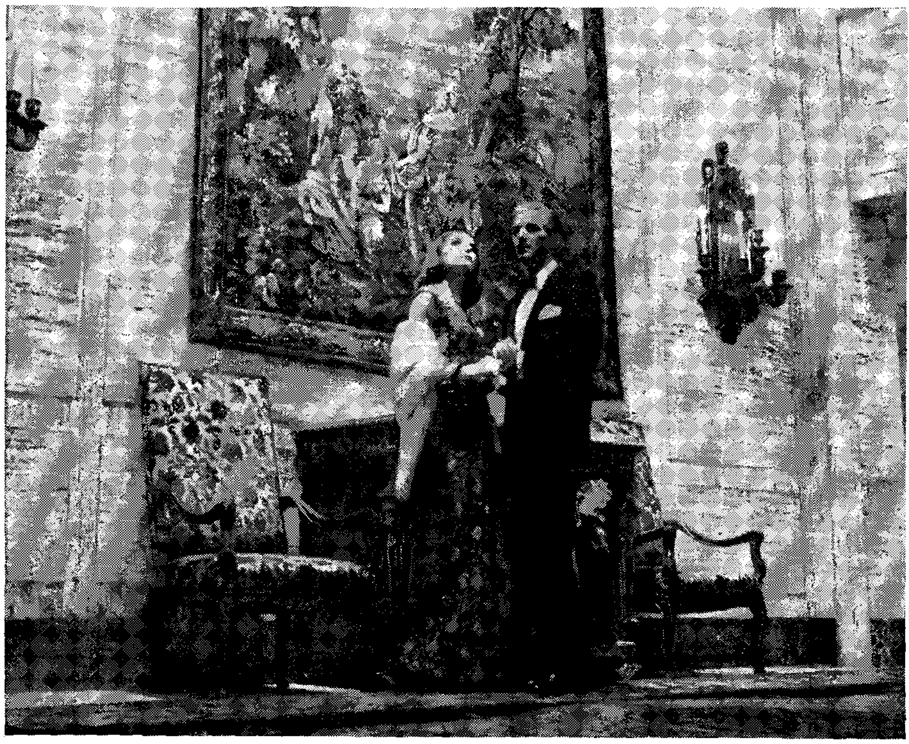

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years ago, Roving Minstrel, for whom Mr. Wolfson is said to have paid $90,000, won it from Garwol (his stablemate), Bronzerullah, and six others, among them Carry Back, who, if memory serves, wouldn't leave the starting gate with the other runners. Several months later, Roving Minstrel, while being led around the stable yard after a gallop at Hialeah, reared up, fell over backward, and fractured his skull. He died next day. The stable's most recent loss was Raise a Native, who won all four of his starts in remarkably fast time but then bowed a tendon in a workout and was retired to the stud.

Mr. Wolfson, who is tall, dark, and fifty-one, is chairman of the board of Merritt-Chapman & Scott (he achieved national prominence some years ago in his unsuccessful fight for control of Montgomery Ward), and came into racing in 1958 with a stable of four horses, which earned $20,110 in prize money that season. Since then, he has acquired a fifteen-hundred-acre stock farm at Ocala—he calls it Harbor View, of course—and he keeps ninety brood mares there, plus several stallions. He intends to make his breeding interests as extensive as his racing operations, which are extensive indeed.

TO begin a week of intermittently interesting racing at Aqueduct, Harbor View Farm's David K won the Long Island Handicap, at a mile and three-sixteenths over the turf course, by a neck from The Axe II, with Never Bend third. Never Bend, who was such a bang-up second to Mongo in the United Nations Handicap at Atlantic City last month, was the hottest of favorites, but once more he confirmed my opinion that a mile and a furlong is as far as he cares to go. Another shock to the talent came in the Manhattan Handicap, a couple of days later. In this gallop, at a mile and a half, the winner turned up in the Christiana Stable's Smart, who for most of last season was a sort of trial horse for his stablemate Cyane. Will I Rule, a fugitive from steeplechasing, who had won a couple of stakes over the hurdles earlier this year, led in the Manhattan until Smart wore him down less than a furlong from home. Garwol was third. What surprised me was the odds against Will I Rule, which were 61–1, for he had won the Saratoga Cup this summer, setting a new American record of 2:39⅘ for a mile and five furlongs on the turf. As for Carry Back, whose odds were 6–1, he finished down the course, beaten by nearly twenty lengths.

—AUDAX MINOR

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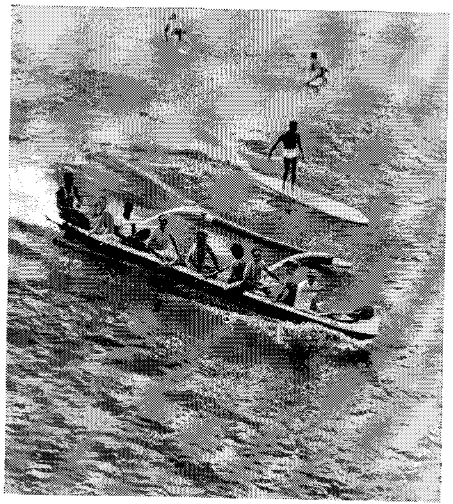
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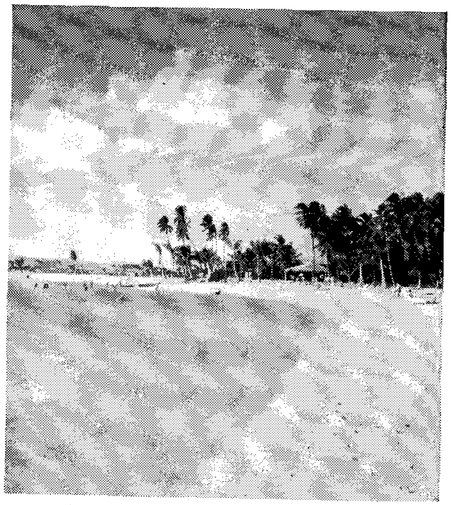
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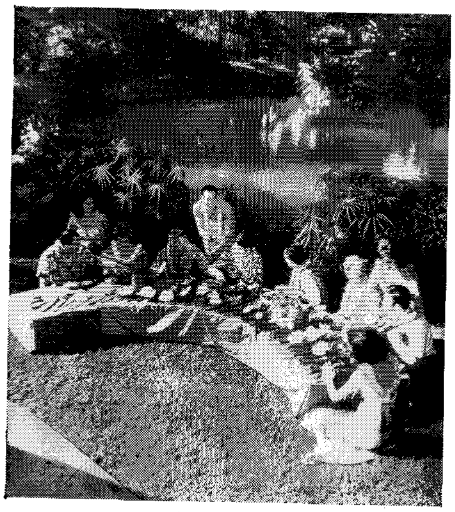
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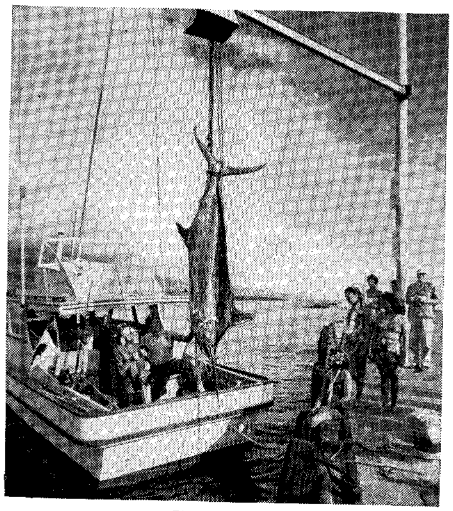
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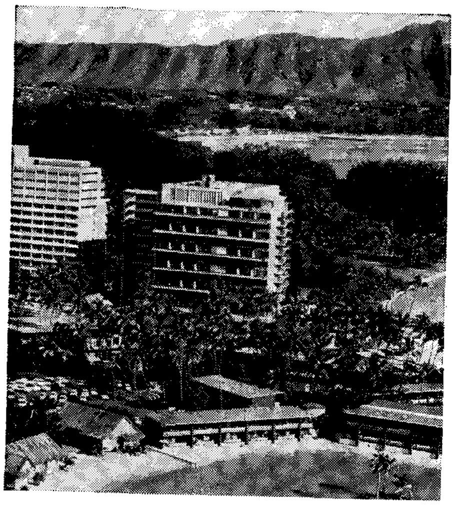
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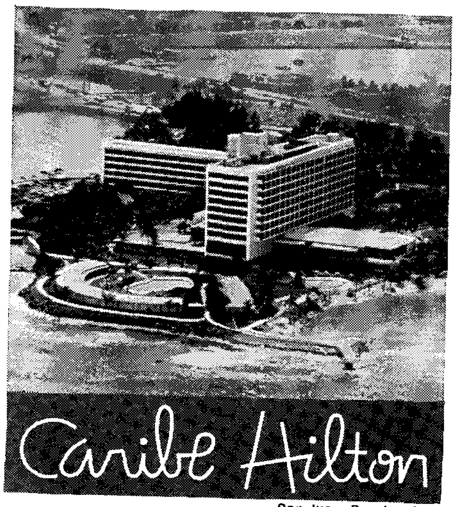

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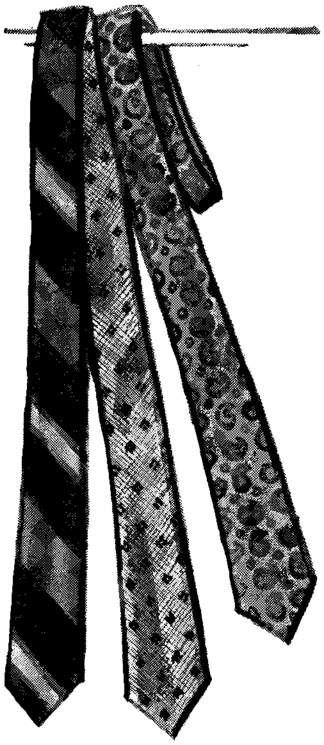

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Overseas

"ANY NUMBER CAN WIN" belongs to a genre—the thriller in which astute criminals seek to pull off the supreme coup of their careers and, at the last moment, come an ironic cropper—that has to be very bad indeed not to seem quite good. Given a sufficiently ingenious climax, the spectator is prepared to accept almost any plausible impossibility of plotting along the way, and is content with the merest modicum of acting; indeed, the less acting the better, for, as Aristotle and Edgar Wallace made clear to us a long time ago, action is character, and the secret of successful melodrama lies not in who and why but in what and how. In the case at hand, the director, Henri Verneuil, has deployed his Gallic whats and hows in a welcomely familiar fashion. Here is our old friend the dedicated artist in crime, returning home after a long term in prison, and here is the wife who, like so many artists' wives, completely misreads the nature of her husband's gifts and proposes that he go straight for a change. (She wants them to try running a small family hotel in the South of France. Her husband is understandably revolted by the notion.) Here, too, is the big deal—nothing less than that the Master, with the help of a personable young scoundrel whose acquaintance he has scraped behind bars, will rob a casino in Cannes of a cool billion francs. This attractive sum can be acquired only at a certain hour of a certain day, in a certain vault in the closely guarded basement of the casino, and in the presence of half a dozen casino officials, all of them presumably armed and by no means eager to oversee the loss of a fortune. Plainly, the deed cannot be done, and no less plainly it will be. For listen well, my old one—an air-conditioning duct is known to lead over the roof of the casino to the top of the elevator shaft, which in turn leads down to . . . Oh, it will not be easy, but who would ever show a proper respect for money if it were possible to pluck a couple of million dollars in paper bills off the nearest bush?

It's a notorious defect of thrillers that the last unwindings of the plot are nearly always a disappointment,

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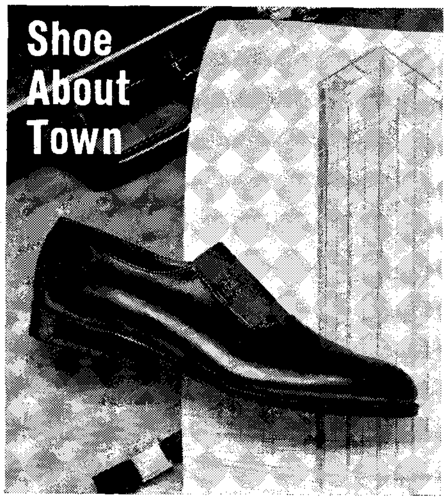

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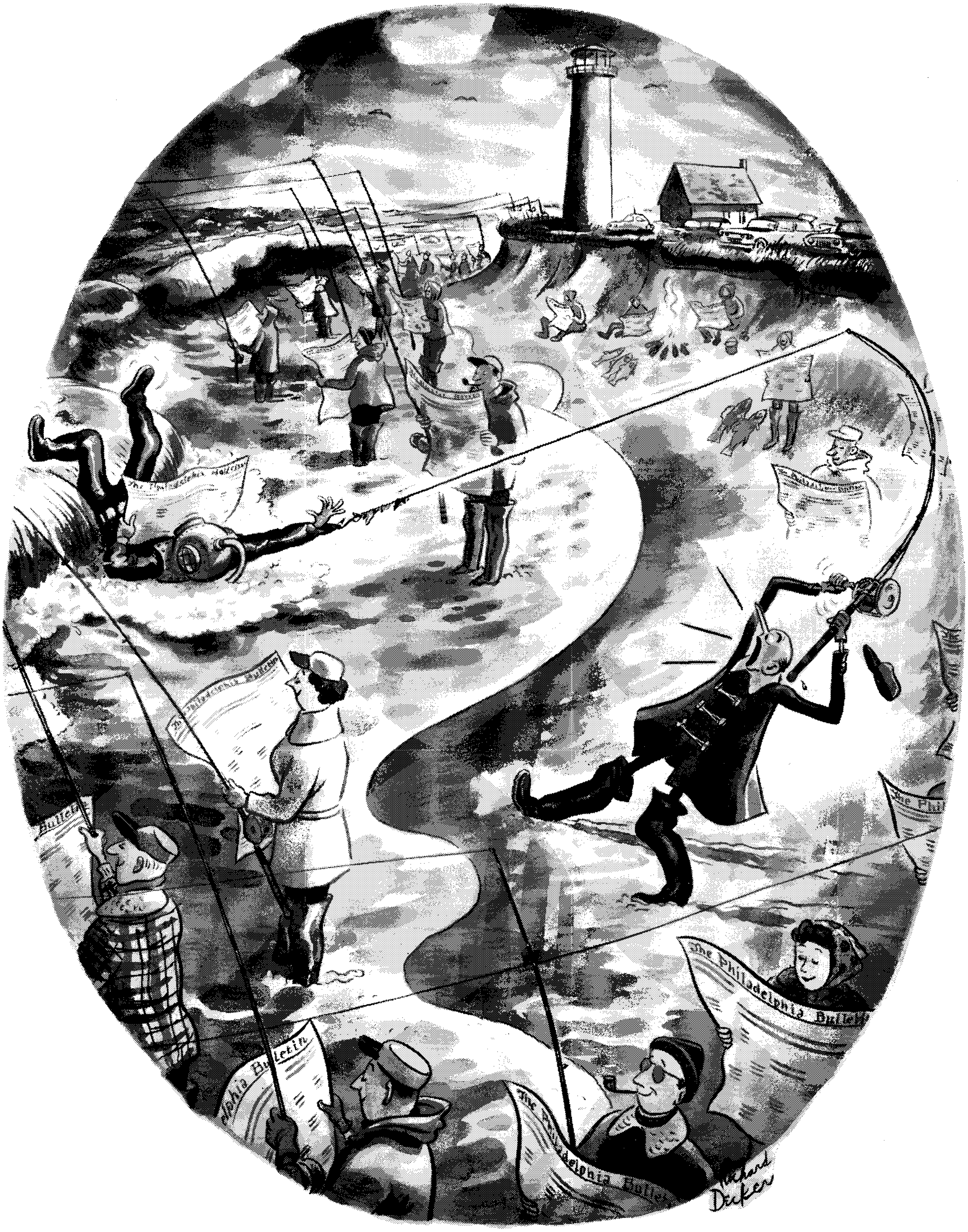
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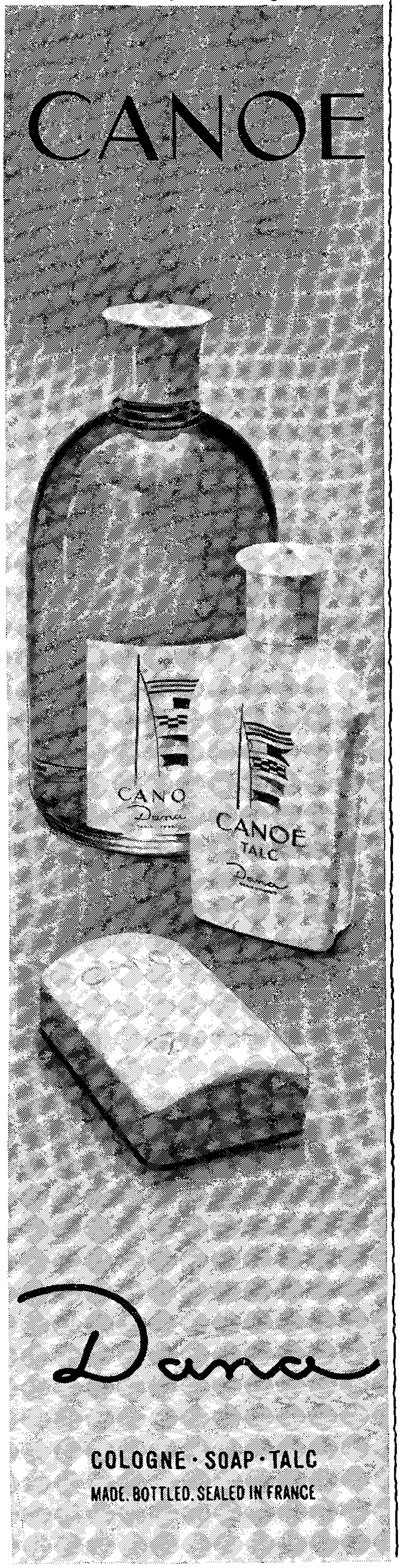

COLOGNE · SOAP · TALC
MADE, BOTTLED, SEALED IN FRANCE

but one forgives this in "Any Number Can Win," because the Master is played by Jean Gabin and the accomplice by Alain Delon, and their passive moments of discomfiture after the crime are as interesting to observe as their busy moments of mischief before it. M. Gabin has been reported as threatening to retire to a farm in Normandy after his next picture. I assume that, just as tomorrow never comes, there will always be a "next" picture for M. Gabin, who by thoughtlessly turning himself into an international necessity has surrendered any hope of an idle old age.

WHENEVER I go to a Satyajit Ray picture, I try to remind myself that at some point between getting my ticket and taking my seat I must adopt a new mode of time. This gentle but demanding Indian director tells his stories at a pace that for most of us festinating Westerners seems numbingly slow; in order to enjoy the Lotosland-like dilatoriness with which he causes them to unfold, one has to have passed through a sort of time barrier, on the far side of which, in an area of extraordinary calm, every minute contains hundreds of seconds and a day can be an eternity. Consenting to Ray time, one feels a sense of somnambulistic well-being; resisting it, one suffers the horological equivalent of the bends. "The Music Room," which is the latest of Mr. Ray's works to reach us here (though I understand it was made a couple of years ago; perhaps even the distribution of Ray movies takes place in Ray time), is a masterly performance, as simple and pure and direct, if nothing like as bleak, as Bergman's current "Winter Light." I am eager to recommend it, yet in the same breath I must warn my more restless readers that it may drive them, at their pace and not Ray's, straight up the wall.

Ray's screenplay for "The Music Room" is based on a well-known story by Tarashankar Banerjee. Its subject has, for us, an oddly Mississippian appositeness. We have encountered before now the aristocrat who, as the last of his line, wastes his substance in pleasure and party-giving in a pillared mansion by some broad, steamy river. We have also encountered the money-grubbing little swine who crawls up out of nowhere to lend the aristocrat money, take over his best lands, and himself build a grand house, laying the foundations for a new dynasty among the ruins of the old. In Yoknapatawpha,

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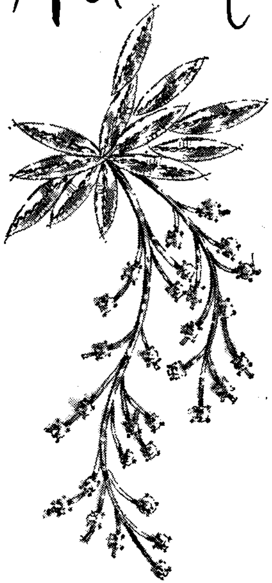

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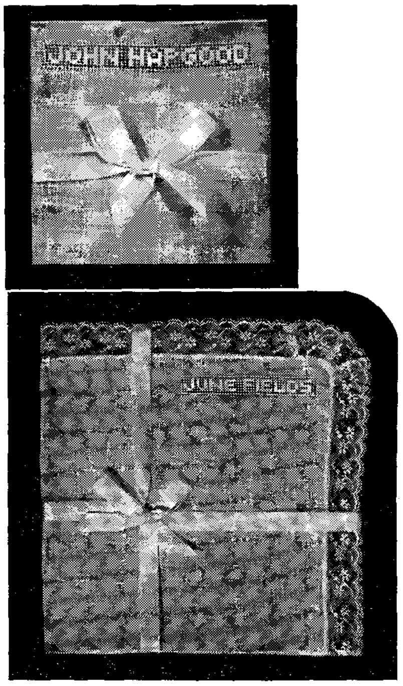

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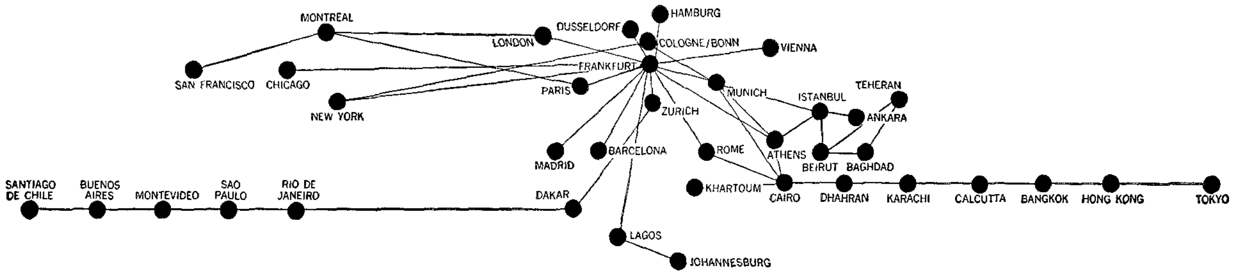
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How to Enjoy
a Fashion Show
Without Really Trying

We all become so terribly involved each season with the "dernier cri" in fashion, that often we forget its most terrific force is the joy of choosing, owning and wearing beautiful clothes.

The new season gets under way and invitations go out for Charity and Store Fashion Shows. There is hardly a woman who doesn't see two or three in a given season. May I give you a few suggestions on how to enjoy a Fashion Show, without really trying?

Please don't go with preconceived ideas tucked away in your psyche like, "I can't wear sleeveless dresses," or, "I can't wear green because it is unlucky," or, "I look terrible in turbans." Keep an open mind and be adventurous. Enjoy a Fashion Show just as you would the theatre, ballet or an art show. You don't love every painting you see in an art collection, so why should you like every dress?

Of course, I know that stores and designers often show far-out "show pieces" at Fashion Shows. They present the most dramatic, and expensive things, and sometimes it's hard to see you or your charge account in them. However, if you see something on the runway and you say to yourself spontaneously, "That's for me," do run back, and buy it—if it's becoming to you, is good design, nicely made and appropriate. Then, if it is *also* new, exciting, authoritative in *fashion,* each wearing can bring a sense of adventure, self-confidence, and a glow of *pleasure.*

Recently, I personally commentated my own Fashion Shows at Hovland Swanson in Lincoln, Nebraska, May D&F, Denver, Colorado, and Julius Garfinckel in Washington. Nothing pleases me more than to see, in the intimacy of a fitting room, women taking great pride in wisely choosing their Adele Simpson seasonal wardrobe. That's my pleasure!

ADELE SIMPSON

the name of the swine is Snopes, and in Bengal it is Ganguli, but their natures are identical; as for the aristocrat, played by Chabi Biswas as if in an evil, unending dream, he moves to his doom with the expected grace of a Sartoris. We have always been more of one world than we commonly reckon; the aristocrat's mansion, which happens to be the genuine article, echoes in its tattered, classic façade the pretensions of four or five widely scattered cultures.

Julien Duvivier's "The Devil and the Ten Commandments" has a few rewarding moments—nobody ever looked more shiningly lovely than Françoise Arnoul emerging from her bath, and Jean-Claude Brialy and Louis de Funès make an admirable pair of rascals—but the enterprise suffers from the familiarity of its format, which consists of a number of separate items packed in a single, all too commodious suitcase. It was only the other day that we had "Seven Capital Sins," and such is the lack of imagination among theologians that the Ten Commandments and the capital sins turn out to be overlapping categories. Mercifully, not all the Commandments are given separate treatment; the picture, as shown here, contains seven episodes, and I would have been better satisfied with five. Among the actors implicated in this outsize parlor game are, in addition to those mentioned above, Charles Aznavour, Alain Delon, Danielle Darrieux, Mel Ferrer, Michel Simon, Fernandel, Micheline Presle, and Georges Wilson. I hope nobody in France is thinking of making a comedy out of the Napoleonic Code.

—Brendan Gill

•

A new merit badge for Personal Finance has been authorized by the Boy Scouts of America.

The requirements are broad and include knowing the differences between types of investments, including risk capital. Thousands of Scouts will have an additional incentive to learn the broad picture of investing, as well as how to manage personal finances.—*Investment Club Bulletin, Detroit.*

And how to rub two stocks together to make fire?

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Colorado Springs Gazette Telegraph*]

Independence, Kan. (AP)—Along about 1926 Frank Dancer walked across the street from his harness shop and bought a light bulb—a big one, about 300 watts, he estimates.

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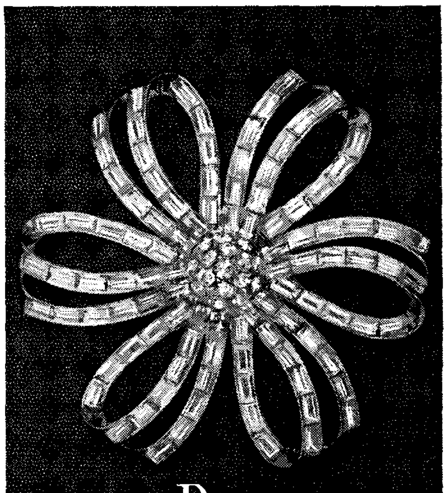

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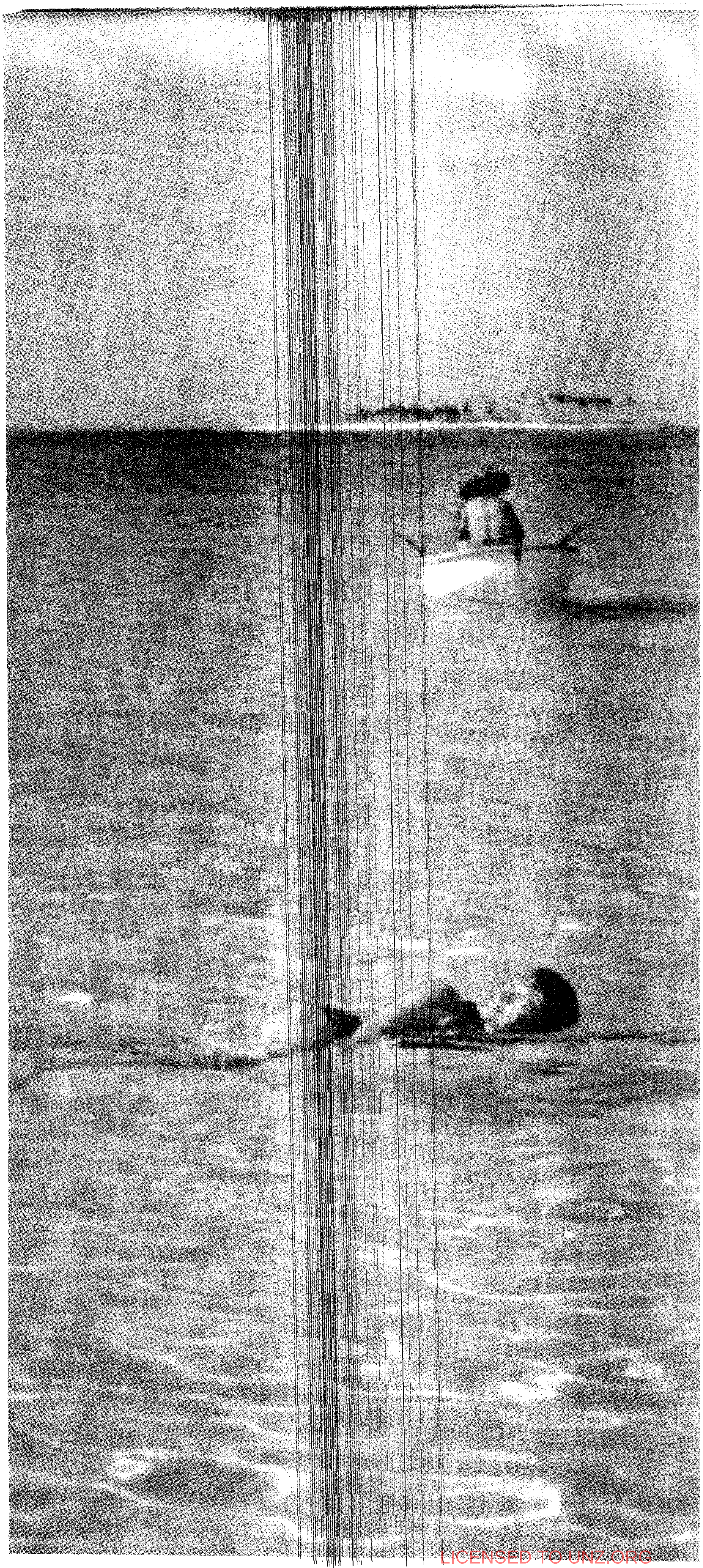

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The Bahamian people are gay and warmly hospitable. The hotels are great. (Rates are sharply reduced from now to mid-December.)

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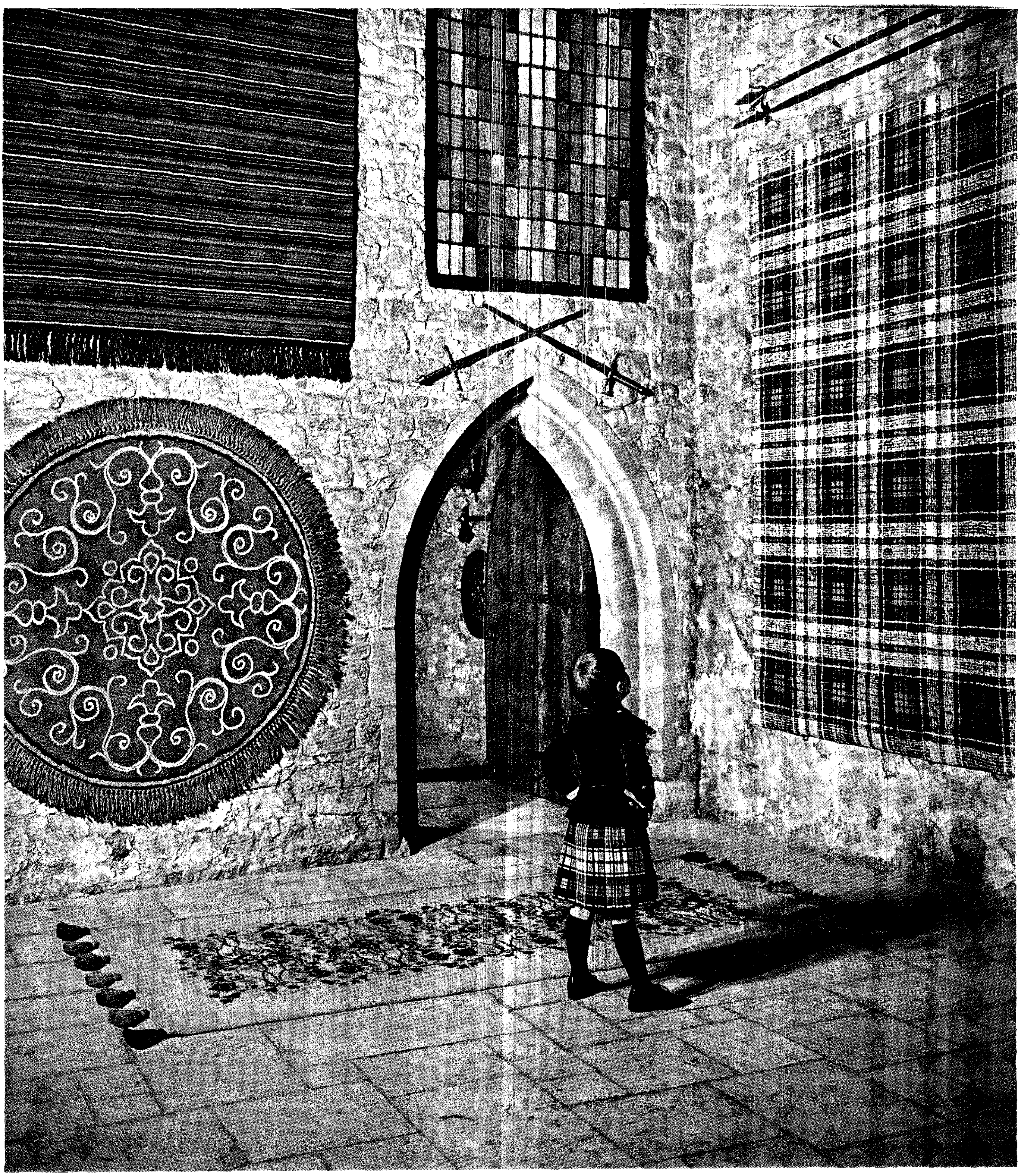

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE PERSIAN QUEENS

OUT in the Brownsville section of east Brooklyn, three-quarters of an hour from Times Square on the subway, there are seven gang girls, from fourteen to nineteen years old, whom I got to know something about earlier this year when I spent three or four evenings a week for quite some time observing the professional activities of a woman worker for the New York City Youth Board, the municipal agency responsible for coping with juvenile delinquency. The girls are the members of a club I shall call the Persian Queens. It is a club that professes to be "social," in the specific local sense that makes "social" the antonym of "fighting," and, indeed, none of the members, as far as I know, has a police record or is conspicuously delinquent in any way except sexually; among them the Persian Queens have produced four babies, and another is on the way. The reason I call them gang girls is that a gang girl, as the Youth Board uses the term, is a girl who has chosen to identify with—in other words, bask in the glory of—a gang of fighting boys, and only a few months before I met them the Persian Queens had not been Persian Queens at all but Mohawk Debs; that is, members of the ladies' auxiliary of a particularly active fighting gang called the Mohawks. This auxiliary was a big group, perhaps thirty strong; like most "deb" groups in New York, it was loosely organized, if it could be said to have been organized at all, and it was composed of girls who, in their relationships with each other, were enemies just as often as they were friends. The only qualification for membership in the Mohawk Debs was that a girl be attached to a Mohawk and proud of it.

In personality and in character, the Persian Queens are as different from one another as any seven people with similar backgrounds and living in similar circumstances would normally be. Perhaps the two crucial respects in which they are alike are that they were all born Negroes and were all born poor. Of course, many more poor Negro girls than not conduct themselves with what both policemen and schoolteachers concede to be propriety, so it is hard to be sure how much their empty pockets and dark skins had to do with impelling these particular girls to join street-gang society. As far as I can tell, no Persian Queen is more than vaguely aware that being either poor or Negro is an unlucky, or even a special, circumstance, and Youth Board people with whom I discussed the matter have the same impression. "These kids are so far down and so far out that they're doing well to get from today to tomorrow in one piece," a Youth Board worker told me. "Freedom? Man, if you lived the way they do, what would that word mean to you?" One thing the Persian Queens do know, though, is that once they had joined street-gang society they had a third congenital disadvantage: they were born female. For street-gang society is a society organized by males, operated by males, and devoted to traditionally male pursuits—chiefly fighting and carousing—and the special problem facing gang girls is that there is simply no way for a girl to gain a significant amount of power or prestige in a gang. If a girl fights as well as a boy—and Youth Board workers know girls who do—boys don't like her, and in no walk of life is a girl whom boys don't like an object of admiration or envy to other girls. By the same token, the one kind of status that carousing can confer is manly status, and to the extent that gang girls carouse they merely lessen the possibility that they will achieve the womanly status of being considered desirable mates. In short, because gang girls aren't boys, they are, in their own view, barely people, and this low self-esteem is naturally reflected in their personalities. I dwell on this fact because it is the one that most concerns the Youth Board. It is also the one that most surprised me during my evenings in Brownsville. As I started commuting on the New Lots Avenue line, I did not suspect that girls who drank and fought and shoplifted, who declined to go either to school or to work, who were as likely as not to have caught a venereal disease or have had a baby, or both, would be dim. The Persian Queens are very dim, and one way of describing what I saw the Youth Board worker do in Brownsville is to say that she was conducting an experiment in social work whose object was to learn whether the techniques Youth Board men had developed to keep gang boys from fighting could be effectively applied by a woman to the less showy but possibly more complicated task of helping gang girls to brighten up.

The name of the Youth Board woman I saw in action is Mrs. Virginia Noville, and she is anything but dim. A handsome, handsomely got up young Negro woman, she majored in sociology at Central State College, in Wilberforce, Ohio; put in some time with the Welfare Department in Dayton, Ohio; came to Brownsville to work in a community center that is part of one of the housing projects there; and then, feeling strongly that the girls who went to community centers were in much less need of her services than the girls who stayed—or were kept—outside, moved to the Youth Board, which specializes in doing social work on the streets. It is fair to describe Mrs. Noville as a militant feminist, who is appalled when she sees other members of her sex being treated as, or thinking of themselves as, second-class citizens. It is also fair to say that no group of girls in Brownsville are more certain that they are second-class—and therefore in greater need of her kind of help—than the Persian Queens. At this point, I must make it clear that the one condition Mrs. Noville imposed when she consented to allow me to dog her footsteps in

Brownsville was that I would do my best not to describe the girls I became acquainted with in such a way that they could be identified. In this report, therefore, the names of all girls and groups are invented ones, and a good many other identifying details have been falsified. I will add that the name I have invented for the club is not a wholly improbable one, for the reason that the real names of New York street gangs are so various, and often so fanciful, that inventing a wholly improbable one is wholly impossible. Some real gang names are factual (the Forsyth Street Boys), some are romantic (the Dragons, the Apaches, the Vikings), some are candid (the Sinners, the Stompers), some are boastful (the Mau Maus, the Untouchables, the Hellburners), and some are mendacious (the Jolly Midgets). The church is represented by the Bishops and the Chaplains, the state by the Viceroys, the arts by the Jazzmen, and the paraphernalia of power by the Swords, the Sceptres, and the Crowns. The gamut of the nobility is run, from Knights, through Lords and Counts and Dukes and Princes, to Kings. Geography is extensively drawn on by Frenchmen, Scotchmen, Romans, Egyptians, and even Bohemians and Canadians. And so, somewhere in the city, there may well be Persians, though I don't happen to have heard of them. At any rate, the non-Persian Persians in Brownsville are also, as I have said, extraordinarily unqueenly Queens. To begin bluntly, their appearance is exceptionally unattractive, not because their faces or figures are in any way odd but because every one of them habitually sits in a slouch and walks with a swagger, looks at and plays with her middle sweater button and mumbles when she talks, dresses in skirts that create the impression that her anatomy consists principally of knees and hips, and apparently does her hair with her left hand while looking away from the mirror. I know it is rude to disparage the way a girl looks and walks and dresses and grooms herself, but it is impossible to report what I saw of Mrs. Noville's work without discussing the appearance of her girls. One of her convictions is that a girl's looks and a girl's self-esteem are inextricably intertwined. On the theory that if she could teach girls to look like ladies there was a chance that they would start to act like ladies and think of themselves as ladies, she devised an extensive program of advice to the beauty-lorn. A few months before I came along, she had presided over a Charm Clinic, at which, one evening a week for four weeks, about fifty girls crowded into the local

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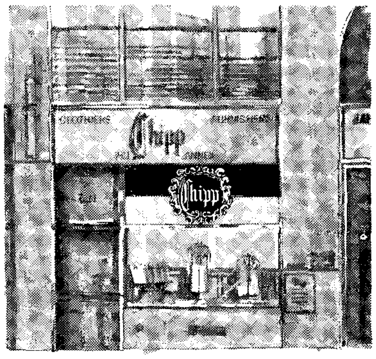

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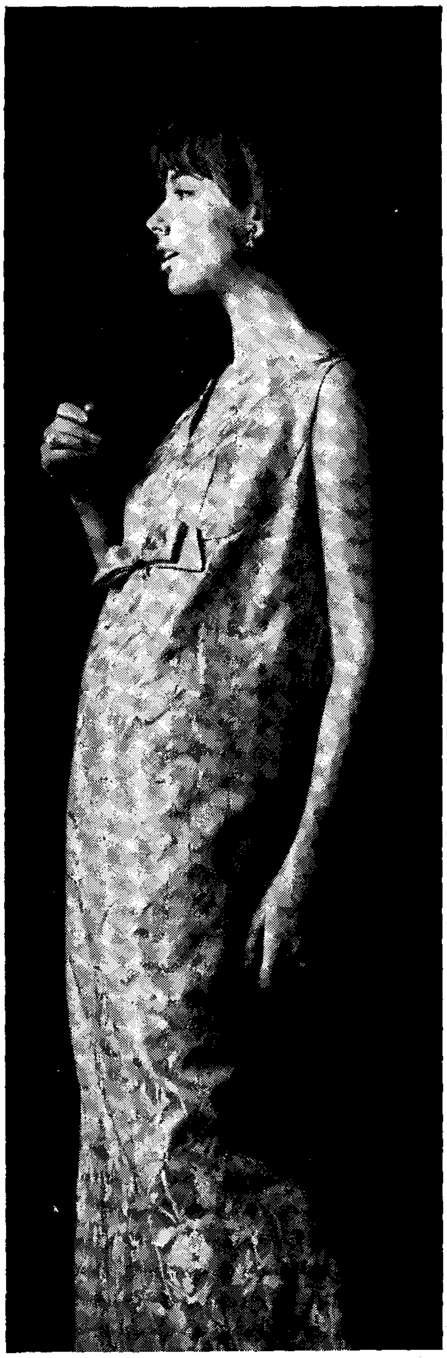

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Youth Board office, which consists of a central room (during the day, it houses six street-club workers, two secretaries, a water cooler, and a switchboard) with a conference room on one side of it and a supervisor's office on the other. During the clinic's two-hour sessions, the girls heard, saw, and apparently enjoyed experts giving advice and demonstrations on such matters as Complexion Care, Basic Makeup for Every Girl, Simple Clothing, Selection of Accessories, and—to end with the most elementary—Personal Hygiene. The members of the Persian Queens were among the pupils at the clinic, which is how Mrs. Noville first made their acquaintance. Later on, while I was in Brownsville, Mrs. Noville staged quite an elegant fashion show in a local dance hall, in which more than thirty of her girls, including the Persian Queens, participated in one way or another; twenty or so served as models, and she had drilled them so well that during the show only one was chewing gum. Like any technique of character-building, turning gang girls into ladies takes time, and not one of the Persian Queens had sufficient self-confidence to model in the fashion show; they elected, as a group, to form the backbone of the refreshment committee, and spent the evening behind a counter dispensing soft drinks and slices of cake they had baked—and not baked very well. But Mrs. Noville is not the proprietress of a cooks' and bakers' school, and she was delighted with the Persian Queens that night. Never before, as far as she knew, had they so much as attempted any concerted project. What's more, the occasion had inspired them to preen themselves almost beyond recognition. By the time they got together for their next club meeting, five days later, their strenuous chic was gone, but they had made a first appearance as gracious hostesses, and Mrs. Noville had seen to it that they were photographed behind their counter, so that the transformation, however fleeting, would be a matter of record.

THE Persian Queens' organizer and moving spirit—indeed, the only spirit in the club that seems capable of much motion—is Ethel, a burly, dark-skinned seventeen-year-old, with big hands and feet and powerful shoulders. Though she looks as if she could lick any kid on the block, there is no evidence that she has bothered to try; she apparently has a pacific nature. The expression that was most often on Ethel's face when I saw her was the smug one that little girls assume after

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they have said, "I know a secret." And Ethel unquestionably does know many secrets that you and I don't know, and, more to the point, that the Youth Board doesn't know, for she is an almost totally mysterious character, in a way that, I learned, most of such girls are most of the time. There is a lot more than simple peasant suspiciousness in the determination with which they try to conceal the circumstances of their lives. To a degree that a middle-class person can barely comprehend, they and their families are the subjects of dossiers on whose contents their very existence depends. Even assuming that they do nothing that might find its way into a police blotter—and this is quite an assumption to make about people who have plausible reasons for feeling that the purpose of the criminal code is to threaten rather than to protect them—they are likely to be under eternal scrutiny. If they are receiving financial assistance from the Welfare Department, as the households of all Persian Queens are, every dollar or pair of shoes or bottle of whiskey in their lives is a matter about which the City of New York is entitled to be inquisitive. If they live in a housing project, as three of the Persian Queens do, the Housing Authority has a statutory right to keep their morals under surveillance. Some aspect of the domestic problems of many of them is recorded in the files of the Family Court. School guidance counsellors keep track of them, and so do the admitting officers of the clinics in the city hospitals, and so do the directors of the neighborhood community centers, and so, for that matter, do Youth Board street-club workers. An unfavorable entry in any dossier can have consequences that range from the merely annoying, like being refused admission to a community center, to the catastrophic, like being excised from the relief rolls. The environment is not one that stimulates candor. In fact, it is safe to say that much of the material in the dossiers, since it has necessarily been supplied by the subjects, is fabricated and therefore of little use to someone interested in acquiring accurate information about any given case. Presumably, as Ethel gets to feel that Youth Board workers are trustworthy and sympathetic friends, she will reveal some of the facts of her life, but at the moment there is almost no fact about Ethel that can be stated with assurance—except that Ethel is running the club. Even Ethel's first name is a matter of doubt, since her friends call her by at least two other names as the fancy strikes them, or maybe strikes her. Mrs. Noville has occasionally visited Ethel at a housing-

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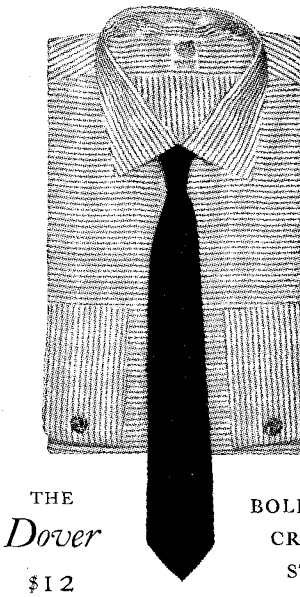
project apartment, and this is probably where Ethel lives, but it may not be, since mail that has been sent to her there has been returned by the post office stamped "NOT AT THIS ADDRESS." Whether she has a family, and, if so, who its members are, poses a similar enigma. There are two other apparent inhabitants of the apartment in which Ethel apparently lives. One is a toothless little old lady, a Welfare client, who, one tends to assume, is Ethel's mother or grandmother or aunt, but who may be no relation at all, since Ethel introduced her to Mrs. Noville and me, when we called at the apartment one afternoon, as "Mrs. Betty." The other is a three-year-old boy named Andrew, who dances the Twist charmingly, and who, on the basis of the one reference Ethel made to him in my hearing—to wit, "Yes, Andrew stays with us"—could be her brother or her nephew or her son, or none of these. There is no telling how Ethel spends her days. From time to time, Mrs. Noville questioned her about this, but the answers that came forth were transparent fictions. It is almost certain that she doesn't go to school, for she once told Mrs. Noville she didn't, and Mrs. Noville can't imagine her lying about that. She also said she didn't work, which is probably true but could be a lie if Mrs. Betty is receiving money from the Welfare Department for Ethel's maintenance. In any case, Ethel always seems to have five or ten dollars, which she carries in a pink plastic wallet, and she says she has a prosperous brother who visits her almost every weekend and in the course of each visit gives her a ten-dollar bill. The whole subject of where an adolescent's money comes from is one that Youth Board workers find it prudent not to speculate about—or not until they have acquired enough influence to follow up any speculation they verify with remedial action.

Mrs. Noville told me about the ambiguities of Ethel's biography on the night of my first visit to Brownsville, and they did not appear to vex her; she found them normal and not especially important. However, Ethel did furnish one puzzle whose solution then seemed to Mrs. Noville to be of consequence: Why had she organized the Persian Queens, and why did she insist on maintaining the organization? It was a club whose only visible reason for existence was that Ethel willed it to exist. There was no evidence, to begin with, that its members were a group of old friends. Ethel, it appeared, *was* fond of one of the other girls, and had been for years. This girl is Lucretia, an inarticulate, delicately built fifteen-year-old, who fa-



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out the neighborhood, but apparently her two or three best friends are members of a girls' club that is a sort of rival to the Persian Queens, so her presence on the roster is as mysterious as anyone else's. The seventh, and oldest, Persian Queen is Frances, a sullen and slipshod nineteen-year-old, who is the mother of three children by three different fathers, who seldom rises before noon, and who spends much of the rest of her day and of her public-assistance money at a local bar of extremely bad repute, leaving the children, the youngest of whom is eight months old, in the care of a local eleven-year-old boy, who is also of extremely bad repute. Between Frances and Lucretia there is a dislike so intense that it prevents even conversation. One night, on the way home from a club meeting, the two girls had a fight on the sidewalk while Ethel watched with interest, declining to intervene, because, she said later, the girl in the middle always gets hurt, especially if either combatant is armed. (In this case, Frances was armed with her fingernails, and Lucretia with a tote bag.) A few days before the fight, Lucretia, with many giggles and much squirming and casting of her eyes to heaven, had confided to Mrs. Noville in my hearing the cause of the bad blood between her and Frances. At a party several weeks earlier, Lucretia had sat herself in the lap of the boy who was the father of Frances's third child. He had responded by kissing Lucretia roundly. This had so enraged Frances that she had taken off a ring he had given her and hurled it at him. He had caught it and handed it to Lucretia. Later, out on the street, Frances had met Lucretia and demanded the ring back. Lucretia, though she had no particular interest in the boy—and, in fact, felt sentimental about another boy—had refused to give it to her, on the ground of etiquette. It was the boy's ring, she had pointed out loftily, and he was entitled to dispose of it as he chose; if *he* asked her to return it to *him*, she certainly would, and meanwhile Frances could just go to hell. As I listened to this tale, it struck me that the incident, probably barring the existence of the baby, could just as well have arisen at an adolescents' party in the playroom of a twelve-room Colonial mansion in Greenwich, Connecticut, as at one in the kitchen of a three-room cold-water flat in Brownsville. Even the fact that the two girls ultimately came to blows was not one that seemed to me demonstrably characteristic of street-gang society and no other. However, I did not expect that the club

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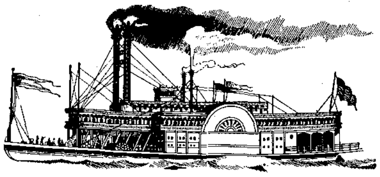

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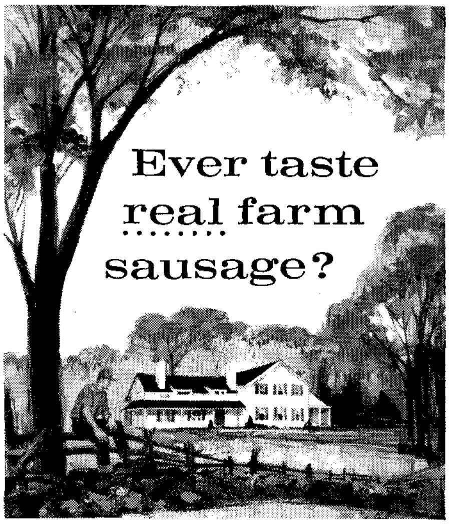

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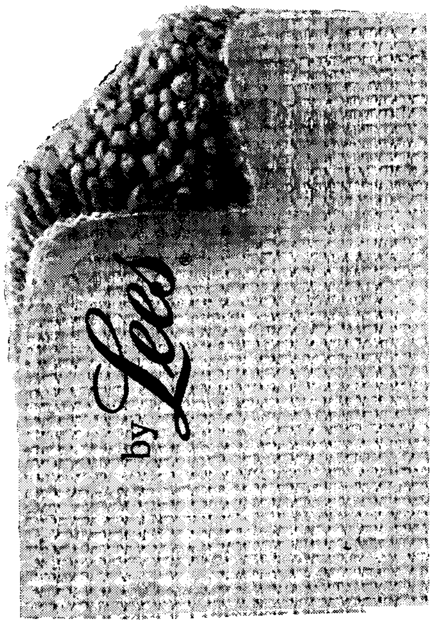

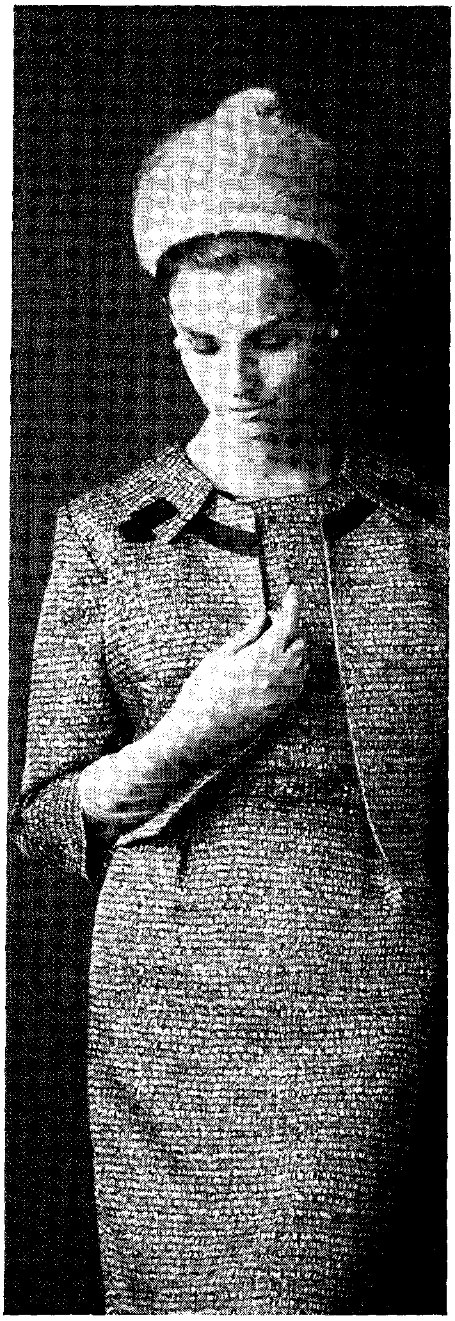

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would be disrupted by so savage an antagonism between two of its members, and I was astounded to find that both Frances and Lucretia showed up phlegmatically at the very next meeting, Lucretia with the marks left by Frances's fingernails still visible on one cheek, and Frances with a lip and an eye still puffy from the wallops of Lucretia's bag. Mrs. Noville was not at all astounded. Though she was in the dark about why Ethel was determined to have a club and how she influenced the other girls to co-operate with her, Mrs. Noville was sure that the determination was fierce and the influence powerful, and that it would take more than an outbreak of intramural philandering, and the contusions and abrasions that resulted, to smash the Persian Queens.

If the personalities of the members and their relationships with one another do nothing to explain the existence of the Persian Queens, neither do the club's aims. Gang children may have a number of reasons for "going social." A chief one in almost every case, I would guess, is to persuade a more or less gullible public, including themselves, that they are "good," not "bad." After that, the two most common reasons for the existence of a social club are the declared purpose of building a large enough treasury to buy each member a sweater with the club name emblazoned on its back, and the undeclared purpose of milking as dry as possible the Youth Board's, or some other social agency's, supply of free movie tickets, dance bands and dance halls, buses and station wagons for excursions to parks and beaches, and other forms of free entertainment. The Persian Queens have shown no interest in either sweaters or excursions. As I have said, the club exacts dues of a dollar a week—a figure that Mrs. Noville thinks is scandalous for girls on relief—and Ethel, whether or not she is merely keeping track of her own money, records dues collections rigorously. Yet during half a dozen meetings that I sat in on, no member advanced a proposal for doing anything with the money, or even inquired why it was being accumulated; one of the odd things about the club was that the question of sweaters never came up. The girls seem to believe that a club member is a dues-paying animal and let it go at that. Certainly Ethel has no nefarious plans for the funds, since she cheerfully allows Mrs. Noville to have custody of them, perhaps because she once was in a club that entrusted its treasury to one of the members and one day that member's mother, being short of food and rent money, appropriated the entire hoard, which amounted to forty-five dollars. But Ethel doesn't seem to have any non-nefarious plans, either. The Persian Queens have no more visible interest in being entertained than they have in their money. At one meeting, Mrs. Noville cajoled them (all except Lucretia, who was willing to sit at a club meeting with Frances but not to go on a junket with her) into agreeing to go as a group, the following Sunday afternoon, to the Radio City Music Hall—a project whose expenses were to be shared by the club and the Youth Board, and whose adventurous nature I can make clearer by adding that although most of the girls were vaguely aware that there was such an establishment, none of them had any notion of what or where it was. Once they had consented to carry out this drastic plan, Mrs. Noville asked them to meet her at two-thirty sharp on Sunday at the entrance to a subway station close to all their homes. At three-fifteen, Ethel showed up, alone, and said that she had scoured the neighborhood and hadn't found another Persian Queen anywhere. The project was called off.

SCOURING the neighborhood for her members—usually with more success than on that Sunday—occupies a fair amount of Ethel's time. She generally manages to round up a quorum and to convoy it to the Youth Board headquarters no more than an hour after the weekly club meeting is scheduled to start. On one meeting night, though, she didn't have her usual luck. She appeared at the headquarters at seven-fifty—fifty minutes late—with only Lucretia in tow. And Lucretia wasn't happy. She was hungry, she said, and, as the result of a certain amount of interrogation by Mrs. Noville, it emerged that she hadn't had any breakfast, because eating breakfast always made her sick, and hadn't had any lunch, because the menu at the school cafeteria that day had displeased her, and hadn't had any supper, because she hadn't gone home after school. She had been about to go home, she said, squinting at Ethel in what was the closest thing to a display of insubordination I ever saw her make, when Ethel had located her and insisted that she come to the meeting. Mrs. Noville offered to take her across the street for a hot dog or a slice of pizza, but she declined, and appeased herself by drinking at least

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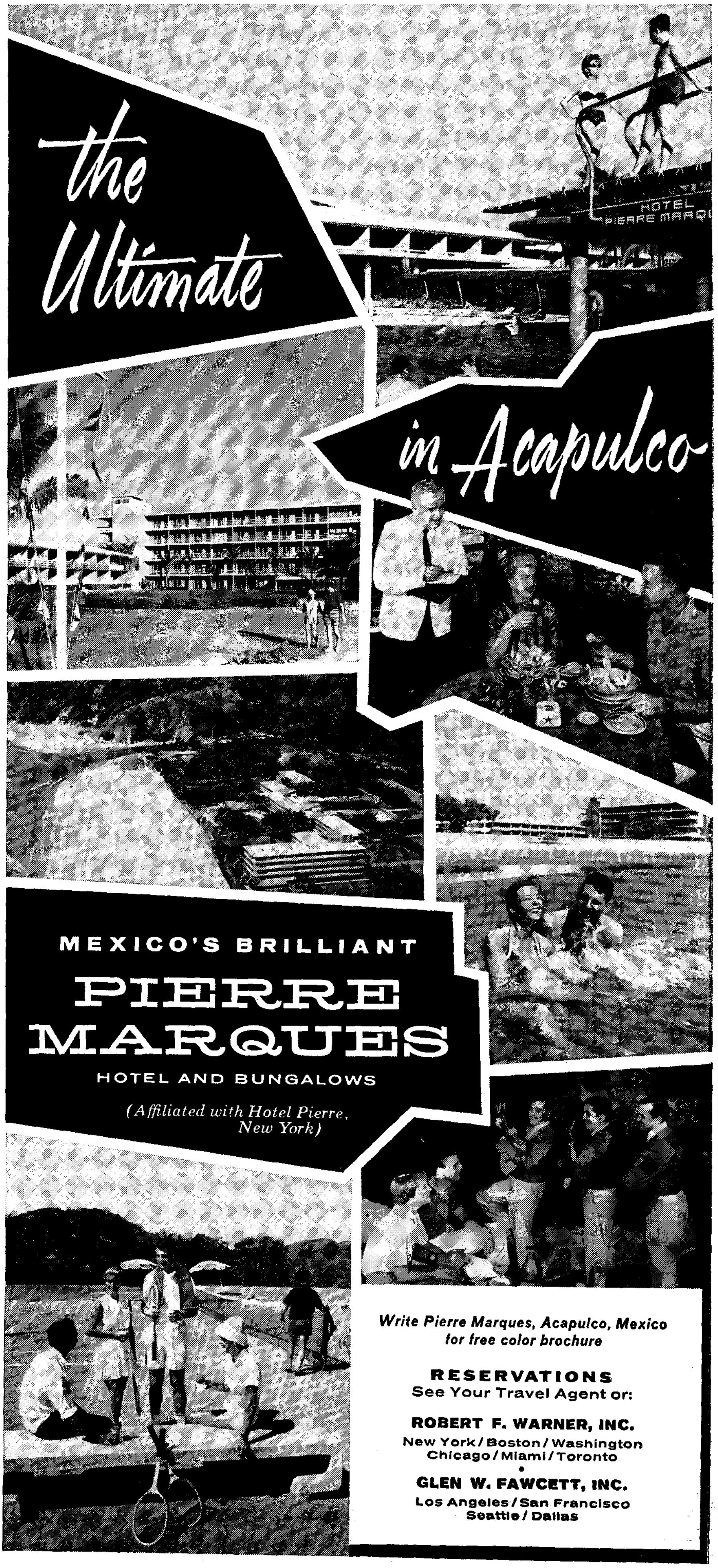
eight cups of water from the cooler. Ethel had seen Frances earlier in the day and had learned that she wasn't planning to attend the meeting that night. Neither (naturally) were Grace or Kelly, but the Robinson girls were expected any minute. For an hour or more, we waited and chatted (it was that night that Lucretia, taking her mind off her hunger pangs for a few minutes, described her difficulty with Frances), but the Robinson girls didn't show up. Ethel and Mrs. Noville, to Lucretia's evident but silent disgust, weren't discouraged. They thought that the Robinson girls might be dancing or playing cards in the housing-project community center across the street from the tenement they lived in, and that we should look for them there. So, in a cold drizzle, we walked seven or eight blocks to the community center, with Lucretia still adamantly refusing to take any nourishment.

The first two blocks were on Brownsville's main shopping street, Pitkin Avenue, one of the few remaining streets in New York where if you hear a foreign language spoken it is as likely to be Yiddish as Spanish. For Brownsville was until fifteen years or so ago an almost totally Jewish neighborhood, and, according to the 1960 census, it is still one of the New York neighborhoods with the highest percentage of foreign-born residents. Pitkin Avenue must look much as it did thirty years ago. There are certainly no new buildings on it, and the stores can't have changed much, either: a proliferation of cheap shoe and clothing stores, the inevitable Woolworth's, a Loew's theatre, a few branch banks, a scattering of hot-dog stands and Chinese restaurants, and not a single bar. There are practically no elevators in Brownsville, except in the housing-project skyscrapers. A typical Pitkin Avenue building is a four-story structure, with a store at the bottom, the offices of a lawyer or a doctor or a chiropodist one flight up, and apartments on the two top floors. Some of the residential streets are lined with one- and two-family houses, often frame ones, and even contain a few trees and an occasional patch of grass, and others are given over to the kind of brick tenements that were designed when they were built, fifty years ago, to be as squalid as possible; there are still plenty of cold-water flats on streets like those. There are a lot of synagogues in Brownsville, some of them functioning, some of them abandoned, some of them converted into Pentecostal churches. Almost everything in Brownsville is dilapidated—the one-family houses, the two-family



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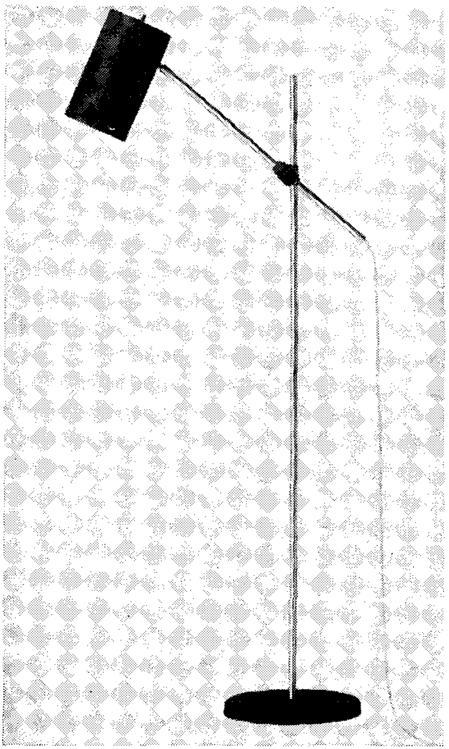
houses, the tenement houses, the synagogues, even the trees and the grass. At night, the neighborhood is quite spooky. The blocks are long, the sidewalks are narrow, the street lights are dim. On most Brownsville streets at night, every approaching pedestrian looks like a cutthroat until he gets close enough to turn out to be, say, a venerable Jew with a long beard, or a stylishly dressed Negro girl whose expression indicates that she has been as apprehensive about you as you have been about her. It is a neighborhood that I found myself getting used to but am sure I could never learn to love. As we approached the community center that night, I found myself observing with surprise that for the first time in my life I was looking at a housing project and finding it good.

We entered the community center, which is in the lee of a thirteen-story apartment house, and inquired for the Robinson girls, but they weren't there, so Ethel volunteered to go over to their apartment and try to arrange for the meeting to convene there. She'd be right back, she said. Half an hour later, Mrs. Noville and Lucretia set off to look for her. With the possible exception of bars in Spanish-speaking neighborhoods, housing-project community centers are the most deafening places in New York. In this one that night, a phonograph was rocking and rolling at top volume, ping-pong balls were being slammed out of time with the music, and the recreators, just to make themselves heard, had their volume turned up, too. Preferring the cold drizzle as an environment in which to kill time, I walked out onto the sidewalk to await word on whether I would be welcome at the meeting at the Robinsons', if there was going to *be* a meeting at the Robinsons'. In perhaps ten minutes, Mrs. Noville reappeared and said that the meeting was about to start; the fourteen-year-old Robinson, Jacqueline, was at home, though in bed with the grippe, and the seventeen-year-old, Elizabeth, had just stepped around the corner for some groceries. It was almost ten by then. The Robinsons live in three rooms on the top floor of a lopsided four-story building that is an almost total disgrace. No doubt the landlord wasn't responsible for the powerful smell of molasses that filled the halls that night, but there isn't much else that can be deducted from his account. The walls are cracked, chipped, gouged, grease-stained, and scribbled on. The banister wobbles alarmingly if one is injudicious enough to grasp it. On the first and third flights of wooden stairs—I can't vouch for the



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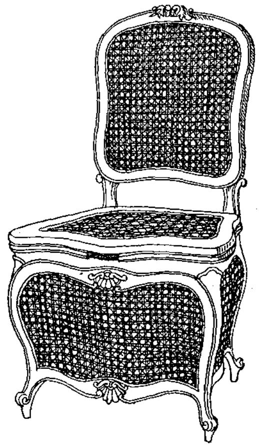

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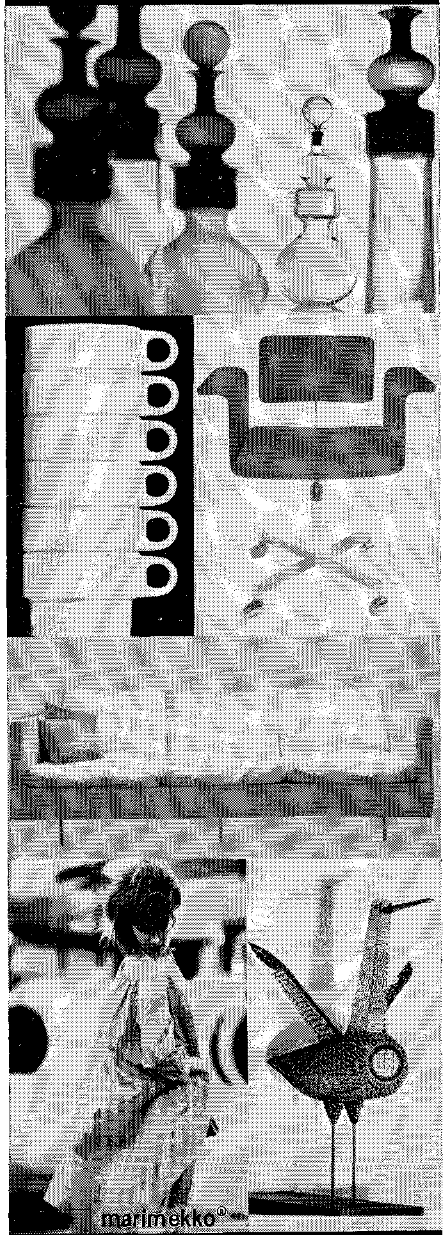

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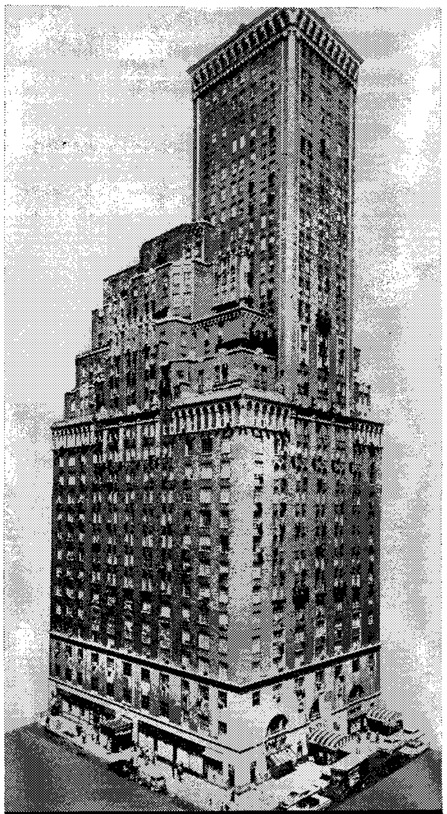
second flight, because it was in darkness—I saw a comprehensive collection of splinters, dust balls, cigarette butts, chewing-gum and candy wrappers, paper sacks, and wine bottles, along with a pint bottle whose label declared that it had once contained a good grade of bonded bourbon. The Robinsons' apartment is tidier than the halls, but it is in no better repair. Except in the corners, the linoleum that covers all the floors is worn through to its tarry backing. Several windowpanes are cracked. If a painter has worked in the apartment during the past ten years, he must have used invisible paint. I had heard previously that the Robinsons—or, rather, the Welfare Department of the City of New York, through the Robinsons—paid someone seventy dollars a month for the three rooms. When I saw the rooms, I thought, not for the first time, of the eccentricity of a system under which slum landlords are provided for out of the public treasury.

The Robinsons' front door opens into the kitchen—a room that, like many Brownsville kitchens, contains a bathtub that is equipped with a wooden lid so that it can serve as counter space when it isn't being bathed in. Mrs. Noville and I were admitted by Mrs. Robinson, a small woman with a flustered expression, who was holding a mop in her hand. Mrs. Robinson smiled vaguely and said the girls were waiting for us in her room and would we please excuse her, because she had to get on with her cleaning. If the way the apartment is furnished and fitted out means anything, the Robinsons are poor beyond imagining. A table and three plastic-covered chairs, two of them with rips in their seats, are all the furniture in the kitchen. Mrs. Robinson's room, where the girls were, contains a ramshackle double bed, a bureau from which one leg and most of the drawer knobs and paint have disappeared, and a straight chair with a piece of board laid across a hole in the seat. From what I saw of the third room, it also had a decrepit bed and a decrepit bureau, plus a small radio, a tarnished wall mirror, and an overstuffed chair whose springs rested on the floor and whose stuffing was emerging from a number of holes in the arms and the back. Nowhere did I see a picture, an ornament, a rug, a lamp, or, for that matter, an ashtray. I do not mean to suggest that this is the way people—even people on relief—ordinarily live in Brownsville. Quite the contrary. I have been inside a dozen apartments there, most of them occupied by Welfare families. Almost all of these



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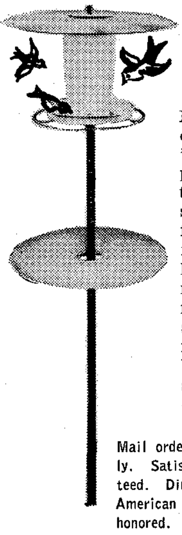

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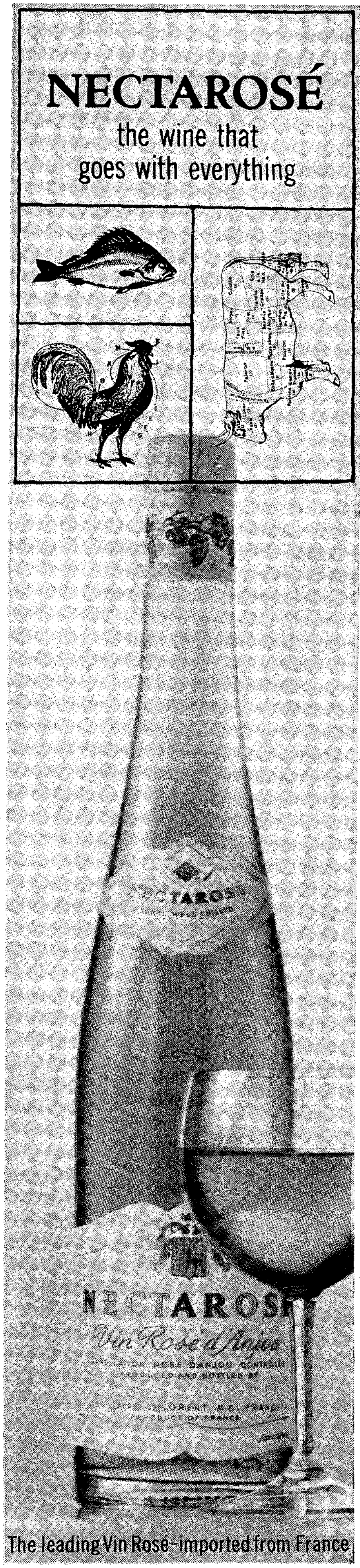
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flats are reasonably comfortable, and none looks anything like the Robinsons'—none except Frances's, that is, and I am certain that in the case of Frances squalor is an expression of personality as much as of economic status. The Robinsons do not seem to be temperamentally squalid, for the girls are always neatly turned out and the apartment is clean. They seem to be suffering from some extraordinary shortage of funds. The only clue to the nature of the shortage, if there is a shortage, is something that Elizabeth told Mrs. Noville a few weeks later. One evening during the previous summer, which the girls were spending at their father's apartment, in another part of Brooklyn, their father had got into an alcoholic dispute over a woman with a man next door and stabbed him to death as the girls watched. The father is now in jail, awaiting trial. Mrs. Noville thinks it possible that before his arrest he was helping to support his daughters. Fathers who have left their children sometimes do, whether by order of a court or on their own. Certainly the fathers of many Brownsville children have left their families. No Persian Queen lives in a household of which a man—any man—is a permanent part, at least officially, though I did come across several hints that the official situation in this respect does not always jibe with the unofficial one. For example, on the Saturday afternoon Mrs. Noville and I paid our unannounced call on Kelly, Kelly's mother and a man to whom we never were introduced were sitting at the kitchen table when we arrived. Both of them had their elbows on the table and their chins in their hands. Both were freshly groomed and freshly dressed, Kelly's mother in a crisply ironed house dress and the man in a spotless white shirt, dark-blue trousers with sharp creases, and gleaming black shoes. There was a brown paper bag on the table between them. It was quite evident that there was a bottle in the bag. (A good deal of the drinking that is done in housing-project society is done without ever removing the bottle from the bag, perhaps because so much of it is done on sidewalks or on park benches.) In any case, both Kelly's mother and the man were drunk, the man to an extent that had put his steering mechanism quite out of commission. Kelly's mother was wobbly, but when she saw that her daughter had visitors she was able to escort her companion to the back of the apartment, where they remained during our stay. It is not unreasonable to suppose that one reason that Kelly's apartment is comfortably furnished and

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pleasantly decorated is that a man who can afford good clothes and whiskey is a fixture there.

If I have so far avoided describing what usually happens at a meeting of the Persian Queens, it is because remarkably little happens. At one meeting, as I have indicated, most of the time was spent in earnest discussion of a trip that no one intended to make. Another was taken up chiefly by an attempt to compose a three-sentence letter of thanks to a beauty parlor that had given free hair-dos to Ethel, Lucretia, and the Robinson girls the day before the fashion show. The letter was never composed. To begin with, the girls simply couldn't cope with vocabulary and syntax, and Mrs. Noville, as a matter of principle, gave them as little help as she could. For another thing, the attention span of an average Persian Queen appears to be about forty-five seconds, and so every attempt at serious composition rapidly deteriorated into a series of jokes, gossiping remarks, and giggles. No sooner had Jacqueline, who is the club secretary, laboriously written "Dear Madam" at the top of a sheet of ruled paper than all the other girls began hooting derisively. "Well, it sure isn't 'Dear Sir,' " Jacqueline said defensively. That provoked more laughter, and several facetious suggestions about the proper salutation. Finally, Mrs. Noville got the girls' minds back on their work, and they agreed that the polite thing would be to salute the beauty operator by name. It turned out, however, that none of the girls could remember her name. That discovery provoked three or four minutes of silent thought. At last, ten minutes later, they agreed on "Dear Madam." Even so, they might have got the letter written if another special difficulty, which proved utterly insuperable, hadn't arisen: the letter absolutely had to be circumlocutory, because all the girls were slaves to a superstition that neither Mrs. Noville nor I had ever encountered before; namely, that offering direct and specific thanks to a person who has done your hair will make your hair fall out. The meeting at the Robinsons' was necessarily short, because it was late and Jacqueline was ailing; besides, there was no place for most of us to sit, so everyone stood up. Consequently, it accomplished even less than usual. Ethel, as she always did, bookkept at some length. Mrs. Noville suggested that since warm weather was approaching and the girls might need money for some new clothes, the club dues be cut in half. That was too much of a startler for the girls. They postponed action on it and

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adjourned. Elizabeth never had shown up with her groceries. Jacqueline, who looked peaked, and who hadn't said a word all evening, though she was ordinarily the most conversational of the Persian Queens, went back to bed, in the other room. Ethel, Lucretia, Mrs. Noville, and I said good night to Mrs. Robinson, who was still busily mopping, and picked our way down to the street. After we had walked two blocks in the direction of the Youth Board headquarters, Ethel announced that she was going to take Lucretia to a Chinese restaurant for something to eat, and the two of them sloped off in the direction of East New York, which was neither the direction in which any one of the three nearest Chinese restaurants was situated nor the direction in which the girls lived. Three blocks farther on, Mrs. Noville and I ran into Elizabeth. She didn't have a bag of groceries, which wasn't surprising, since the store she had supposedly gone to was one block away from her home, not five. Elizabeth's orange hair was as tidily arranged as I had ever seen it, and she was wearing quite a stylish fitted coat, yellow gloves, and what looked like a new pair of shoes. Mrs. Noville asked her why she hadn't been at the meeting, and she answered that she had "had to help a friend move some dishes"—a provocative explanation, if ever I heard one. Mrs. Noville, however, did not allow herself to be provoked. She did not ask Elizabeth where the dishes had been or where they were now or who their owner was. "Well, good night, Elizabeth" was what Mrs. Noville did say, and Elizabeth started on her way again.

There is one postscript to that evening. A week or so later, Jacqueline sought out Mrs. Noville to tell her that she hadn't had the grippe at all but evening sickness. She was two months pregnant.

After a while, the fog began to fade away a little from the principal Persian Queen mystery—why the girls had formed the club in the first place. In this instance, as in many others, things were just about the opposite of what they seemed. Apparently, the Persian Queens did not think of themselves as Persian Queens, or as being social; what they believed they really still were, and took pleasure and pride in being, was true-blue Mohawk Debs. Their line of reasoning may become faintly intelligible if it is related to a smattering of the recent gang history of Brownsville as it is known to Mrs. Noville and those of her male colleagues who are serving with the local boys' gangs. At

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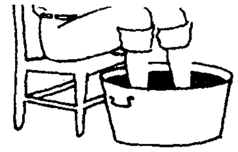

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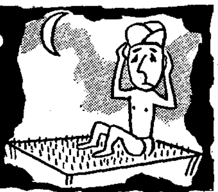

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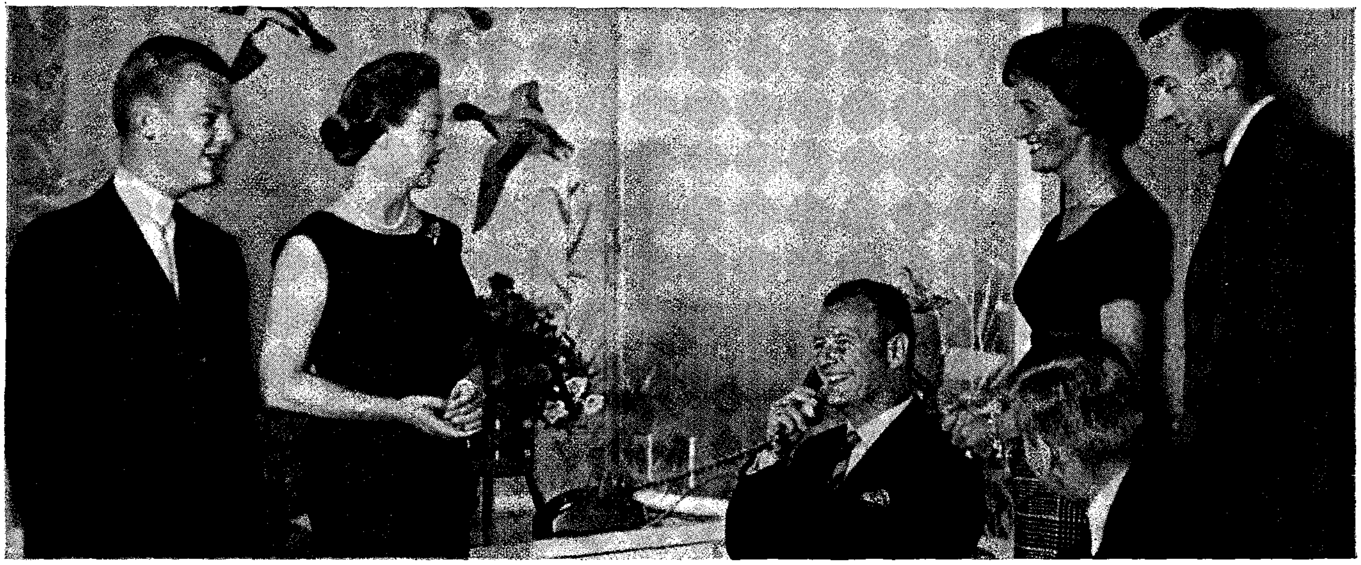

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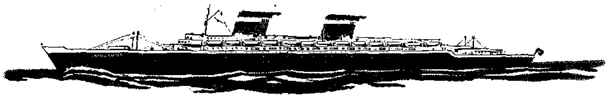

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One Broadway, New York, and in Baltimore, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Los Angeles, Miami, Norfolk, Philadelphia, St. Louis, San Francisco, Seattle, Washington, D. C., Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver the time the Youth Board established a separate Brownsville street-club unit, in July of 1960, it had in its files the names of twenty-four local groups of adolescents that could conceivably be called gangs. Of these, about half were quiescent and needed no more attention than an occasional visit from a Youth Board man to make sure that they were staying that way. Five or six others were largely defensive in character; they were prepared to resist invasion of their territory but were disinclined to sally into anybody else's. Four or five quite aggressive gangs occupied the borders of the neighborhood and brushed frequently with similar groups from the surrounding areas of Bedford-Stuyvesant (to the north), East New York (to the east), and Canarsie (to the south). Inside Brownsville, the principal conflict was—and in somewhat different form still is—between two bellicose gangs, the Mohawks and the Famous Dukes. They were strategically placed in what might be called the center of Brownsville's natural gang territory—the largest housing project (actually three separately administered but contiguous projects, in which almost four thousand families, nearly all of them Negro, live) and the surrounding slum streets, which are a reminder of what the neighborhood was like before the projects were built. The dividing line between the two groups was definite. It was a wide street—which, for the sake of concealing the identities of the gangs, I shall misname Montgomery Street—that runs north and south through the area. Montgomery Street itself, if it wasn't exactly neutral ground, was at least no man's land, but everything for several blocks east of it was under firm Mohawk control and everything for several blocks west of it was in the hands of the Famous Dukes. Travelling between the east and west ends of Brownsville by any other route than Pitkin Avenue—which, since it contains the business establishments of the neighborhood's most prosperous citizens, is well policed—could be a perilous undertaking for a young person, male or female, whose motives weren't transparently nonpartisan. The conflict between the Mohawks and the Famous Dukes was entirely territorial. As far as the Youth Board people could see, the only obvious difference between a typical Mohawk and a typical Famous Duke was that one lived on one side of Montgomery Street and the other on the other side. All the Famous Dukes and all the Mohawks were Negroes. Just about all were from families with Southern backgrounds. (And

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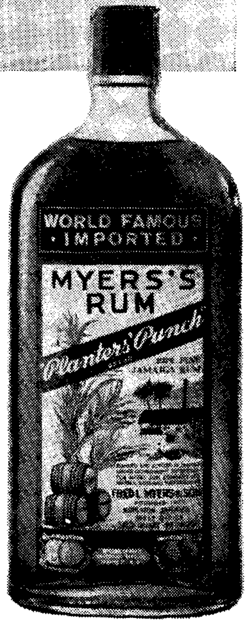

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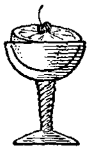

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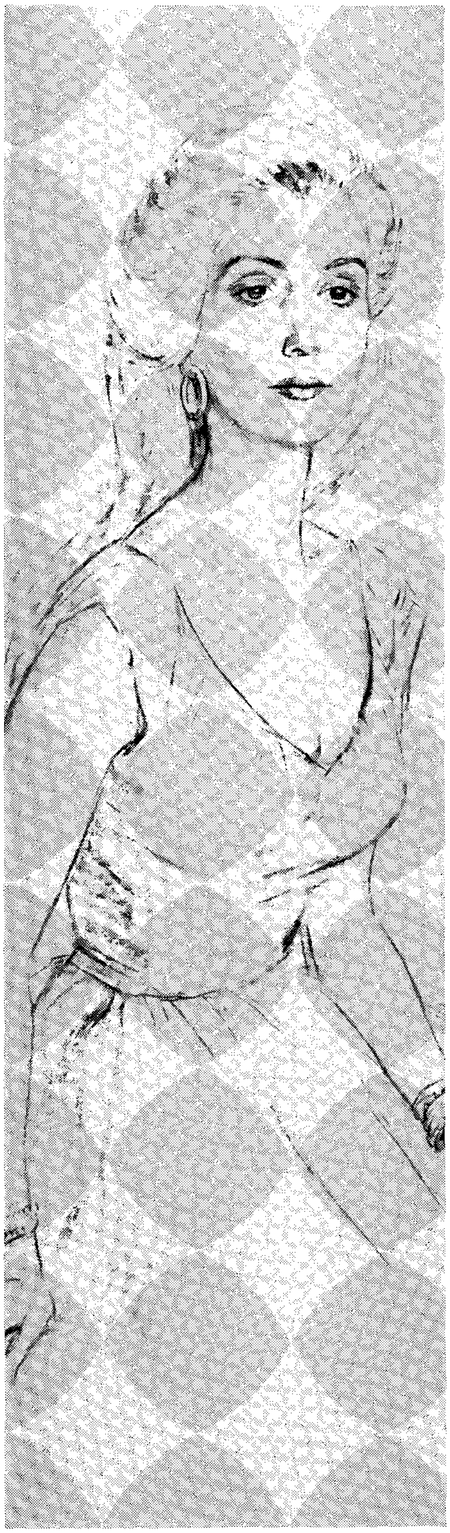

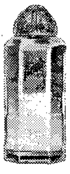

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if the ones I saw were representative specimens, all were enormous, which may be some sort of evidence that a home-relief diet is not deficient in vitamins.) However, there was a slight but perceptible difference in the character of the two gangs: the Mohawks appeared to be better entrenched and more self-assured, the Famous Dukes to be more pushing and savage. This may have been because the Famous Duke territory had been inhabited by Negroes only since 1948, when the first project opened, whereas the Mohawk territory, or a part of it, had been a small Negro enclave as long ago as the twenties, when Brownsville was otherwise Jewish. It must be added that Brownsville was not Elysium when it was all Jewish. Even ten miles away on the west side of Manhattan, when I was growing up there thirty years ago, Pitkin Avenue, which must have been less well policed then, had the reputation of being one of the roughest streets in New York. And the accuracy of that reputation was confirmed a few years later, when the existence of Murder, Inc., whose headquarters were in Brownsville and most of whose operatives were Brownsville Jews, became known.

Naturally, there were girls associated with both the Mohawks and the Famous Dukes; there were Famous Duchesses as well as Mohawk Debs. The Famous Duchesses were an atypical and outrageous band. They were a bona-fide fighting gang—one of the few girl fighting gangs the Youth Board has ever come across—and their depredations in the neighborhood were the original reason for the addition of a female street-club worker to the Brownsville staff. (The reason the street-club project was all male until a couple of years ago was not that the Youth Board was unaware of the numerous problems gang girls have and present but that the Youth Board's limited resources of time and personnel had to be allocated to work with boys because boys do so much more physical injury than girls to property and to other people. Even now, only nine of the hundred and fifty-odd street-club workers in New York are women, which is why I have called Mrs. Noville's work an experiment.) By the time I got to Brownsville, though, the Famous Duchesses had misbehaved themselves virtually out of existence. A couple of them had become pregnant, a couple of others had been evicted, on the ground of general unseemliness, from the housing project they lived in and had left the neighborhood, and the two most ferocious had been nabbed by the police as they were conducting a purse-

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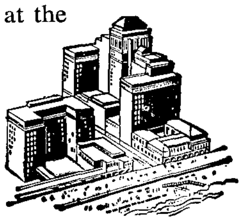

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snatching operation, and were at the State Training School for Girls, in Hudson, New York. One of these was a girl named Ruby, who, Mrs. Noville told me, with what I can only describe as professional enthusiasm, was the most extraordinary person (though she may have meant case) she had ever met. Ruby, who was just twelve years old when she was arrested, and was not big for her age, was apparently the fighting heart of the Famous Duchesses. She was fearless and fierce. She would fight regardless of the size or number of her opponents, and when she fought she fought to win, with any weapon that lay to hand, though her favorites were a length of two-by-four and her fingernails, which she kept long and sharp. Ruby almost always wore pants rather than a skirt, and she habitually kept her head tightly bound in a black bandanna. It is questionable whether Ruby could have been reformed by street-club work alone, rather than by some more heroic treatment, but in any case Mrs. Noville did not have enough time with her to make much progress. The Charm Clinic had some effect on her, however. Before she disappeared upstate, she had been sufficiently influenced by Mrs. Noville's femininity campaign to snatch the bandanna off whenever she came into Mrs. Noville's presence. I once asked Mrs. Noville if Ruby had ever been pregnant. "Why should Ruby be different from everybody else?" she answered, and went on to say that Ruby was pregnant when she was arrested. Then, at Youth House for Girls, while she was awaiting transfer to Hudson, she helped organize, and participated actively in, a riot. At the height of it, she lost her baby.

Unlike the Famous Duchesses, the Mohawk Debs were a conventional group—an informal association of girls who, in their eagerness for the glory they thought the Mohawk name would reflect on them, were delighted to drink with the Mohawks, sleep with the Mohawks, and, if the occasion demanded, carry weapons and furnish alibis for the Mohawks. At about the time the Famous Duchesses were chewing themselves to pieces, the Mohawk Debs began to disintegrate in an unobtrusive way. Probably the principal cause of the disintegration was that the Mohawks themselves were losing some of their fighting spirit. The gang's leaders had reached nineteen or twenty and had outgrown mass sidewalk belligerence, and intensive street-club work had frustrated the formation of a leadership cadre of younger boys. More important, the changes in gang organization that

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were taking place all over the city were taking place in Brownsville, too. Today, indeed, the era of the big gang and the full-fledged "bop," when battles involving forty or fifty boys on a side were fought in the streets, seems to be over. Now the characteristic juvenile group is the clique (the members' own word for it), numbering five or six, and the characteristic juvenile outrage is the ambush, in which the members of a clique waylay a putative enemy and deal with him without any immediate risk to themselves—just the ultimate risk of retaliation. Cliques don't give themselves names; their membership and their alliances with other cliques shift bewilderingly; and, of course, they make street-club work—and police work—a good deal harder than gangs did, which may be why they are replacing gangs. In any event, one of the side effects of the changeover has been to leave the ladies' auxiliaries of the big gangs without sustenance, since being an auxiliary of a nameless, secret group is no way to acquire glory. That, fundamentally, was what happened to the Mohawk Debs. Another thing that happened to them was that the group's three most influential members all got pregnant at the same time. I suppose I seem to be harping on the subject of pregnancy. If I am, it is because every authority I have discussed the matter with agrees that sexual promiscuity is practically a built-in trait of girls who associate with gang boys, or who are themselves delinquent in other ways. Among the girls Mrs. Noville has worked with, virginity is nonexistent. Anyway, it was not extraordinary that three Mohawk Debs should become pregnant at the same time, though the fact that the three happened to be the group's top leadership was a disruptive coincidence.

The heiresses-apparent to the girls who went out of action were Ethel and a certain Hazel. Because they were mortal enemies, they couldn't work together, and neither was powerful enough to run the Mohawk Debs on her own. And so, during the late spring and summer of 1962, while the Mohawks, prodded by their street-club worker, were making an elaborate show of rearranging themselves into social clubs with comprehensive bylaws and sweet-sounding names, the Mohawk Debs evaporated. In the fall, Hazel and eight or ten of her adherents formed a social club of their own, which, they said (and apparently they meant it), represented the breaking of whatever connection they had with Mohawks or Mohawk Debs. One day, after I had been going to Brownsville for quite a few

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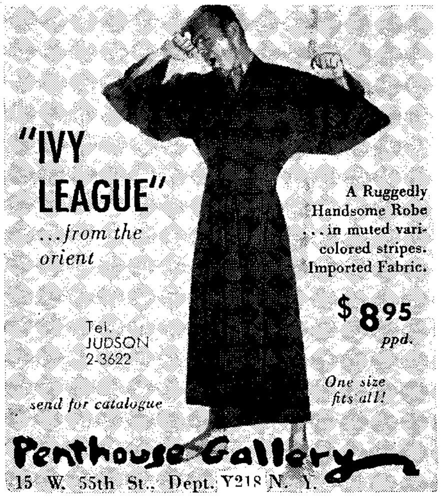

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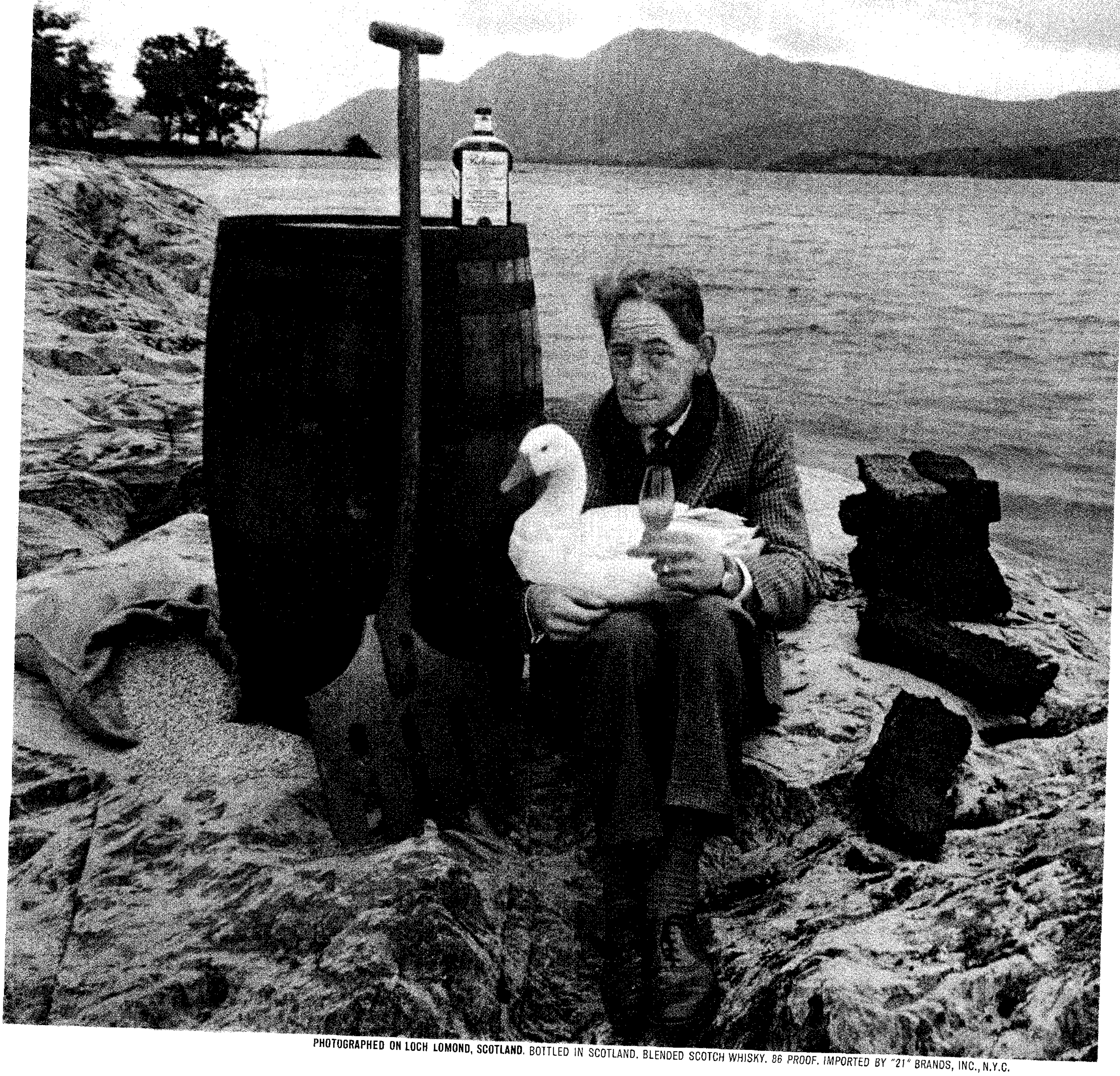

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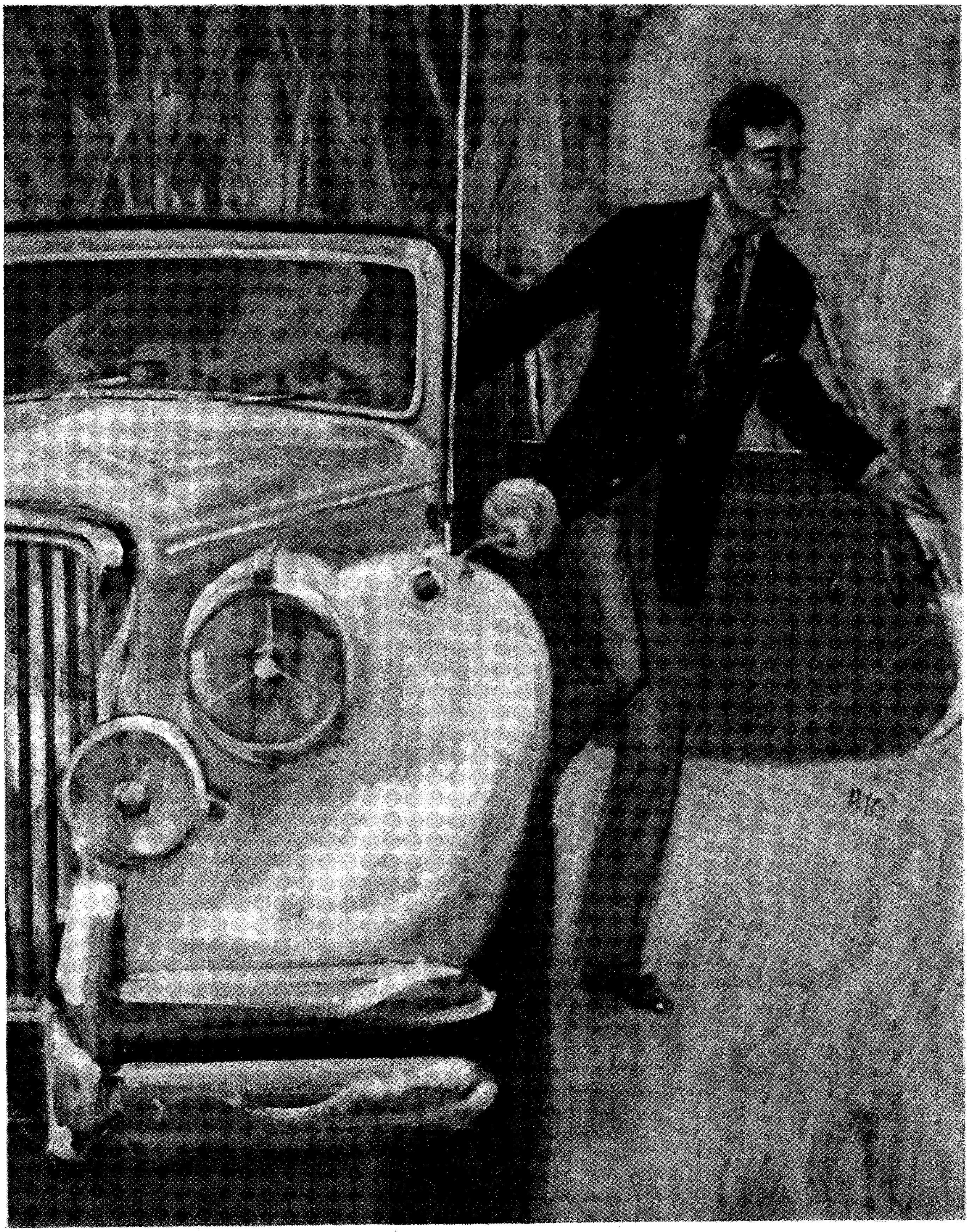

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weeks, Ethel described these girls to Mrs. Noville as "traitors," and not long after that Mrs. Noville became convinced that the act of treason was what had goaded Ethel, in a forlorn attempt to administer restoratives to the Mohawk Debs, to rally *her* adherents into the Persian Queens. (It is possible that the reason the Persian Queens are so oddly indifferent to the notion of acquiring sweaters is that the only name that it would give them any satisfaction to see on sweaters is Mohawk Debs, and that is out of the question.)

While I was in Brownsville, I saw something of Hazel and her group, too. Considering that the members of both clubs started out in life as Mohawk Debs, the contrast between the two is startling. Hazel's club calls itself the Athenian Ladies, acting on a suggestion from the boy friend of one of the members—a young man who is a profound enough scholar to have earned the local epithet of "heavy." I once asked a few of the girls what the name "Athenian Ladies" meant to them, and discovered that they had a quite adequate idea of the implications of the word "Athenian" (I'm substituting names again, of course, but the real one had scholarly implications, too), even though a couple of them weren't very clear as to the exact location or name of the city involved. The Athenian Ladies want sweaters, like to go on trips, and don't let Mrs. Noville hold their money. Most of them are still in school, at least half of them are from families not on relief, and three of them live in households that include fathers. One of the things about them that struck me particularly, now that I had seen a lot of Brownsville girls, was that most of the time most of them wore neat pleated skirts, which indicated that they were the objects of a certain amount of maternal solicitude. The Persians, to a girl, wear short, tight skirts.

It is quite understandable that Hazel and Ethel don't get along. In almost every respect except economic status—Hazel's home is in an abominable building, next door to and identical with the building where the Robinsons live—the two girls are totally unlike. Ethel is placid and Hazel is jumpy. Ethel is good-natured and Hazel is irascible. Ethel is unaffected and Hazel is self-conscious. Ethel is brawny and Hazel is frail. Ethel is frumpy and Hazel is chic. Ethel is dull and Hazel is bright. Ethel runs her club by being president and issuing orders, and Hazel runs hers by declining office and making suggestions. But probably the most significant difference between them is that Ethel

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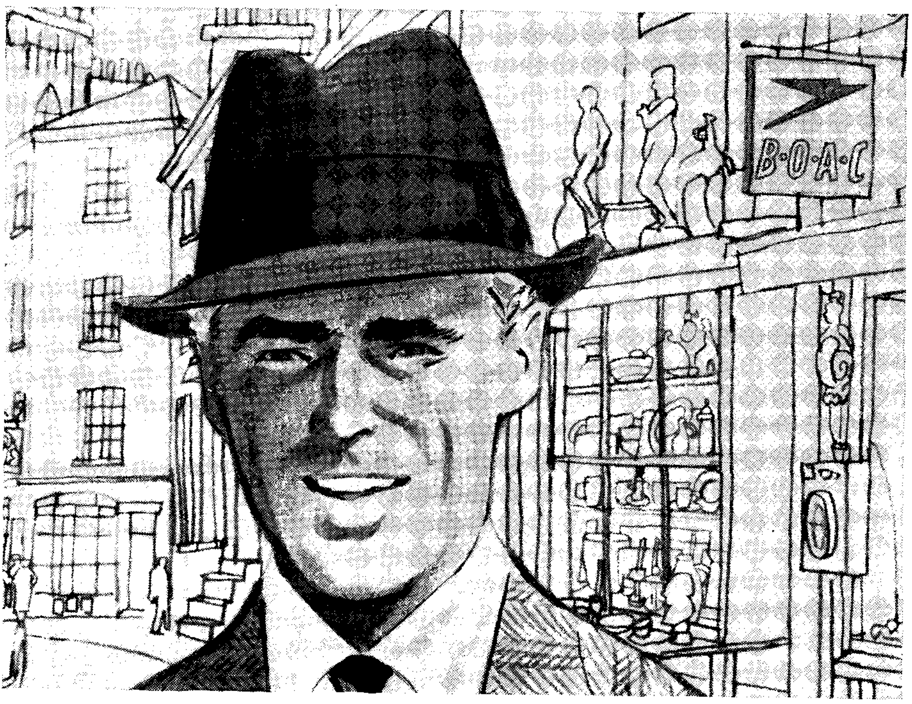

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looks like a person who will be a member of housing-project society all her life, while Hazel is clearly—to borrow a phrase that social workers seem to enjoy using—"upward mobile." The phrase doesn't mean that Hazel is well-behaved. She certainly isn't that. She is, or at least was, a committed gang girl, and, indeed, it is likely that because of her unstable temper, not to mention the visible rudiments of a persecution complex, she has been in more scrapes than Ethel ever has. Hazel's attitude toward Mrs. Noville has been demanding to the point of being infantile. For example, a few days before the fashion show she became furious with Mrs. Noville because she felt that Mrs. Noville hadn't given her her rightful share of tickets. Hazel's story was that she had been in the crowd of girls around Mrs. Noville when the tickets were being distributed, and that every time Mrs. Noville saw her she had quickly looked away and given tickets to someone else. I had been in the room at the time, and had seen what happened; Hazel had been lurking in a far corner, almost out of sight, waiting for Mrs. Noville to notice her and make a show of calling her forward for her tickets, and Mrs. Noville never had noticed her. Mrs. Noville made a point of calling at Hazel's house as soon as she could and giving her the tickets. Hazel accepted them, of course, but not without stating explicitly that she wasn't particularly impressed by the fact that Mrs. Noville had gone so far out of her way, since that was no more than Mrs. Noville's duty as a social worker. It was a perceptive remark, and came close enough to the truth to leave Mrs. Noville with little to do in response but smile and say, "You're welcome, Hazel." As I have said, Hazel is bright. She is taking a commercial course in high school, and doing well at it. I watched her at the typewriter one evening at the Youth Board office, and it seemed to me that she was already qualified for a job. The reason it is important for the Youth Board to work with her, and work fast, is that Hazel's upward mobility, once she is out of school, may well take some such form as working her way up through the ranks to the position of booking agent for a string of party girls. For Hazel is determined to say goodbye, one way or another, to Welfare checks and tenements and wine parties and three-dollar shoes and community-center dances—in fact, to Brownsville and all that it represents. Whatever she does, she will leave the Persian Queens far behind.

And this brings me to what is, essen-

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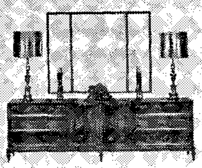

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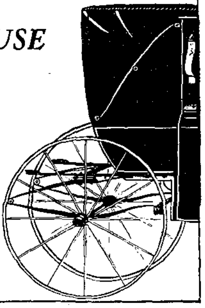

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tially, the antagonist against which Mrs. Noville and her colleagues have been struggling. It is Brownsville itself, one of the lost neighborhoods—the many lost neighborhoods—in New York. In the course of moving around the city over the years, I have devised a number of lost-neighborhood tests, which may not be definitive, but which I find give me an idea of the way a neighborhood is regarded by the authorities and by its inhabitants, too. Brownsville passes them all. There is the garbage-pail test: On almost any Brownsville street—except Pitkin Avenue—at almost any time of almost any day, there are dozens of full, if not overflowing, garbage pails. There is the sidewalk test: Most Brownsville sidewalks—except on Pitkin Avenue—are cracked and pitted. There is the coin-machine test: Not one chewing-gum, peanut, or candy machine that I put money into in any Brownsville subway station was working. Most important, there is the passerby test: Almost everybody I saw on Brownsville streets—including Pitkin Avenue—looked as if he belonged in Brownsville, and nowhere else. It is this last phenomenon that makes Brownsville, though it looks like New York and sounds like New York and smells like New York, seem to me not like some other place but like no place at all. I suppose geography has a good deal to do with it. Though Brownsville is in the heart of the city, it is a backwater. It is a neighborhood quite without museums or monuments, office buildings or halls of justice, docks or railroad stations, bridges or tunnels, roller coasters or cabarets, or anything else that might attract someone who doesn't live or work there. It isn't even on the way to or from anywhere, except Canarsie. And so Brownsville is not only a neglected neighborhood and a poor neighborhood but a dull neighborhood as well, and the dullness all too often amounts to positive lethargy—or, more accurately, to hopelessness—as in the instance of the Persian Queens: Frances, sitting in a saloon while her three babies do whatever it is they do in their squalid room; the Robinson girls, without furniture, without a father, without prospects; Lucretia, who in another environment might be an ordinary girl but is too ordinary to deal with the environment in which she finds herself; Kelly, humming a merry tune to herself while her baby cries for his bottle; Ethel, who more than likely has been a working prostitute for years. There, dully waiting for Brownsville to be retrieved from outer space, I must leave the Persian Queens. —ROBERT RICE

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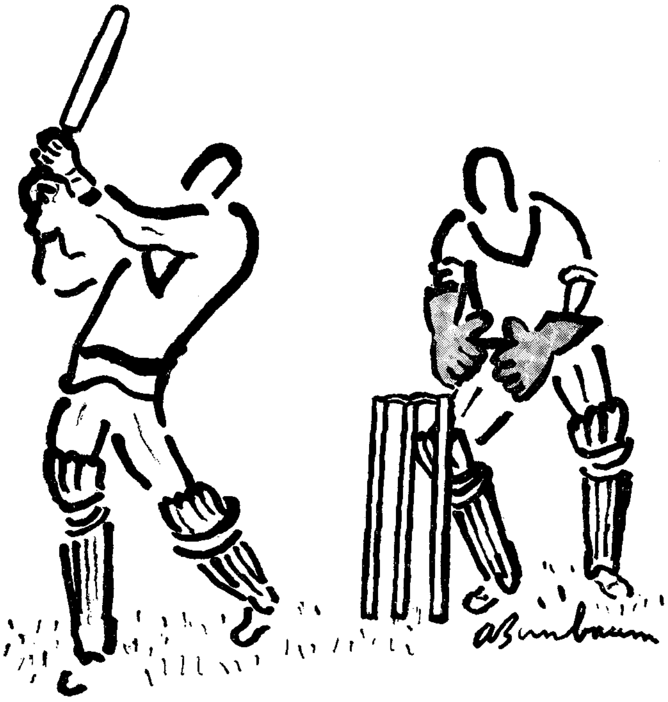

WHEN what the English laughingly call summer rolls around, the signs of it are most often to be found not so much in the weather as in the extraneous activities of the populace, who, if they cannot always change their clothes, can at least take up a strenuous change of activity based on the hypothetical presence of the sun. When the sun *does* shine—as it did splendidly during the first three weeks of June this year—England takes on the air of the garden we have always read it to be, and at the same time it becomes a tumultuous mecca for anyone with a sporting appetite as insatiable as mine. I counted a round dozen events that I felt I could not afford to miss: on the heels of the Derby and the Oaks came Ascot Week; there were the tennis championships at Queen's Club and Wimbledon, and an improbable Davis Cup match between Britain and Russia; there was the amateur golf championship at St. Andrews, and perpetual polo at Hurlingham and Cowdray Park; the voluble Cassius Clay was taking on Henry Cooper, a local boy; the Henley Royal Regatta was waiting in the wings. In fact, whenever the sun stayed out long enough to appear to be a permanent fixture, the summer, in prospect, looked like a sportsman's dream, and under its influence I turned to the gentlest and drowsiest game of all—cricket, which was being played endlessly on some of the greenest and pleasantest patches of land left in England.

Cricket, although I played it as a schoolboy in Scotland, has always remained on the outer reaches of my attention. It never seemed to bring about a true addiction, and yet . . . For one thing, it is the most English of all games; the Scots play it only peripherally. They are, I think, too violent to be contained by the slow, gentlemanly pace of the game; they play it, at best, with a reserved racial suspicion. For another thing, when I arrived as a boy at my first serious school, in Edinburgh, I turned out in a pair of inherited *brown* cricket boots and was hooted at by all my schoolmates, in their new white ones. In retaliation, I hit out wildly at every ball that was bowled to me, sometimes connecting impressively but more often being bowled out at once. After spending the past summer in close attention to the game, however, I have been thoroughly converted, so that today, back in Spain, where I live, I have just passed the rainy tag end of summer with my ear tuned in to a short-wave radio, hoping to catch the gentle, unimpassioned voice of the B.B.C. commentator murmuring, "Now Hall is coming in to bowl from the gasworks end, and a small shaft of sunlight has momentarily pierced the clouds." I ignore the bullfights and the bicycle races whirling about me as over the crackling air come a whiff of damp grass, a lazy vision of white-flannelled figures wandering to their places, the occasional crack of a bat, and the distant, sparse applause.

In June, however, I sat through seemingly endless days at Lord's—the cricket ground in North London that is the headquarters of the Marylebone Cricket Club, founded in 1787 and still the game's governing body—in a green, amiable daze, quite content to follow the rest of the English sporting scene in the evening papers as I walked home at dusk in a mellow, grassy dream. Cricket, as I had always known but never quite realized, is a way of being, an ethic, a whole outlook on the world, emanating at the same time a sense of quiet, rustic pleasure such as seems almost to have vanished from the earth. Under the sun, London had burst into flower, and wore an air of timeless euphoria. Nothing helps this happy illusion along more than cricket, for a normal county match lasts for three days, while the Test Matches, as the international contests between the cricketing countries of the world are called, run for a period of five. Each day's play begins at eleven-thirty in the morning and continues, with a lunch and a tea interval, until six-thirty in the evening, when the batsmen and fielders trail their long, sidling shadows into the pavilion. Since the satisfaction we take from most games is one of sharp tension and foreseeable release—a taut expectancy translated into the relief of action—it is obvious that cricket is a special case, asking for a *different kind of attention.* It is a game that depends on so much more than sheer skill—on unknowns like time, weather, temperament, and the calculation of probabilities—that it is the connoisseur's delight; during one of the Test Matches, I noticed a small, lavender-clad lady who perched on the same seat every day and never missed a ball. She marked her score card assiduously, clucking and tutting from time to time, and during the intervals she nibbled a sandwich with her tea and knitted calmly until the players reappeared. Missing a moment of play would have been like dropping a stitch, and she looked incapable of either.

ONE of the most inconceivable tasks in the world is to attempt to explain cricket to non-cricketers, however willing their attention. There is nothing about it to catch the eye immediately, and few sudden elations that the occasional spectator can carry away as an unspecialized thrill. The excitement comes from concentration, from a kind of mind reading that varies from ball to ball, from the intricate tactical variations applied by each side. Englishmen seeing baseball for the first time are apt to wave it aside as a glorified form of "rounders"—an innocent game that most English children play in kindergarten—but

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they never sneer for long, because such things as double plays and home runs are things to marvel at in themselves, simply as happenings. Cricket provides little that is as evident or as tangible. Every ball implies an infinity of possibilities, yet they do not always happen—or, at least, if they do, they are not sudden, soaring astonishments but the result of careful application. This is not to say that cricket is not a game of chance; it is only that chance spread over three days is less likely to take the breath away than if it is concentrated in a couple of hours.

Cricket and baseball do lend themselves naturally to comparison, but, as Cocteau says in another context, they are alike save in everything. Bat and ball, yes; but where baseball's element is air, the ball touching the ground only incidentally, cricket's is grass. You will hear old cricketers debate for hours on the state of the field, or pitch (Is it soft? Is it dry? Will it take spin bowling? Will the ball lift?), because the fortunes of the game so thoroughly depend on it. The game is concentrated on a strip of well-rolled turf, twenty-two yards long, called the wicket; at either end of it are the stumps—three thigh-high wooden sticks, topped by loose bails—and defending each set of stumps is a batsman. The bowler tries to knock the bails off the stumps; the batsman tries to defeat this plan, either by blocking the ball with his bat or by banging out what in baseball would be a hit. (But there are no foul balls in cricket.) After six balls have been bowled from one end of the wicket (the unit of play called an "over"), the whole field changes around; another bowler takes charge, and the batsman at the opposite end of the wicket receives the bowling. In delivering the ball, the bowler takes a momentum-gathering run and then throws it with a straight, overarm action, bouncing it off the turf at a point where it is likely to deceive the batsman and hit the stumps. The fielding side is strategically placed to pick up any catches that an injudicious poke may send their way (a caught fly ball retires the batsman); the batsman, for his part, judges the ball and plays the appropriate stroke, either to defend his stumps or to hit the ball through the fielders. If he hits it hard enough for it to cross the boundary that encircles the field, he collects four runs—six runs if it crosses the boundary on the fly. If it does not reach the boundary, he and his fellow-batsman at the other end of the wicket run between the stumps; each time they cross and reach the other end safely adds a

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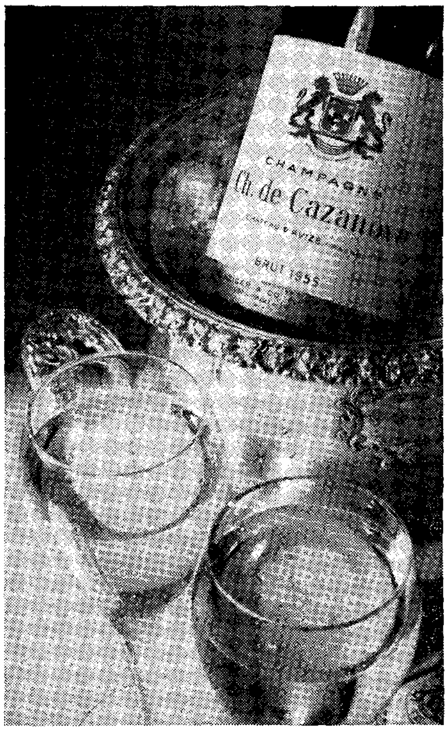

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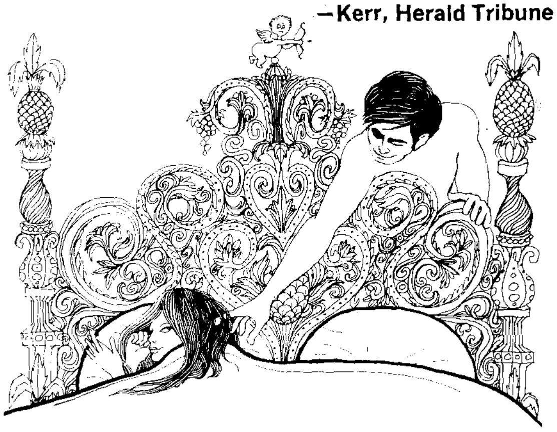

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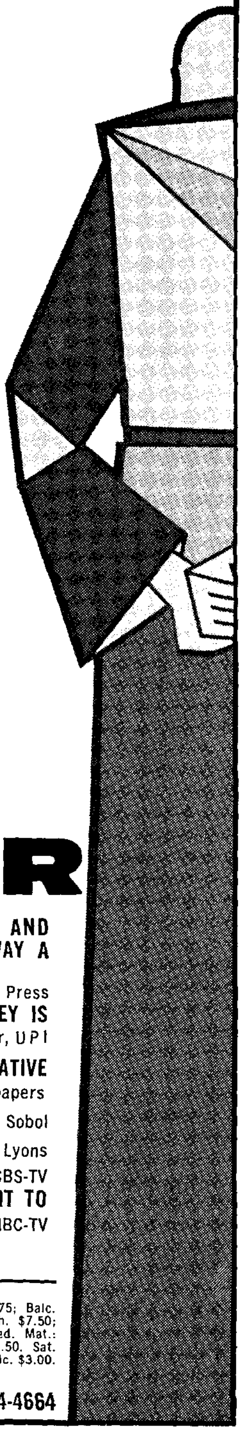

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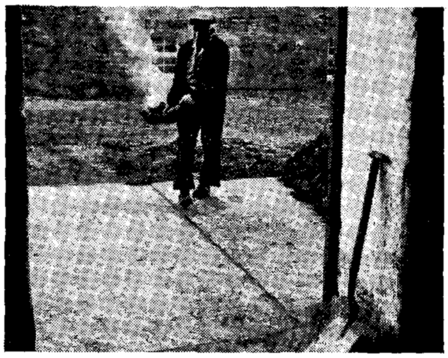

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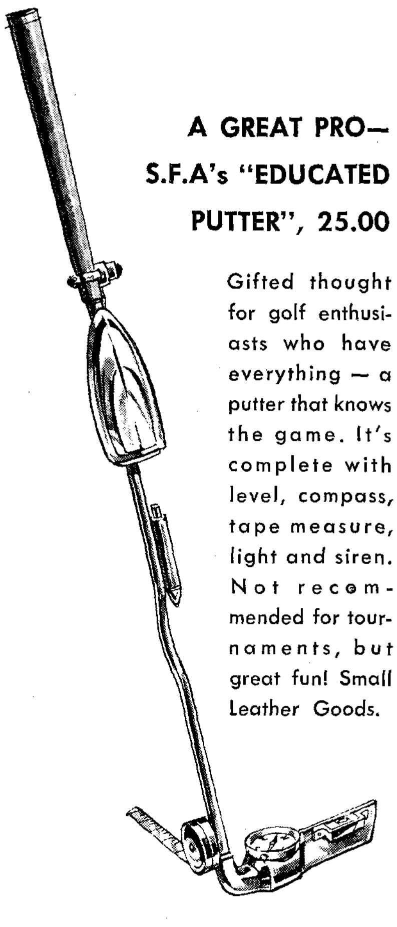
run to the score. The team principle is quite simple. There are eleven men on a side, and whichever side bats first must play until ten men are out—or, in the language of the game, until ten wickets have fallen. (The eleventh batsman, obviously, has no one left to partner him, and consequently can score no more runs.) At this point, the fielding side comes in and bats to the extinction of *its* ten wickets. Each team then has a second innings (always plural in cricket), and the game is decided on the total of the scores in the two innings. This, however, is a ludicrously simple summation of what practically never happens; the game is so full of "if"s and "but"s, so prone to uncertainties and unknowns, that no two games are ever alike, and none is in any way predictable.

The game's origins are misty—there are all kinds of Olde English village contests, like tipcat, rounders, and stoolball, that could in principle claim ancestry—but cricket itself was mentioned by name as early as 1300, in the wardrobe accounts of Edward I, the Hammer of the Scots. Cromwell suppressed it, but it was part of traditional English life, and in the eighteenth century it was standardized to the point where, in 1744, the first known version of the laws of cricket was published. "Ye pitching of ye first wicket is to be determined by ye cast of a piece of money," they begin, and in essence they lay down the bones of the game as it is played now, and as it was exported to the outposts of empire—New Zealand, South Africa, the West Indies, India, and, most conspicuously, Australia, England's greatest cricketing rival. (In Corfu this spring, I came across a cricket match being played on a matting wicket in the town square; the Lord Byron Cricket Club was taking on a neighboring village without benefit of grass but with no lack of zeal.) A prodigious accumulation of history, facts, records, and marginalia of the game is concentrated in a stubby annual volume called Wisden's *Cricketers' Almanack*, which is known simply as Wisden. The book was the brain child of one John Wisden, known in his day as the Little Wonder, so magnificently did he perform, for all his five feet four inches, with ball and bat. I bought my centenary edition of Wisden at the newsstand at Lord's as I was preparing to watch the Second Test Match (there were five matches in all) between England and the West Indies, and in the various intervals that cropped up—lunch, tea, rain—during the five days' play, I flipped regularly through



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its eleven hundred and thirty-one pages, stuffing my head with irrelevant cricket lore and finding out a good deal more than I wanted to know; what Wisden did, however, was to lend the action on the field a kind of historical aura, to fill the shadows with the noble, bearded ghosts of yesteryear.

The spine of English cricket is the county championship—played out between April and September by teams representing the major counties—but to find cricket at its most jovial you have only to stop on the fringes of some village green on a Saturday afternoon, where two hastily concocted teams, always numbering among them vicars, blacksmiths, and local ratcatchers, keep trying to thump the ball mightily over the local elms. These are beerily hilarious games that never figure in Wisden, yet they have a kind of earthy spirit that the county games too often lack. This year, cricketing attention was fixed on the visit of the West Indies team, for the West Indians, from the moment they arrived, shivering, brought a kind of village delight with them. They played cricket as rampantly as boys let out of school for the afternoon; they were cheerful, graceful, and deadly at the same time. For some seasons now, the game in England has been going stale, and there has been a steady, grumbling plea for "brighter cricket." The West Indians looked to be the answer to all this, for they set about their games with a kind of extravagance and had the cricketing public positively tingling with anticipation.

A Test series in England extends over the whole summer, which makes it subject to all the hazards that govern English cricket in general—the weather, mostly, which can wash out three of the five days' play and punctuate what activity there is with long, drizzling waits. But this year the sun came out, and the West Indian tourists, playing with broad grins and abandon, trounced England in the First Test Match, in Manchester. (In their first time at bat, they made the monumental score of 501, which England could match only in *two* innings of unspectacular batting.) It was their bowling, however, that made the most seasoned spectators whistle. They had two fast bowlers—Wesley Hall and Charlie Griffith—who bowled tirelessly and devastatingly, and a lazy-looking spin bowler, Lance Gibbs, who had the English batsmen floundering helplessly, and the sportswriters were clucking and shaking their heads over England's chances in the series. Nevertheless, everyone was look-

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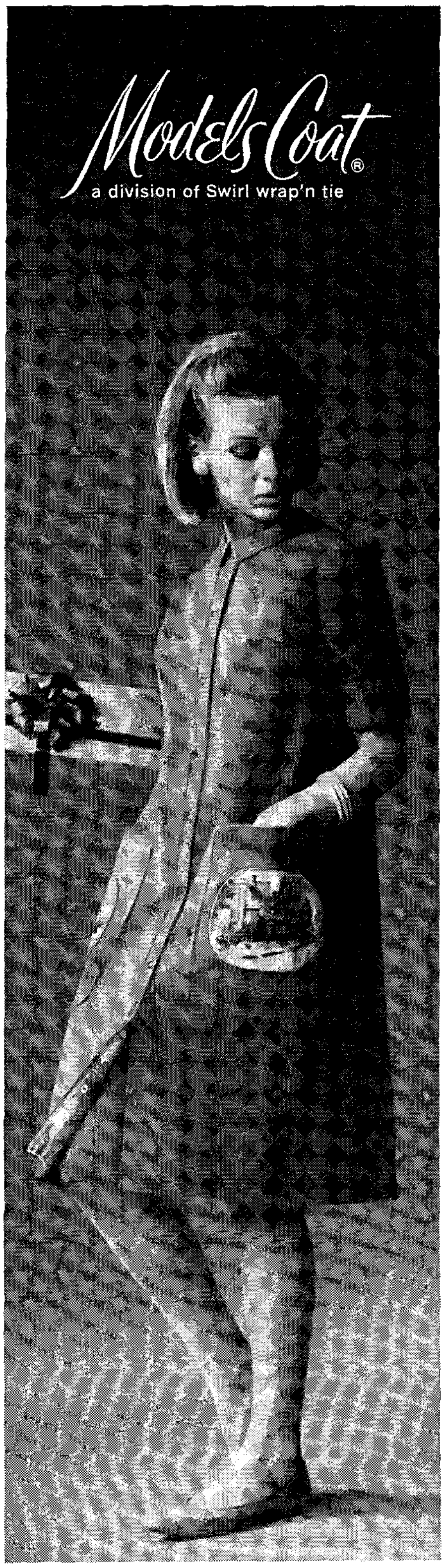
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ing forward to the Second Test, at Lord's, with the headiest excitement.

WHEN I wriggled into the ground early on the first day, Thursday, the place felt truly festive. The pitch at Lord's is completely surrounded by low stands and terraces, and also by a complex of small enterprises: Dark's Sweet Shop, which has been there for well over a hundred years, and a variety of pubs, all named with cricketing overtones—the Slip Inn, the Cricketers' Rest, the Long Stop, the Full Toss, the Lord's Tavern. (Cricket has a bizarre language all its own—"two men in slips, a silly mid-on, and a short third man," for instance—which evades all but experience.) What brought such a tingle to Lord's on this occasion was the large crowd of West Indians who had come to provide a proper wave length for their champions to play on; during the five days' play they set up such a storm of good cheer that they had the crustiest old parties smiling with pleasure. They formed solid black phalanxes around the boundary, umbrellas at the ready, calypsos on their lips. (The contrast in comment was often very funny. "Oh, well played indeed, sir!" murmured a terse Englishman at my elbow, while a joyous West Indian two rows in front sang out, "Beauty bat, man!") I took my seat the first morning in a more normally representative section of the crowd—three purple-capped schoolboys with a sheaf of score cards, pencils at the ready; a tweedy woman with a pair of giant binoculars; parsons perched here and there like occasional crows; and venerable old gentlemen in faded blazers, their eyes moist with memories. Nearby, a new apartment house was being raised with an abrasive, drilling persistence, but the flags were hanging still, the pigeons waited in groups by the boundary ropes, and occasional wisps of dandelion fluff drifted about in the languid air. Suddenly, to a roar of pleasure, the captains came out to inspect the wicket—Ted Dexter for England, a tall, loose-walking figure with a kind of patrician dash in his play that has led him to be called Lord Ted, and Frank Worrell for the West Indies, a gentle, courteous, and wisely judicious player, who had delighted the public in Manchester by his habit of sleeping peacefully in the dressing room while his team amassed runs. To the crowd, the West Indians were already heroes and household gods—Garfield Sobers, generally acknowledged as the greatest all-round player in the game; the bowlers Hall, Griffith, and Gibbs; Conrad

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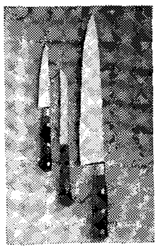

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Hunte, the vice-captain, who had coolly scored a hundred and eighty-two in the First Test; and Rohan Kanhai, a young batsman who had sent columnists shuffling through their Wisdens for suitable comparisons. The English side had its heroes, too, but we knew only too well their tragic flaws—an English team is always infuriatingly unpredictable. If its leading batsmen fail, its tail-enders are triumphant. Hope was all we could give them, whereas to the West Indies we readily granted expectation. On this occasion, the West Indies won the toss, and elected to bat—a wise choice, for the pitch was dry and firm, and likely to help the batting side. Soon, we watched the English team troop out to field, tossing the ball about in a leisurely way until the two opening West Indies batsmen came out to take their stance. Dexter chose Freddie Trueman, the Yorkshire fast bowler, to deliver the first over, and the schoolboys squealed with pleasure. Trueman is the groundlings' delight—a dauntless, workaday bowler whose frequent and unprintable exchanges with the crowd have taught them to idolize him. As he trundled up to bowl the first ball to Hunte, we dropped into a watchful excitement that never let up during the five days of play.

In the course of the game, I absorbed a variety of cricketing lore from the schoolboys in exchange for an odd ten minutes' use of my binoculars; statistics were on the tip of their tongues, and they translated the game into language as easily as tried commentators. On the first, balmy day, Kanhai claimed most of the attention; he would drop on one knee and sweep the ball to the boundary in one fluid motion, inducing small whirlwinds of applause. In the Lord's Tavern at lunchtime, I listened to some prodigiously tall predictions from an exuberant knot of West Indians. "We goin' to break de scoreboard, man—it not big enough for all de runs we makin'." "Oil de England dressin'-room door, groundsman, for it goin' to swing plenty an' oftin." By the time the West Indies' first innings had been brought to a close—on the second day—they had made a tidy 301, to the unebbing delight of their supporters, and when England, following them at bat, lost their first wicket for a faltering two runs, a positive jubilation rose around the boundary. The woman on my left muttered and bit her nails; businessmen arriving in the late afternoon from the City fanned themselves with their bowler hats and clutched their umbrellas like extra bats. At the time, the fate of Mr. Mac-

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"Congratulations, Son!" said his father. "But why not Number 1?"

"W-e-l-l," Johnny stammered. "There was *this girl* . . ."

"You mean you let a *mere girl* get ahead of you?" the father asked.

"You see, Dad," the boy explained, "girls aren't as *mere* as they were in your day!"

Likewise, to us Kentucky distillers in search of valued customers, today's grown-up girls are not as mere as once they were. In fact, American women, in their role as chief guardian of the household purse string, now account for upwards of thirty percent of all beverage purchases.

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millan's Government appeared to be hanging in the balance, and what the crowd seemed to be asking of Dexter and his men was some kind of profound reassurance, for, whatever was going on in the corridors of power, it certainly was not cricket.

Dexter did his best. With his old partner, Barrington, of Surrey, he pushed the score along to a healthy 102, sometimes brilliantly, sometimes uncertainly, before being dispatched by Sobers. But when Colin Cowdrey, England's most seasoned batsman, was skittled out by Gibbs for only four runs, just before the close of play, we walked home in pensive gloom. The newsstands all had printed placards announcing "CRISIS: LATEST," but as I passed, these were being replaced by hurried scrawls: "CRICKET: TODAY'S SCORE."

Saturday morning saw the crowd thicker than ever, and in a steadily mounting good humor, for the English batsmen had begun to show an unusual *brio*, hitching the score up, run by run, in barometric excitement, until the last English wicket fell at 297, leaving England only four runs behind. Now the West Indies came in to bat again. Dexter, who had strained a knee, did not come out to field with the English team for the West Indians' second innings, and Cowdrey temporarily assumed the captaincy, measuring the situation with the gravest care, and raising a storm of applause when he caught two successive fly balls himself to dismiss the West Indies' opening pair of batsmen for only fifteen runs. The West Indians, however, were anything but temperamental, and soon Kanhai and Butcher were batting as though they meant to stay in action for the rest of the game. The calypsos started up again—"Cricket, lovely cricket! At Lord's where I saw it!" Fly balls slithered through English fingers, and when Worrell joined Butcher after tea—Kanhai having been retired with twenty-one runs—the two of them took the score complacently to 214. At the end of the day's play, the West Indies had lost only five of their ten wickets. It was still anybody's game, but England was left with a leeway to make up, a position in which it is never at its best.

Since a five-day Test Match always begins on a Thursday, Sunday is a breathing space, a day for meditatively calculating the odds. On this Sunday, I ran into a West Indian friend in a local pub, and we pitched in to argument. He confessed himself disappointed with England. "*We* always play de same game, but your men, dey make

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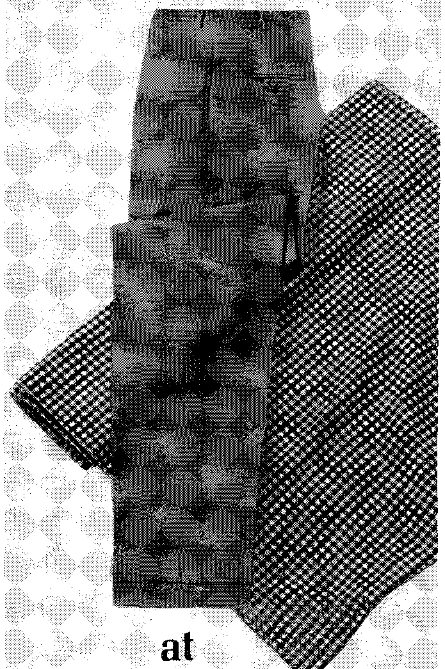

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hundrids an' den nothin' at all, and so you don' know where you is with 'em. But dis game is music, man, and we goin' to win, I tell you. Unless for de rain—dat we doan' like at all." Neither of us, however, guessed at the excitement to come.

I arrived late at Lord's on Monday morning, missing the sudden turn of fortune that gave England the last five West Indies wickets for a cheap fifteen runs. This left the West Indies with a second-innings total of 229 runs and an over-all total of 530. When England went in to bat, it needed 234 runs to win—a task so formidable, I was assured gloomily by the schoolboys (confirmed by Wisden), as to provide little ground for hope. A day and a half of play remained before the unalterable closing time of six-thirty Tuesday afternoon, and it looked as though the game were certainly going to be played to a finish. (When the playing time runs out with the last innings uncompleted, the game is a draw, regardless of how the score stands.) England's opening, however, was anything but inspired. The first two batsmen were both out with only twenty-seven runs scored, and then Dexter, on whom the crowd rested a quite improvident hope, was craftily bowled out by Gibbs after adding a feeble pair of runs. Barrington and Cowdrey, however, seeming to realize the seriousness of the situation, settled down to a stretch of careful batting, taking no chances, judging each ball carefully, and inching the score up to a point where desperation could give way to concentration. They reached over a hundred runs, and then, in the falling afternoon, a fast ball from Hall whipped in and struck Cowdrey on the left arm. He dropped his bat and hunched over in obvious pain, surrounded by a knot of anxious West Indian players. Then he trudged sadly off the field, and though he was not technically out, and could resume batting later, we sank into gloom when it was announced that his arm was broken. Brian Close, the captain of the Yorkshire County team, joined Barrington as batsman, and together they saw out the afternoon, bringing England's second-innings total thus far to 116, on a loss of three wickets. That left 118 runs still needed to win the match, with a day of play in which to score them. We had already begun to feel weak in anticipation of Tuesday.

TUESDAY, when it dawned—a stained, rainy morning—was to reveal at a stroke all the magnificent complexities of cricket; anyone who

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watched the play will never forget it, for it provided such a flux of possibilities, such a pitch of excitement, that even the most wizened of spectators could not match it in his memory. When I reached Lord's, a scrim of rain was hanging over the ground, and I loitered in the Tavern, waiting for a sign. The weather, if it did not break, could give England a draw—there are no postponements or extensions in cricket—but on this occasion, after such a magnificent lead-up, only the faintest-hearted did not wish for sunshine and a conclusion. The weather seemed of the same mind, for just after lunch the rain withdrew and the umpires came out to inspect the pitch. There was some more delay because of bad light, but the lowering sky brightened, and at two-twenty Barrington and Close strode out, with roughly three and a half hours left to play. Could England add 118? Could the West Indies get England out? Would the rain come back and force a draw? On my way to the stand, I passed one of my schoolboy instructors, and asked him what he thought. "I hope we can do it, sir," he said, touching his purple cap. "We had promised to bring my young sister today, but we decided to leave her at home. This is serious."

It certainly was. Hall and Griffith started to bowl like chargers, and Barrington, who had looked so durable the previous day, prodded a ball shakily with his bat and was caught out with only fourteen of the needed runs scored. He was replaced by Parks, the English wicketkeeper, but it was Close who now took the initiative, stopping some of Hall's ugly, lifting breaks and hitting out unmercifully at the odd careless ball, always trying to snatch a single run at the end of the over, so that he could stay at bat at the other end of the wicket. Parks himself added a brisk 17 before he was retired, and then in came Freddie Titmus, bright as a bird, who, in perfect accord with the gravity of the occasion, kept his end up while Close, gaining in confidence all the time, flashed the ball heroically to the boundary. We were too strung up to cheer. When Titmus was finally caught, England needed only thirty-three runs to win, with some forty minutes left for play. Trueman trudged out amidst a kind of buzzing expectancy, which was cut off sharply when he was caught off his first ball and had to trudge gruntingly back again. Out came the spin bowler Allen to join Close. We could scarcely look.

Bowlers are not meant to be great batsmen, and Allen, appreciative of

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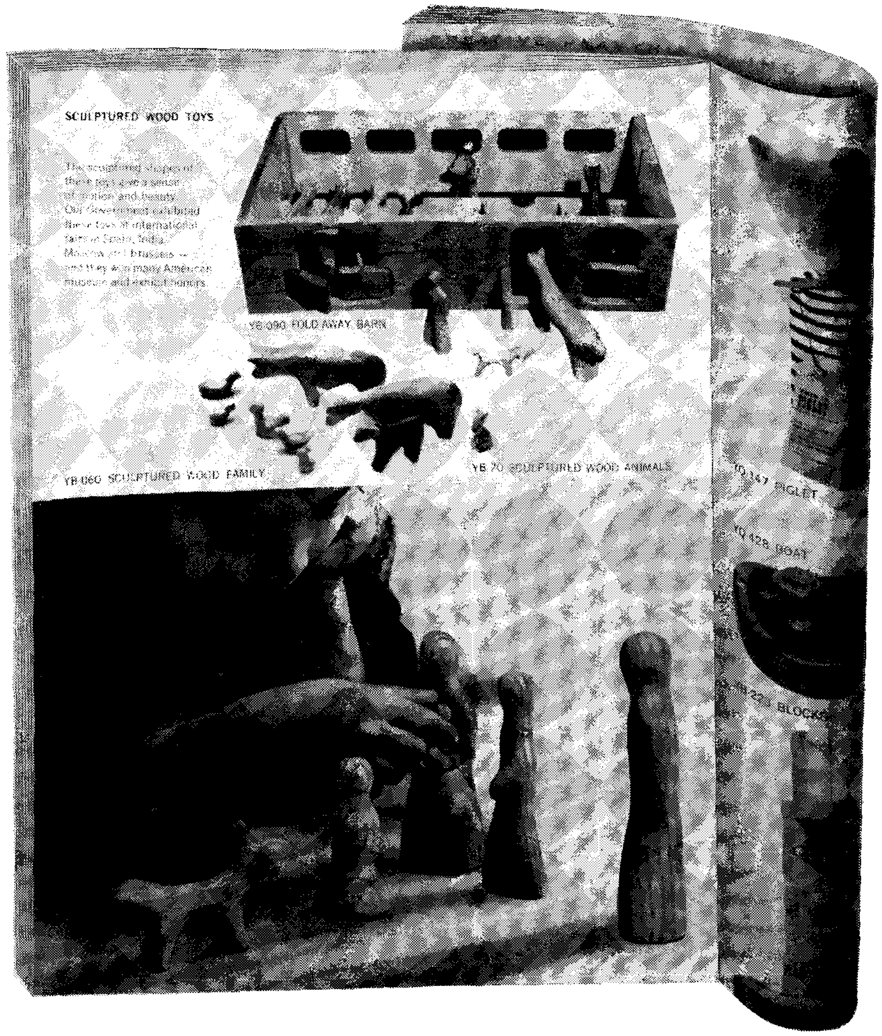
this, had it firmly in his head that he must defend his wicket at all costs and let Close hit away for the scoring. Close's decisions were much more excruciating. He had to choose which balls to hit and which to block; he had to keep the score mounting as the time ran out, and yet not risk being put out through a rash hit, a mistimed swing. This he did magnificently, but then, with England's score only fifteen runs from victory, he poked desperately at a rising ball, did no more than edge it, and was caught by the wicketkeeper. We rose to applaud him, but we groaned in the same breath. Shackleton, another bowler, joined Allen, and between them they scampered for a heart-stopping seven runs, leaving only eight needed to win as Hall started to bowl the last over of the match.

Now the minutes hung in the air like monuments. Technically, four conclusions to the match were still possible: England might win by making the necessary eight runs off the last six balls; the West Indies might win by bowling out the surviving English batsmen; a tie, with England exactly equalling the West Indies' total, was just possible; or there could be a draw, with the English batsmen staying in but not making the necessary eight runs. In the first three balls of Hall's over, Shackleton and Allen scuttled for two singles, leaving only six to make—a score technically possible with one clean hit over the boundary. But Shackleton let Hall's fourth delivery pass him—a situation much like a passed ball in baseball—and Allen, impelled by desperation, started to run for a score. Shackleton, however, did not get his message soon enough and started late from his end. Too late; he was out. This left England with only Cowdrey's unfinished turn at bat, and we had never imagined that he would bat with a freshly broken arm. But now he strode out of the pavilion, his arm in plaster. Two balls left, six runs to make. Allen and Cowdrey had a hurried consultation. Go for the runs or stay safe? We in the stands were almost past caring. Hall started his sprint, cartwheeled his arm, and bowled. A dead straight ball. Allen blocked it. One to go. Again Hall ran; over came his arm and up came Allen's bat, deflecting the ball.

The game was over—a draw, but a draw so taut with possibilities that it would never be forgotten. A horde of West Indians spread over the field, snatching stumps and drowning the players in their relief and delight. Most of us stood gaping, speechless and exhausted. That evening, when I watched



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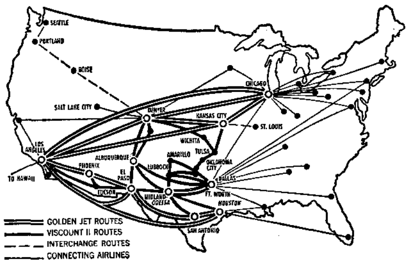
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a recapitulation of the game on television, even my foreknowledge did nothing to kill the excitement. The match was a classic in the moment of its happening; it did not astonish me to find it acclaimed in the next morning's papers as perhaps the greatest Test ever played.

AFTER this, the rest of the Test series, instead of being anticlimactic, was followed with glowing attention, for it had dawned on everyone that not only were the West Indians wonderful to behold as cricketers but they had a way of electrifying any game in which they took part. Excitement mounted even higher when England, mainly owing to some superb bowling by Trueman, won the Third Test, in Birmingham, to level the series. But when the West Indies took the Fourth Test, at Leeds, to draw ahead again, no one despaired, for, in truth, they played like gods. By the time the Fifth Test took place, in London in late August, I was back in Spain, reduced to listening to it on the radio. But this was really no loss, for when I heard "Worrell is putting Hall on to bowl from the Vauxhall end, and Sobers has moved back to deep square leg," I could see them all, the epitome of grace and good cheer, going intently about their game, as much for the fun of it as for anything else. The West Indies won, I was delighted to hear, and took the Test series—the first time a West Indian side had won a series against England since 1912, according to my infallible Wisden, which will be fatter and happier next year with the fruits of this one. As my radio buzzed and roared with the excitement of the game's conclusion, I thought I heard the strains of the calypso "Cricket, lovely cricket!" coming out of the crowd noise. I may have imagined it, but it doesn't matter. It was there somewhere. —ALASTAIR REID

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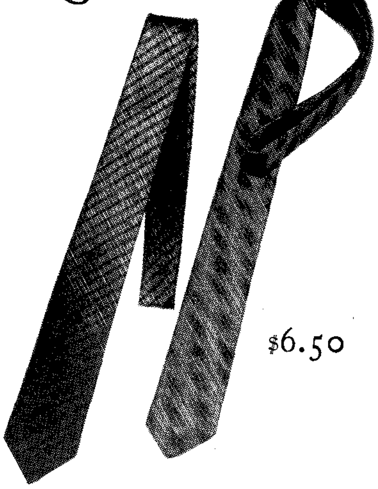

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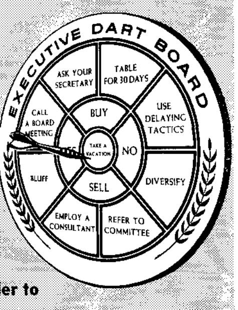
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Sour Joke

ON Thursday evening of last week, at the City Center, the New York City Opera presented a curious affair called "Gentlemen, Be Seated!," with music by Jerome Moross and lyrics by Edward Eager. Despite Mr. Moross's demonstrated powers as a writer of short-winded tunes (he was the composer of "The Golden Apple," which had a run at the Phoenix Theatre about ten years ago), the evening proved to be a strain on me and, I suspect, on all concerned, including the people on the stage. The general idea was to evoke the atmosphere of an old-time minstrel show, and some of the conventions of that ancient art form were sporadically preserved—in parades and lineups, and in the presence of such traditional characters as Mr. Interlocutor, Mr. Tambo, and Mr. Bones, along with a gentleman who played the banjo. This was all incidental, though, to a theme of a sort—the Civil War—which kept poking itself into the proceedings in the form of vaudeville routines, mushy male choruses, and elaborately contrived skits. The piece was not an opera, it was not a minstrel show, it was not very good music, and it was not even very effective theatre. One could easily point out a lot of technical reasons for this state of affairs, among them that, being a mere vaudeville show, "Gentlemen, Be Seated!" lacked continuity, dramatic force, evocative music, and sympathetic characters. But its main fault was abysmal taste. It treated its theme humorously and satirically, except perhaps in those maudlin male choruses and in a couple of numbers sung by the contralto Carol Brice, and even in these the intent was ambiguous; whether the authors thought of them as quaintly archaic or as completely sincere was left in doubt. The Civil War is surely not one of the most hilarious episodes in history, and it was from the conflict between the subject and the treatment that all the bad taste arose. Effeminate Southern gentlemen, waggishly venal Negroes, waltzes under the magnolias, and sketches in which Mathew Brady gets tangled in his photographic equipment are not funny—particularly in this time of racial

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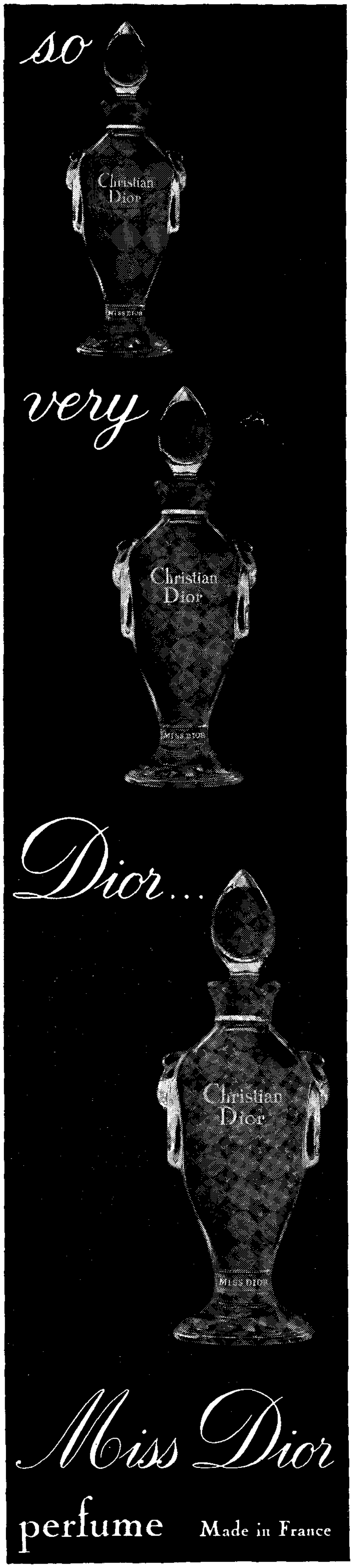

and regional troubles. Indeed, to anyone who has made the slightest study of the War Between the States this hodgepodge was not only unfunny but insulting.

The cast, which by and large struggled valiantly to put the thing over, contained very few members of the New York City Opera and, instead, consisted largely of imports from the entertainment business, most of whom, being unable to sing, seemed out of their element. They included Dick Shawn and Alice Ghostley, as well as Paul Draper, who did a couple of perfunctory soft-shoe routines, and it was not their fault that the production sank under them like a leaky ship. There is a theory that American opera should grow naturally out of the American musical theatre, and undoubtedly Julius Rudel, the impresario of the City Opera, had this idea in mind when he chose this work for production. But in this case, at least, the theory—even assuming it to be valid—was misapplied. The minstrel show is certainly not characteristic of the American musical theatre; it has been dead and unlamented for nearly three-quarters of a century, and the Broadway musical bears no relation to it whatever. If this is the best "opera" by an American composer to appear during the past year (which has been maintained, but which I doubt), then we might as well give up and turn the whole job over to Broadway, which generally has better music and decenter plots.

THE following evening, I was able to wash the taste of "Gentlemen, Be Seated!" away by attending the company's first performance this year of Mozart's "The Marriage of Figaro." It was not the most brilliant performance of the opera that I have heard, but the English translation, by Ruth and Thomas Martin, remains a gem of its sort, letting the audience in on every twist of the plot, and thus making even an imperfect performance quite enjoyable. Judith Raskin, who is becoming a kind of champion Susanna hereabouts, doing the part in Italian at the Metropolitan and in English with this company, was absolutely magnificent, both as an actress and as a singer. Donald Gramm made a sturdy and convincing Figaro, and sang with his customary cultivated style, though a few falsetto notes seemed to trouble him a bit. A brand-new Cherubino, Beverly Wolff—doing the role for the first time anywhere—seemed remarkably at ease and sang quite well. Richard Fredericks was very good as the Count, Saramae

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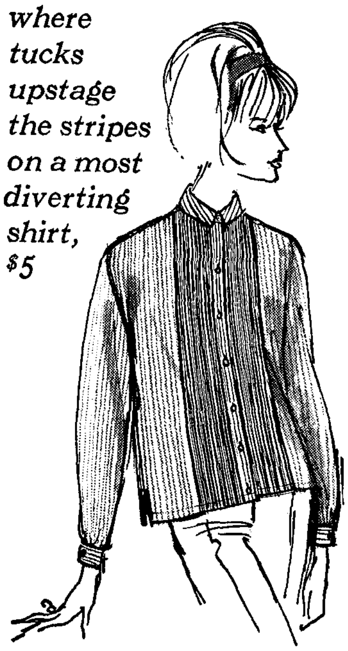

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Endich scarcely more than adequate as the Countess. If some of the lesser roles lacked vocal elegance, most of them were performed with spirit. Walter Susskind appeared to have lost (probably through insufficient rehearsal) the polish and grace with which he conducted his first "The Marriage of Figaro" with the company, a year or so ago.

EARLIER in the week, on Monday evening, I went to hear the first concert of the season by Leopold Stokowski's American Symphony Orchestra in Carnegie Hall. The program was fairly conventional, though it contained one world première, of something called "Poema Elegiaco," by the young Uruguayan composer José Serebrier, and a not very often performed composition, the "Modinha," from Heitor Villa-Lobos' Bachianas Brasileiras No. 1, in a transcription for full orchestra by Warner S. Bass. The first work is that of a composer of unformed and as yet undistinguished style, the second that of a great intuitive musician, but both had a rather funereal sound. The evening also included three of those Stokowski transcriptions of Bach preludes, for which the Maestro has been frequently chastised by baroque purists in recent years, but which nevertheless have a nobility of the kind that, one suspects, Bach was really aiming at. Then there was Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, which disclosed some remaining rawness in this year-old ensemble, though Mr. Stokowski did wonders with what he had. The evening came to an end with Stravinsky's "Firebird" Suite. The most interesting thing about the whole occasion was watching the aging conductor, still near the peak of his powers, impose coördination and artistry on a group that under a lesser figure would not have sounded particularly effective. Not only was its playing effective; it played like a typical Stokowski orchestra, with hair-trigger responsiveness, fine tone, and the personal touch that the Maestro bestows on every orchestra that comes under his command. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

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HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING: THE GARY MCFARLAND ORCHESTRA and THE GARY MCFARLAND ORCHESTRA (Verve V/V6-8443 and V/V6-8518). These records suggest that McFarland, a thirty-year-old arranger-composer-vibraphonist from

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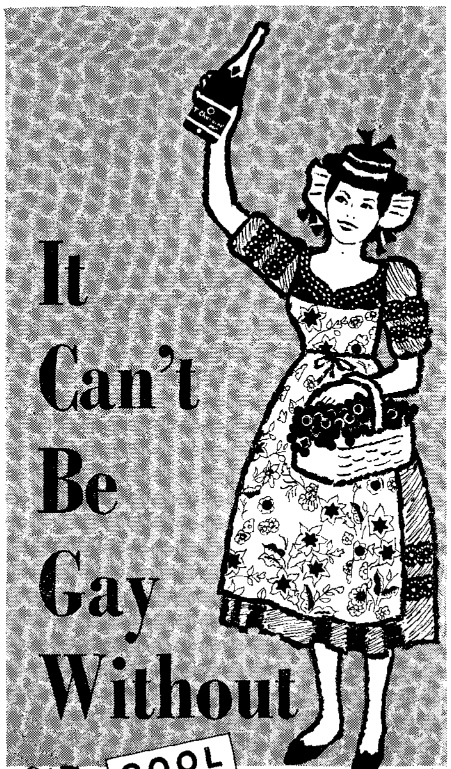

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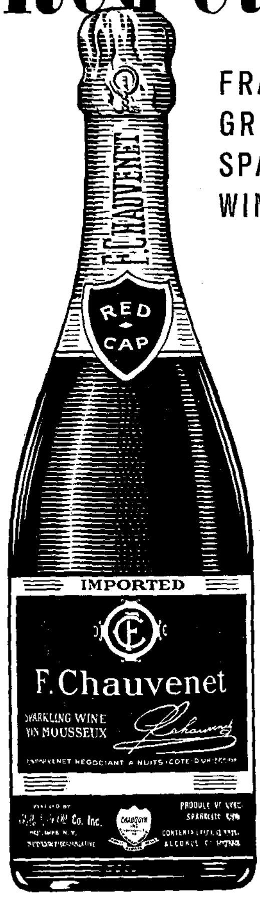

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the West Coast, is the most gifted arranger since Duke Ellington and Benny Carter. In the first one (made with a sixteen-piece studio band that includes such as Clark Terry, Bob Brookmeyer, Phil Woods, Al Cohn, Jim Hall, and Hank Jones), McFarland reworks seven numbers from the Broadway musical. The results are ingenious, and reveal that he has learned in the best possible way from Ellington and Carter, as well as from Gil Evans and Gerry Mulligan. McFarland favors humor, looseness, constantly shifting rhythms, breaks, voicings that are not voicings for the sake of voicings, and ensemble phrases that begin and end unexpectedly. He will allow a clarinet to carry the melody while a buzz-mute trumpet weaves in and out behind and then gives way to a succinct backing by muted trumpets and reeds. He will start a number with a plunger-muted trumpet playing against a drummer using his hands on a tom-tom. He rests a vibraphone solo on a solo clarinet and two-beat rhythms. His frequent breaks and stop-time passages give both his listeners and his musicians time to recharge. McFarland's wit is behind these devices, and so is his infallible taste, which tells him to use only the instruments he *needs* to make a particular point. The result is a constantly revolving kaleidoscope of textures, melodies, silences, rhythms, and solos. The musicians' reaction to McFarland's writing is obviously excited; the ensemble passages are beautifully played and the solos exceptional. The second record, which is entirely different, is just as rewarding. McFarland uses two violas, two cellos, an alto flute, a clarinet, a piano (Bill Evans), a bass (Richard Davis), a guitar (Jim Hall), drums (Ed Shaughnessy), and himself on vibraphone. There are six pieces, all by McFarland, and they vary from a Debussy sort of study ("Reflections in the Park") to a long, oblique, medium-tempo blues ("Misplaced Cowpoke"). The strings and reeds are employed largely for brief, pale melodic fills, and the emphasis is on Evans, who plays well, and on McFarland, who is an irresistible vibraphonist. He uses very few notes (most vibraphonists compulsively fill each inch allotted them), and he experiments in a delightful rhythmic fashion, somewhat in the deceptively simple manner of John Lewis. When he finds a pleasing pattern, he repeats it, turns it around

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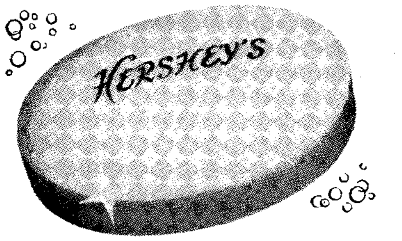

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FATS NAVARRO FEATURED WITH THE TADD DAMERON BAND (Jazzland JLP 50). Seven previously unissued numbers, taken from air shots in the summer and fall of 1948, by a group whose leader was the pianist-composer Tadd Dameron and that included Fats Navarro on trumpet, Allan Eager on tenor saxophone, Rudy Williams on alto saxophone (four numbers only), Curley Russell on bass, and Kenny Clarke on drums. Navarro, who died in 1950, at the age of twenty-six, was to Dizzy Gillespie in 1948 what Roy Eldridge had been to Louis Armstrong a decade before: he uncovered and illuminated the paths that his master's students might follow. (Art Farmer, the late Clifford Brown, and Kenny Dorham were and are among those students.) Navarro's style, though close to Gillespie's, was more refined. He had impeccable technique, he wasn't showy, he had better tone, and he *used* his instrument, revelling in its broad middle and fat lower tones. He never faltered, and his best solos had a composed spontaneity that make one wonder whether his playing might not eventually have palled; in many ways, it was perfect from the start, leaving him nowhere to go. He has ample space here, and the wonder is that no solo surpasses any other; all are first-rate. Eager is the very model of a young Lester Young and Williams is a faulty copy of Charlie Parker. Clarke's neatness and unbroken flow of accents (some seem accents of accents) provide an exhaustive demonstration of bebop drumming. The tunes, five of them by Dameron, are generally superior. The sound, though, is only fair.

THE MODERN JAZZ QUARTET: THE COMEDY (Atlantic 1390). For nearly a decade, John Lewis, the pianist-composer-musical director of the Modern Jazz Quartet, has been mildly obsessed by the *commedia dell'arte*, and he has written a series of short program pieces inspired by such figures as Harlequin, Columbine, and Pulcinella. At first, Lewis's "Italian music," as it is sometimes called, was the price one had to pay for the rest of the quartet's repertory. It seemed fancy and boneless—a pretty music that had little to do with jazz. But it

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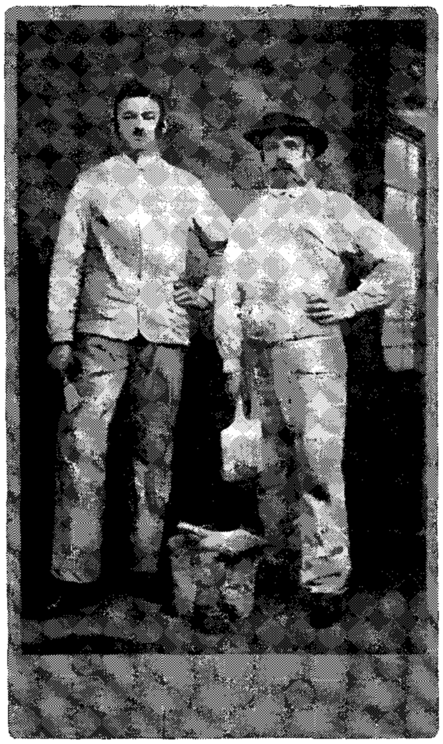

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is the M.J.Q.'s way never to play anything the same twice, and through the years this music has gradually changed. Its romanticism has fallen away, revealing more and more of a substructure made up of the blues, gospel effects, and pure improvisation. At least, that's the case in this recording, which brings together under the title of "The Comedy" seven of these pieces. (Two are meant to evoke squares in Rome where the players have performed.) The blues, tinged with gospel rhythms, are on view in "Spanish Steps," "Pulcinella," "Harlequin," and "Piazza Navona," and in "Spanish Steps" and "Pulcinella" there are improvised sections taken at the jet tempo that Art Tatum liked to slip into. (The M.J.Q. is generally tuned to gentler exercises, and these passages nearly fracture it.) Solos abound, with Milt Jackson in especially brilliant form, and the often lovely melodies at the center of each piece are clearer than before. Nonetheless, handsome as "The Comedy" has become, it will always, I fear, provoke the itch one feels at cultural teas.

JACK TEAGARDEN: KING OF THE BLUES TROMBONE (Epic SN 6044). Forty-eight reissues of recordings made between 1928 and 1940 with generally second-rate sidemen from the bands of Ben Pollack, Paul Whiteman, the Dorsey brothers, and Benny Goodman, and with a couple of Teagarden's own groups. Barring three 1931 sides, done with Fats Waller (listen to his vaudeville jigging on piano behind Teagarden in "Chances Are"), and four selections from the properly celebrated Max Kaminsky-Pee Wee Russell-Bud Freeman-Dave Tough 1940 session, they are notable only for Teagarden himself, who sings and/or plays with the same in-spite-of spirit that has always kept Bix Beiderbecke afloat on his recordings. An odd choice for Columbia's current reissue program, when one considers the Teddy Wilson, Cab Calloway, Red Allen, and Earl Hines selections in its vaults.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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LETTER FROM LONDON

OCTOBER 9

IT had been expected all along that the Conservative Party conference convening at Blackpool today would be dominated by a subject not on the agenda, though much in the delegates' thoughts—the importance of knowing whether Mr. Macmillan intended to remain in office to fight the general election, which cannot be many months away, or would end the present debilitating state of uncertainty among his followers by stepping down in the full view of all, and possibly naming his successor in his customary speech on the last day of the meeting. Now fate has apparently settled the question in its own way. Before the news of the Prime Minister's illness was suddenly flashed on television screens last night, all the signs had suggested that Mr. Macmillan had decided to stay on, and if that had been so, the conference would doubtless have greeted the decision with loyal noises of approval, which might or might not have obscured the less pleased sounds proceeding from other sections of the Party. It is, of course, being said that Mr. R. A. Butler, the Deputy Prime Minister, has now been pushed well into the lead for the succession as the man in temporary possession. The delegates at Blackpool may make their own preferences on the subject known before they leave for home, however. At the moment, all that seems clear to anxious Conservatives is that the spectacle of their pre-election conference taking place in disarray, with most of its thoughts and talk centered on a sickbed, can hardly do them any good in the country, especially when contrasted with the Labour Party conference, which has just met at Scarborough under new and strong leadership. It seems pretty certain that Conservative outposts up and down the country will be clamoring for someone to settle the guessing game and settle it soon, before it is too late for any sort of recovery.

IT is certainly ironic that the Labour Party, which started the year bleakly with the tragedy of its leader's sudden death and the resulting doubts and speculations about its transformed man-

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agement, should last week have held what it regards as its most successful conference for many years, and in a mood of quite extraordinary confidence in itself and its new leader as becoming the Government of Britain before it meets again. The result was certainly impressive, if hardly productive of good rousing debates. Though a few warning voices pointed out that the election was—let everyone remember—not yet won, and that the Conservatives had often proved Machiavellian in their knack of rallying from adversity, the delegates were clearly not prepared to worry unduly about that. When Mr. Ted Hill, the militant leader of the Boilermakers' Union, who still sees the political landscape as an old-style battlefield between the unions and the wicked capitalists, lumbered to the rostrum to declare, almost affectionately, that "these Tory rascals" would probably pull something out of the bag before the country was asked to go to the polls, and that he personally trusted them no farther than he could throw them, he was cheerfully applauded. The conference was plainly determined, however, to utter nothing that could give the Party's adversaries any chances to exult or to make wily preëlection points this week at Blackpool. As a result, it was like no other Labour conference that anybody could remember—quieter, more managerial in tone, and markedly more middle-aged-to-elderly in appearance. The large numbers of alert, well-informed young men and women who are a feature of the Conservative and Liberal Party gatherings—keen as mustard and waiting their chance to leap to the rostrum—were curiously missing here. From the press gallery, at least, the bald heads appeared far to outnumber the thick thatches.

Until Harold Wilson spoke, on the second day, a pall of dullness hung over Spa Hall, so that many heads were nodding and many eyes tending to glaze before as well as after the lunch break, and it was hard to remember the morning three years ago, also at Scarborough, when this same hall had rung to the passionate sounds of Mr. Gaitskell's declaration of war against the unilateral neutralists in the Party. This conference was without passion, being without an emotional controversy such as almost tore it in two parts in 1960—or, for that matter, without any open controversy at all. It had been preceded by a scurry of prudent resignations of well-known Labour personalities from the executive committee of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament,

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and though young men stood as usual at the entrance to the Spa, handing out their leaflets and inviting us to buy a pink sweetmeat known as "C.N.D. rock" ("the initials right through the stick, down to the last bite"), most of the hurrying delegates gazed at them as though their cries had become as faint and as unimportant to the proceedings in hand as the mewings of the sea gulls falling out over scraps on the splendid Scarborough sands. But after Mr. Wilson's speech the enthusiasm mounted steeply, even if the level of the ordinary oratory did not. By the last evening, the delegates were wending their way back over the iron bridge that spans the municipal gardens, alongside the lovely circle of bay, to the upper cliff level of the town's bulging hotels and boarding houses as happily as if, having brought forth a good, fruitful conference, they were already conscious of bearing their victorious sheaves with them. In the Royal Hotel, where most of the Shadow Cabinet stayed, the atmosphere of congratulation was as thick as the carpets in the lounges, where, after lunch each day, small listening groups of journalists or television people pulled their chairs around those of Ministers-elect, who seemed to be nursing invisible portfolios along with their coffee cups.

The outstanding thing about Scarborough was that it was Harold Wilson's conference and his resounding triumph. He dominated it absolutely, and this display of absolute power was thoughtfully digested by some commentators present, who held that so much formidable expertise at the very top only highlighted the difficulty Mr. Wilson might have in filling all his reconstructed government posts with men of substance. (Five or six new Ministers, including a Ministry of Economic Planning, which would appear to draw the real teeth out of the Treasury, are to be created when or if Labour takes over, he announced in the surprisingly casual setting of an out-of-conference Fabian Society tea party.) George Brown, the deputy leader, in a rapturously applauded speech in which he loudly proclaimed his loyalty to the man who cut him out of the leadership eight months ago, said pointedly, nevertheless, "This is not a one-man show," but there are those who might agree with the Yorkshire journalist up in the gallery who muttered as he scribbled, "Don't foool yourself, brother—it is." At any rate, Mr. Wilson's was a fascinating performance to watch in its subtlety and shrewdness. For many of the larger audience who dipped into the con-

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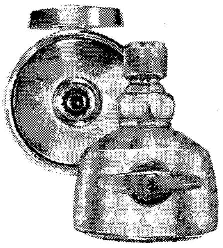

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ference on television, it was probably their first opportunity to take a long, curious look at a new image that may soon be stamped over the twelve-year-old Tory Establishment figure—the stocky gray shape with its scholarly round shoulders; the small, neat baby features arranged around the watchful eyes; the pipe; the dry voice, with its occasional gritty broadening of vowels. The conference did not disguise its happy belief (too complacent by half, some delegates anxiously felt) that it was an image which the country is going to have around for a long time, for there was much talk about the next election bar one, when Labour, as was cautiously said from the platform, will be seeking its second term, and some of the plans dropping ripe and fruity in the aisles of Spa Hall should be beginning to turn up on the national plate as recognizable jam.

Mr. Wilson's key speech on Tuesday, which brought the conference to his feet and, cheering wildly, to their own, was first and foremost a brilliant stroke of imagination—a quality that many feel has been short in politics and national life generally for too long, and may explain, far better than any more obvious Conservative unpopularity, the deadly boredom that for months past has been working against the Government. It is clear that the party that succeeds in putting across a vision of something more than owning a nice independent bomb or not getting mixed up with a lot of Continentals could be the one to cut through the curious apathy to the votes. The vision that Mr. Wilson expounded here needed, it seemed, a good deal of courage on his side and imagination on the part of the conference as well. His theme was that the Labour Party would bring science and technology out of their neglected back room and put them under the state's wing, in the front line of a scientific revolution that will change Britain out of recognition and help to fight poverty and starvation in the world—the old idealistic note that never fails to light up the Party. He spoke finely of the "overdue need for this country to adapt itself to different conditions" without clinging to "nostalgic illusions and nuclear posturings," and to face up to the fact that "from now on Britain will have as much influence in the world as we can earn and as we deserve"—some harsh home truths that are also overdue here, many think. No one in the world owes us a living, he warned, and no "special relationship with someone or other" can be relied on to bail us out. His courage

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and gamble lay in asking these rows and rows of intently listening, often elderly, work-marked rank-and-filers, who have so often damaged Labour in the public mind at past conferences with their bitter, trivial squabbles over abandoning an inch of their hard-won traditional ground or rewriting a line of sacred, outdated dogma, to take a mighty flying leap off the Scarborough ground and project themselves like stout missiles into an unimaginably changed future. What was more, this future was to be made magical by science, which to many of those present no doubt had mostly, and fearfully, been tied up with the potential to destroy. Now the men in white coats were to be the deliverers, and the conference clasped the idea as though everybody had streamed to the meeting thinking of little else. Mr. Wilson spoke of plans for producing more and better-paid scientists, for keeping them in this country when we had them, and for making higher education generally possible for thousands more children by a program of new universities and a "university of the air," in which students could enroll by sitting down at their radio or television sets. All this, naturally, was greatly applauded, but in the section of his speech that dealt with the coming age of automation he told the trade unions roundly that they would have to scrap some of their old traditions and practices where they restricted the wheels, and, to a party in which "redundancy" is a wicked word, he spoke of the late nineteen-seventies, when ten million new jobs would be needed here. The next fifteen years, he warned, would bring more startling revolutionary changes than the whole two hundred years of the industrial revolution, and grizzled old trade unionists who had long resisted any changes at all could be seen getting to their feet and smiting their calluses together as enthusiastically as though they had just been shown their places on the barricades. (As a start in accepting possibly uncomfortable new ideas, it should be added, the conference had already voted to reject the unpopular necessity of the Government's Beeching Plan for drastically lopping Britain's uneconomic railway branches.) Next morning's press was universally laudatory, though some papers pointed out that the Wilson program for the future was as yet only the broadest oversimplified outline, with many important questions unanswered. Even those who sheered away from Mr. Wilson's election as Party leader eight months ago were thankfully agreed at Scarborough, though, that he seems to

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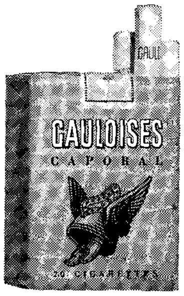

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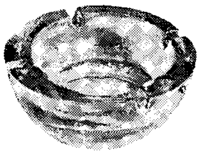
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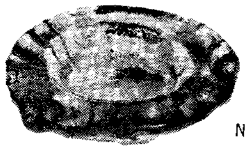
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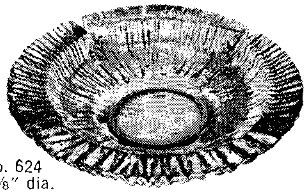
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have achieved the near miraculous—that is, to have found the formula for uniting his friends of the Left with the Gaitskellian Right and for steering the Party firmly away (as Hugh Gaitskell saw plainly must be done but never quite managed to do) from the archaic arguments of the past and on to modern-looking ground.

After Tuesday, the rest was easy. It had been expected that Wednesday's economic debate would produce a clash between the platform and the trade unions over an income-policy motion that would give a Labour Government a free hand, if necessary, to restrain the growth of wages and salaries as well as dividends and profits. But the union leaders—even the militant Mr. Ted Hill—were wise enough to fall quietly into line, since they want a Labour Government; a public row between them and the leadership would have been welcomed at Blackpool. They compromised by agreeing to substitute "a planned growth of wages" for the old crude phrase "wage restraint," and the conference voted hugely in approbation. A solitary delegate who did not seem to have seen the emperor's clothes, and who came to the rostrum to shout angrily that some of the motion was "just flannel," that perhaps somebody on the platform would kindly explain how profits were to be controlled, and that to *him* and his mates wage restraint by any other name would feel the same in the pocket, received sparse applause.

There was, of course, a conspicuously stage-managed absence of all subjects that have led to bitter divisions in the past. Public ownership, defense, and foreign affairs were not given time to be debated this year. Though it was understandable that the leadership wanted to leave the old sacred cow of nationalization (which only the most bigoted faithful now desire to see milked dry anyhow) outside the conference hall, not to have an inkling of Labour's thoughts on the other subjects gave the proceedings in Spa Hall an occasional marooned aspect of taking place on an offshore island with the sea booming on the wall outside. The conference offered no opinions on what a Labour Government's attitude should be toward the possibility that more fortunate negotiations would open up at some later date with Europe (the Chemical Workers' Union put in a lone brave motion urging that one), or toward the Nassau Agreement (a number of motions, also pushed firmly under the carpet, had called for the abandonment of NATO and the depar-

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ture of foreign nuclear bases from British soil), or toward Germany (though Herr Willy Brandt, the German Socialist leader, was conspicuously displayed on the platform on the opening day as a corrective to any American ideas of Mr. Wilson's Germanophobia). The Party's unilateralist and anti-NATO fringes might have been embarrassingly vocal, but they would have been thoroughly trounced at the end, and the silence on these points left something of a gap in the picture of Mr. Wilson's new world.

By everyone's count, though, it was a highly successful conference, and the Conservatives—even with their leader—might have found difficulty in leaving behind more interesting and striking ideas in the public mind. In the present confusions, their task of projecting themselves this week at Blackpool as a tried-and-tested, unfatigued Government that will before long demand another vote of confidence from the country looks hard indeed.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

◆

It's not considered unusual nowadays for a Tuesday Evening Sewing Group to meet Friday afternoon for bridge. After all, it's just a name, the women say apologetically.

However, the Monday Musical Club meets faithfully on Mondays and concentrates entirely on music, apparently a contradiction of current trends.

This week, members had a special treat. The musicale was held in the fascinating home of Dr. W. Brandon Macomber and Mrs. Macomber on Western Avenue. It's unusual because the entire house is filled with trophies collected when the couple hunted in India and Africa—heads of elephants, deer, caribou, lions; floors and walls covered with huge bear and tiger skins complete with heads; a stuffed peacock with brilliant blue plumage, and a full-sized leopard, looking as if he were about to leap, perched on a ledge over the glass doors leading to the patio.

A group of 75 women filled the rooms the Macombers call the Indian and African rooms, hallways and stairs.

At one point a singer and a pianist were performing on a balcony high above the rooms, completely unseen by the audience, but obviously enjoyed. Mounted on the balcony were the heads of a caribou, mule deer and white-tailed deer. In the corner of one room was a huge elephant's ear mounted on two elephant feet to serve as a coffee table.

Especially enchanted by the program and the house was Mrs. Marietta Hulimaka from Melbourne, Australia. She came as a guest of Mrs. Ernest Nixon, 225 West Lawrence Street, and rose to give a charming little speech on how happy she was to be invited into "a typical American home."—*Albany Knickerbocker News.*

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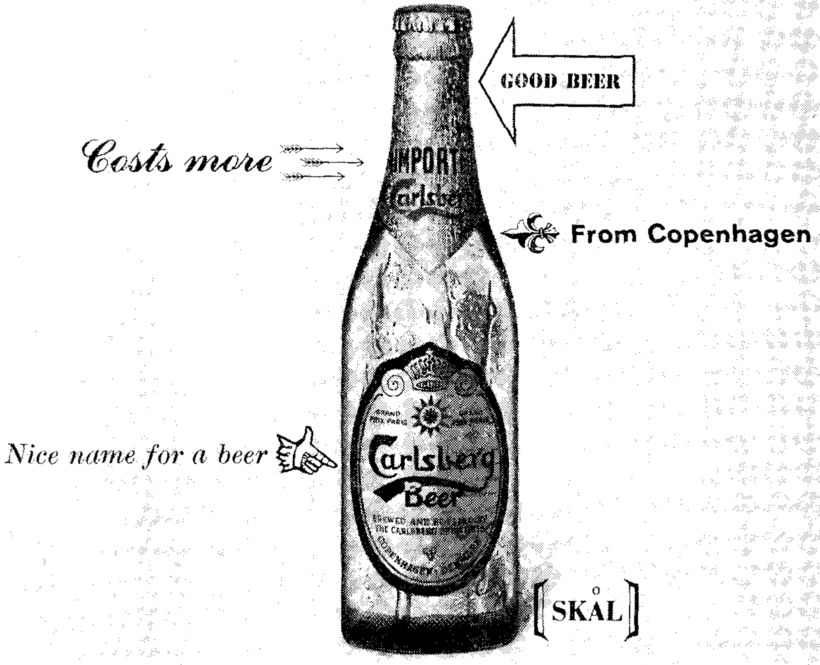

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BOOKS

The Beginning of the End

BOOKS about war fall into two classes—those about what it was like and those about what happened. The what-it-was-like books appear first, because they are subjective and require no digging; they record only the reactions of their authors to what they thought was happening. The military historians come along later to tell what did happen, which inevitably differs from what even the participants remember. It is like running off an old fight film slowly. The bets have long been paid off, but curiosity is at last gratified. How the result was at last obtained is at last apparent. Arguments twenty years old are resolved or protracted on the basis of new evidence. To the satisfaction of knowing what decided the event is then added the sport of speculation on what might have happened if something else hadn't. And while the military historian is generally the soberest of writers, trying not to transmit emotion but to eliminate it, his book must for many a reader play the role of the matter-of-fact entries in an old diary rediscovered.

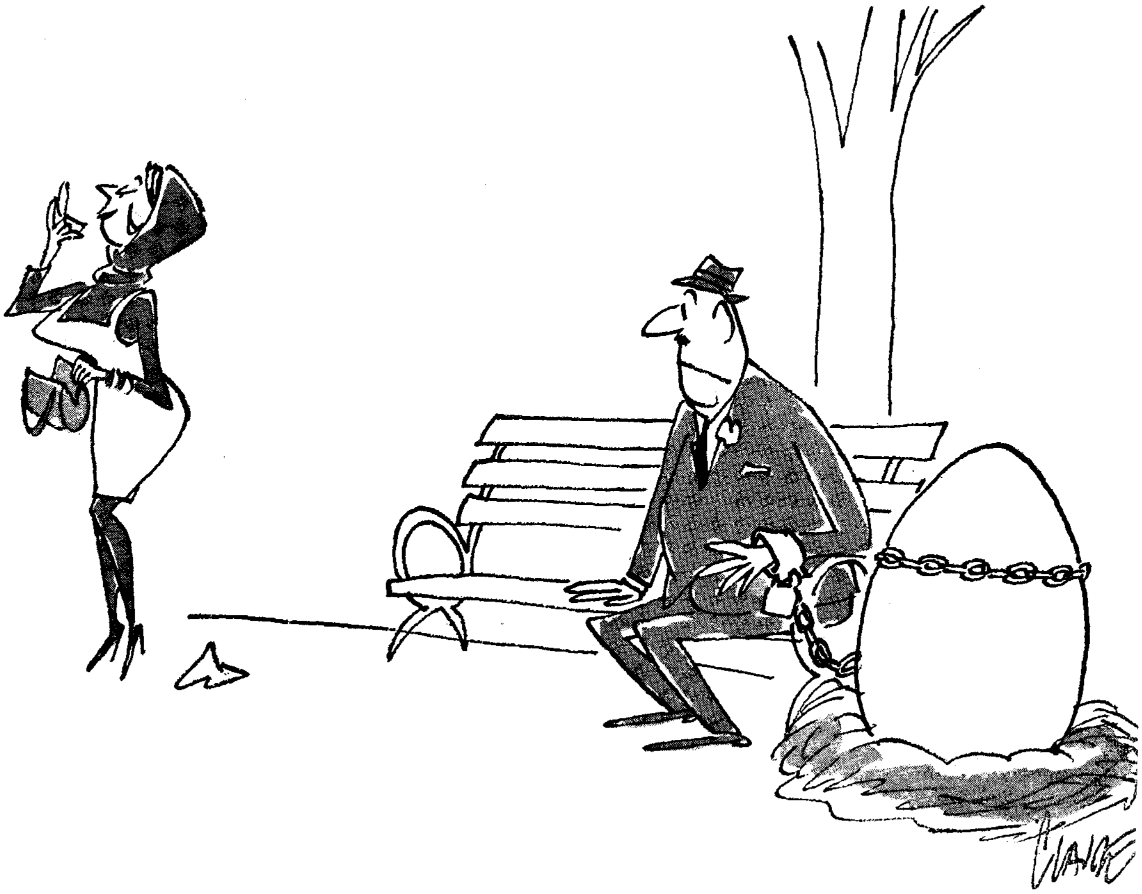
A sentence like "Middleton's VIII Corps finally secured La Haye-du-Puits on July 8" evokes, for me, a Chinese-American pfc. in a company command post in an abandoned *estaminet*, drunk on a bottle of *eau-de-vie* he had salvaged intact from the broken majority behind the bar. The brandy and the fragile walls gave him the illusion of security while the town burned all around. A hundred yards away, a dead S.S. officer sat in a wicker garden chair on the terrace in front of a small château, his field glasses in his lap. He had been looking down the road for American tanks that were nearer than he thought. The men pronounced the place Hooey da Pooey.

Or, "Although St.-Lô was taken, it was by no means safe" brings back the sensation of lying on cobblestones, face down, and looking up to steal a glance at the man lying in front of you, noticing that his eyes were closed, like those of a girl waiting to be kissed. Yet he was a brave man, always pushing to get out in front. And a sequin of red-hot metal, too tiny to do harm, floating down before your eyes and lodging on the cloth of his trouser leg, where it made a hole like a very small cigarette burn. Or the Army driver, frozen to the wheel of his jeep by distaste for shellfire, who imperilled his passengers' lives and his own more on the slippery road coming out of St.-Lô than the German shells had done within it. He could not bring himself to slow down in the face of the oncoming tanks, and the passengers remembered Tom Treanor, the correspondent who had been chewed up by tank treads in the same circumstances a few days earlier.

Or, "The 18th Infantry cleared Marigny on the morning of 27 July" recalls an ancient donkey, bearded and with hoofs, overgrown because of inactivity, that were shaped like wooden shoes, who was the sole occupant of the stone farmhouse when Divisional Artillery headquarters moved in that night.

Still later than the what-happened books come the disdainful hindsight writers, to say what the uncultivated commanders should have done, and what would have happened then. Unlike the generals, who, they say, are always fighting the last war, these writers are usually writing the war before last, which gives them an advantage.

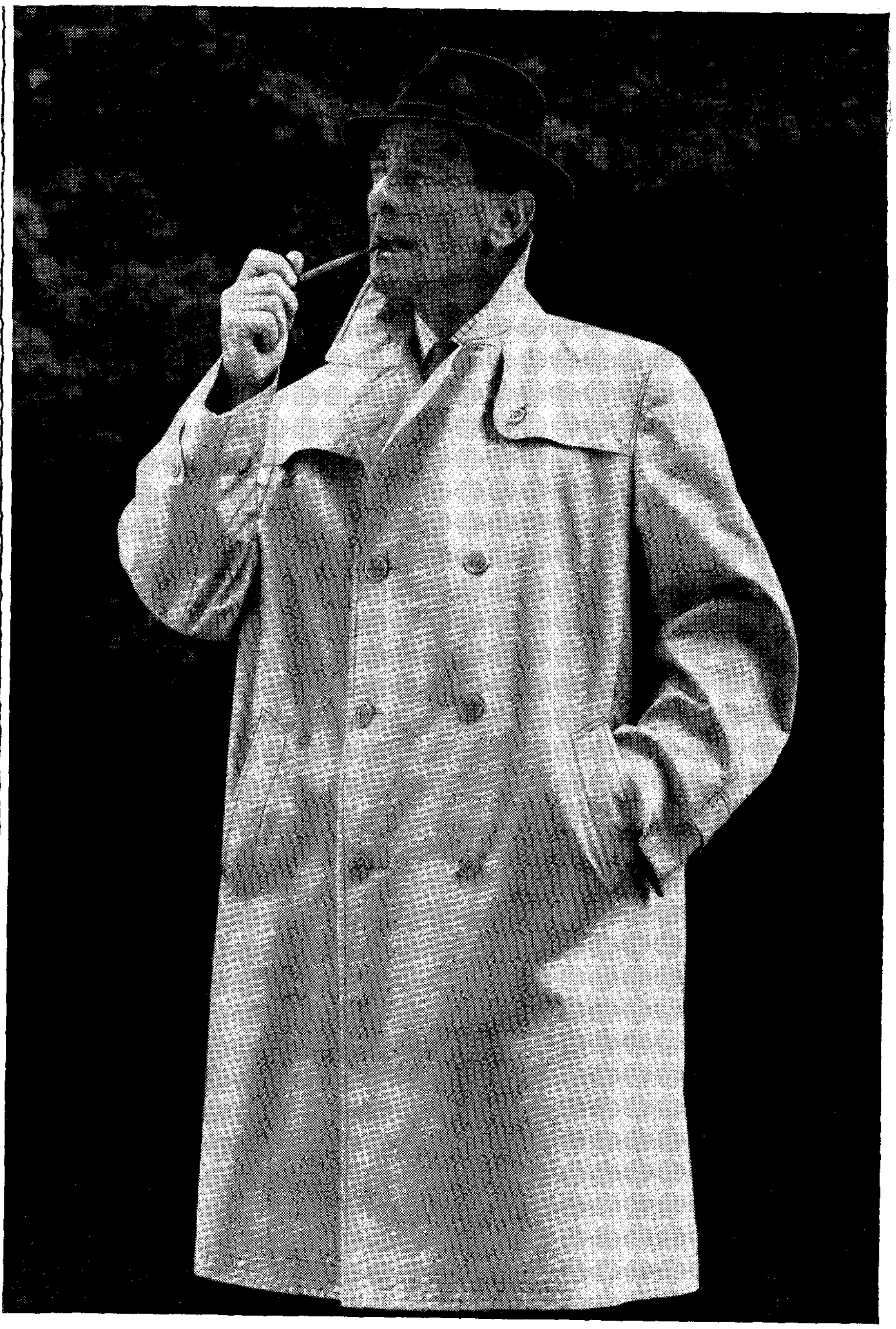
Official Army histories are what-happened books. The operations of the Office of the Chief of Military History, Department of the Army, are therefore as constantly deliberate as those of General George Brinton McClellan, the old Civil War slowpoke. In its advance across France from the beachheads of 1944, however, the Office has outdone itself in lack of haste. Its narrative of the Second World War got to the base of the Cotentin Peninsula in 1951 (seven years after the Army left there) with "Cross-Channel Attack," the official history of D Day and the campaign up to July 1, 1944, by Gordon A. Harrison—an excellent piece of work. With "Breakout and Pursuit," by Martin Blumenson, published more recently, it reaches the line achieved by about September 1, 1944, having thus consumed a dozen years (without enemy opposi-



tion, at that) in covering ground that it took the Allies two months to traverse. Mr. Blumenson—like Harrison, a civilian historian under Army charter—has also brought out, hot on the heels of "Breakout," a private venture called "The Duel for France, 1944" (Houghton Mifflin), which is a tighter and less cluttered treatment of his official work, shortened from seven hundred and forty-eight to four hundred and thirty-two pages. (This diminution is, for the war buff, a dead loss, since Blumenson has achieved the cut largely by omitting the footnotes, with their citations of sources.)

The British military historians of the campaign of France, even slower off the mark than ours (they have caught a bit of the old Montgomery spirit), landed *their* armies on French soil only last fall, eleven years after "Cross-Channel Attack," but caught up with the Americans in one sedate bound by doing June-September in a single piece—"Victory in the West, Volume I. The Battle of Normandy" (five hundred and ninety-five pages), in the History of the Second World War series, issuing from Her Majesty's Stationery Office. The new histories bring the Allies into line again as they were when the glorious summer ended—stretching from Antwerp down to the Swiss border. The British component is by Major L. F. Ellis, plus Lieutenant Colonel A. E. Warhurst, Air Chief Marshal Sir James Robb, and Captain G. R. G. Allen, Royal Navy. The collective eighteen hundred and sixty-two pages of "Cross-Channel," "Breakout," and "Victory in the West I" include the German side of the story, too, since the Allied historians had full use of the losers' records, including even personal telephone conversations.

An unfortunate result of the long lapse between the appearances of "Cross-Channel" and "Breakout" is that during it popular history has dramatized D Day until even the veriest child knows that John Wayne and Robert Mitchum, double-handed but with the support of a notable cast including Richard Burton and Red Buttons, captured the beachhead in the noisiest battle ever recorded on tape, in the cinemepic epidrama "The Longest Day." Undeterred by the hideous sounds of war, Wayne and Mitchum planted Old Glory on the hills, where it shall rest in memory and press sheets until the sun shall no more gild them, and after the great moment in that great saga when the extras, strung out for several miles, file over the captured ridge in the wake



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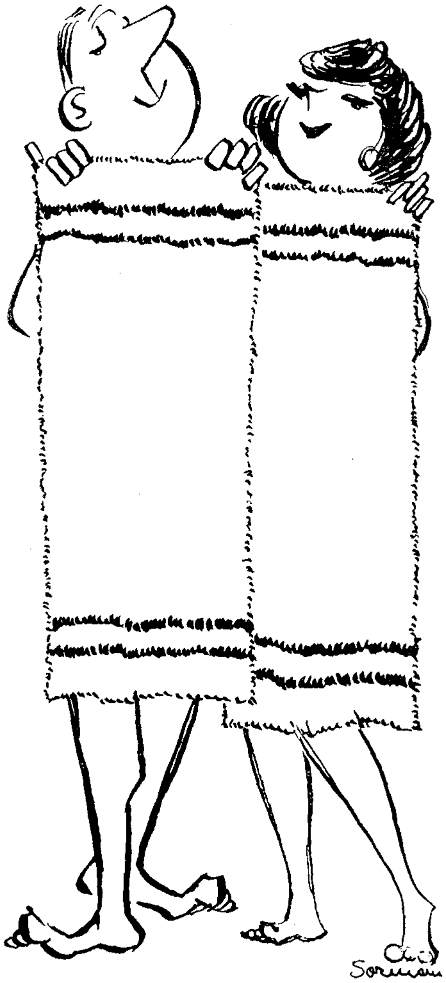

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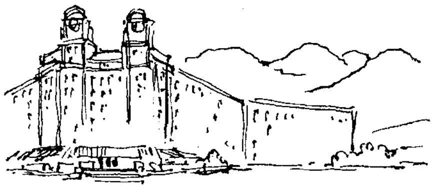

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of the explosion of Mitchum's bangalore torpedo—effective area five hundred square feet—it will come to millions as an anticlimax to learn that the scoundrel foe continued to resist. The best-seller "The Longest Day," on which the interminable movie was based, leaned heavily on "Cross-Channel" for facts, but by the time Harrison's sober soldiers got to the screen they had been transmogrified into ham and the battle into cowboys-and-Indians in tin hats, and the German defenders sat out along the skyline like ducks in a shooting gallery. The trouble on the off-screen D Day was that one couldn't see them.

Only a sequel with Wayne as General George S. Patton and Elvis Presley as his aide-de-camp can interest the public in the rest of the war in France. And to get the idea across, the sequel, which I have tentatively titled "Blood and Guts," must, like "Longest Day," have a theme song, this one to be sung by Presley. This lack is what Hanson W. Baldwin, the eminent military critic of the *Times*, must have had in mind when he wrote, in his review of "Breakout and Pursuit," "The battle does not sing."

Off-screen a battle lurches along until it comes to a series of grinding jerks, like a train entering a Long Island Rail Road station. Then, just as those involved think it will lurch again, it stops. This was the situation of the Allies in that September, when the British and American campaign histories end. "No one knew it yet," Mr. Blumenson writes on page 696 of "Breakout," "but the pursuit was over." By that time, the Allies had cleared all France and almost destroyed the German armies that fought there, but they had then "lost" their opponent, as the fight fans say when a boxer hasn't finished his man. *Generalleutnant* Hans Speidel, chief-of-staff of the German armies in the West, was to write in 1949 that the Allies, if they had pushed their pursuit hard enough, could have ended the war six months earlier, and many Allied officers agree with him. The campaign histories are therefore narratives of an unparalleled success coupled with a partial failure. The failure has had historical consequences far more important than they seemed then, and these, though unexpressed by either Mr. Blumenson or Major Ellis, lend a constant undertone to their disagreements.

Major Ellis, naturally, writes more fully of British operations than of American, and Mr. Blumenson more fully of American than of British. Each, however, pauses frequently to dress his line

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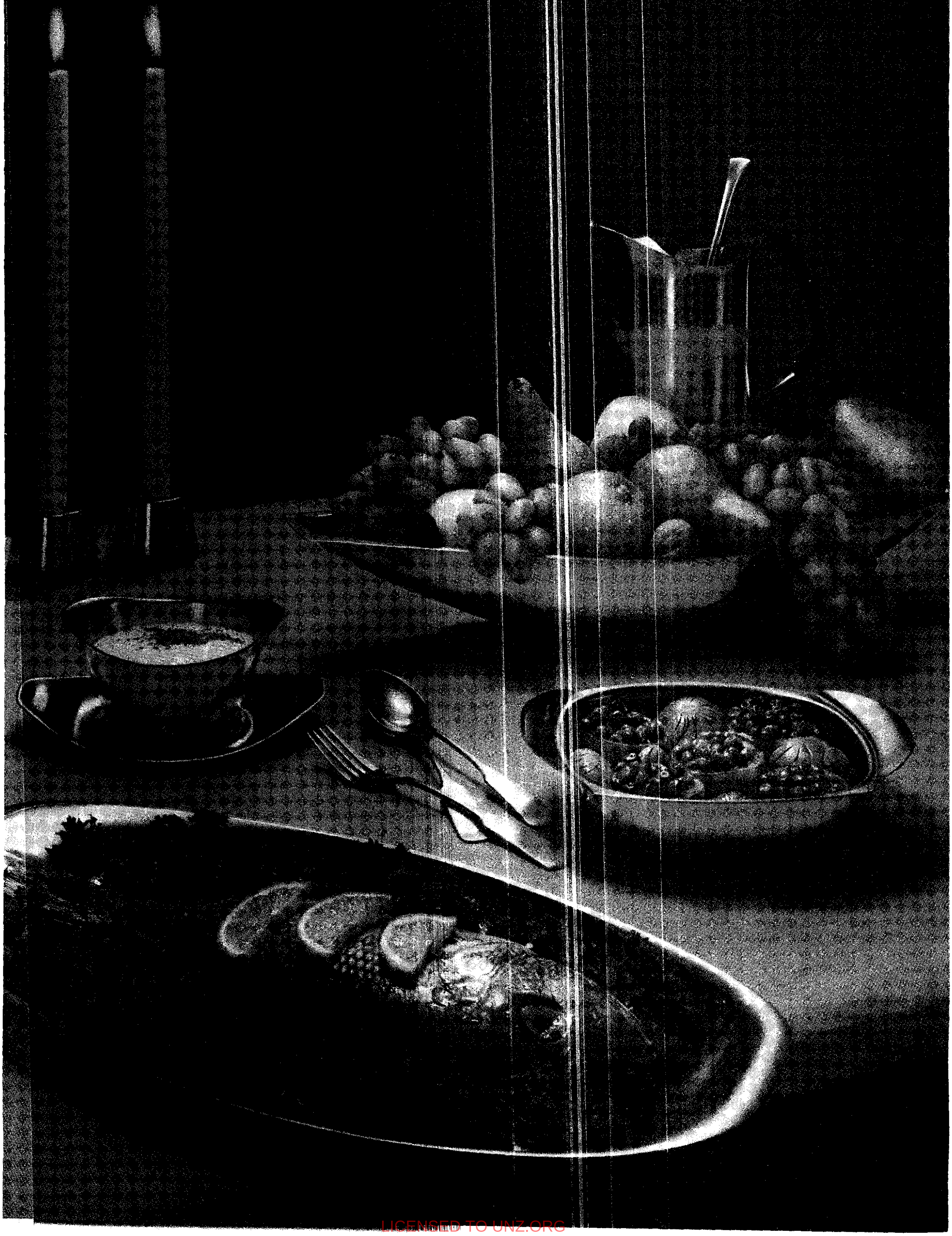

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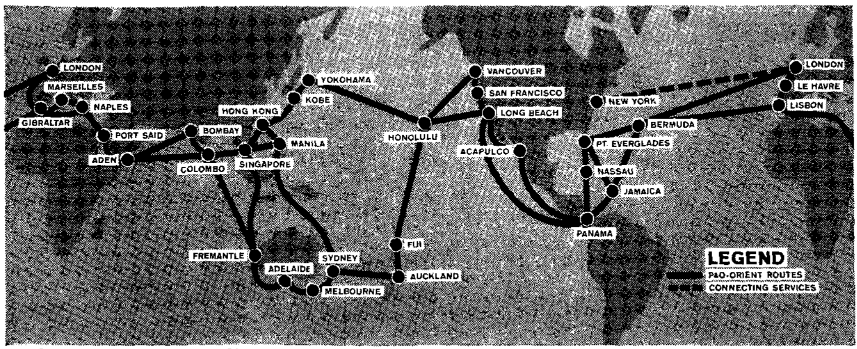
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on the Ally as the armies make their joint advance. The difference in their styles reflects the one between the British and American Army zones in France; Ellis, disciplined and conventionally military, is likely to say things like "Not without difficulty, the division reached its objective," while Blumenson, a gabby sort of writer, is sure to tell you what the difficulty was and to relate the inevitable squabble about the blame. The personalities of British officers seldom enter into Ellis's narrative, while Blumenson likes to talk about American officers and to quote their comments on one another. Ellis, as a consequence, often seems to be writing about an army of digits, identifying corps and divisions moving by some inner mechanism, while Blumenson's army consists of people, most of them not used to being at war.

I once read a small mimeographed pamphlet put out by a battalion Intelligence officer whose unit had been engaged for the first time in Tunisia. Its title was "Lessons to be Learned from the Combat at S———," and the first one was "Confusion in combat is normal." I therefore prefer Blumenson's discursive narrative to Ellis's neatly buttoned account; war is of its nature digressive, exasperating, and easy to conduct only in retrospect, when, all the hole cards having been turned up, it becomes clear what the generals betting against them should have done. Major General Robert C. Macon's words to the green 83rd Division, which he commanded, had no effect on the course of the campaign, since nobody obeyed, but I am glad Blumenson includes them:

> In mid-afternoon a regimental commander reported infiltrating enemy. "They won't hurt you any," Macon promised. "They shoot us," the regimental commander explained.... By evening the General was shouting, "To hell with the [enemy] fire, to hell with what's on your flank, get down there and take the area. You don't need any recon. You have got to go ahead. You have got to take that objective if you have to go all night." ... But telephonic exhortation, no matter how pertinent, could not blow down the defended hedgerows.

This was not a reflection on American troops in particular. Five weeks later, *Generalfeldmarschall* Guenther von Kluge, commander of the German Army of the West, was shouting to *Generaloberst* Alfred Jodl, Hitler's Chief of Staff, on a telephone line that stretched from France to East Prussia, "No matter how many orders are issued, the troops cannot, are not able to, are not strong enough to defeat the enemy. It would be a fateful error to succumb to a

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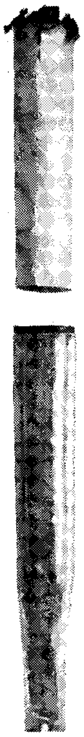

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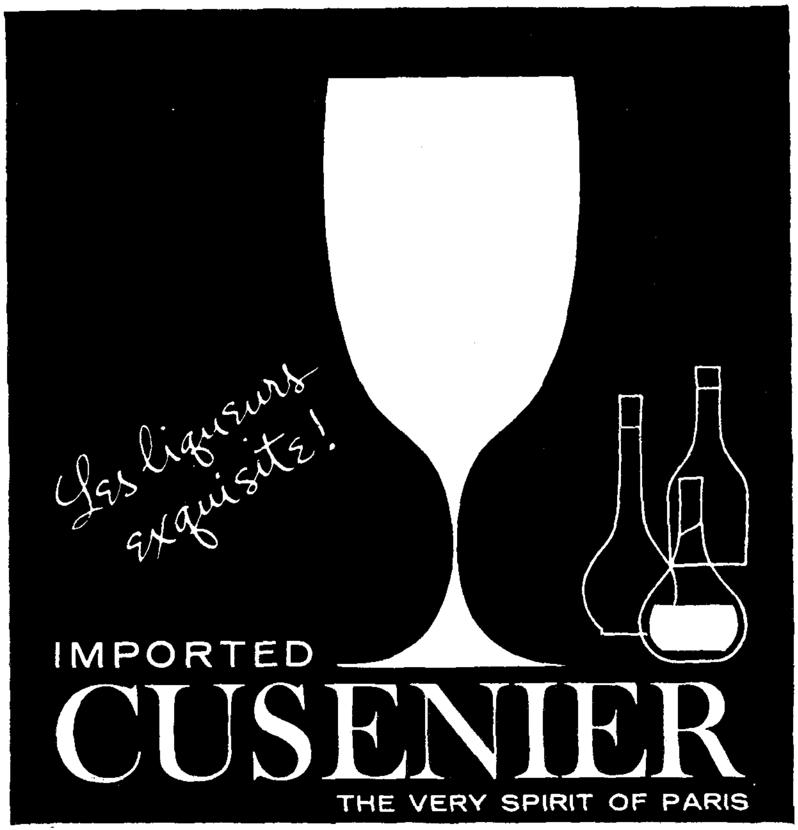
hope that cannot be fulfilled, and no power in this world [can accomplish its will simply] through an order it may give. That is the situation." A few days later, he killed himself with cyanide.

Determination will carry the soldier only as far as the place where he dies, and few soldiers care to go quite that far.

IN the first week of July, when the 83rd and many another division floundered, the Allied line ran for roughly seventy miles across the Cotentin Peninsula, a minute part of France, from about Bayeux and the Channel on the east to about St.-Sauveur-le-Vicomte and the Gulf of St.-Malo on the west. It faced not east, toward Germany, but south. The British-Canadian Twenty-first Army Group was on the eastern side of the line, the American First Army on the west. The armies in the peninsula struggled, like the djinni in the fisherman's bottle, to push out the cork, and they were having small success.

The chain of command devised for the occasion was odd. General Eisenhower, still in England, was Supreme Commander, but General Bernard Montgomery, British, was commander of the Twenty-first Army Group. As such he was superior by a rung to General Omar Nelson Bradley, of the American First Army, which was, however, about equal to the Group in size. General Montgomery enthusiastically endorsed what he construed to be the American theory of command, which emphasized the autonomy of the field commander, whom he construed to be himself. This practically freed him of Eisenhower. (But he rather objected to leaving similar independence to Bradley.) He therefore claimed full credit for anything his Group accomplished, anything Bradley accomplished, and anything he himself *didn't* accomplish, on the ground that his unaccomplishment was meant to help Bradley. At the same time, as a British officer operating within two hundred miles of Whitehall and under the British theory of command, which allowed less autonomy, he was under the thumb of Sir Alan Brooke, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, who didn't figure in the SHAEF table of organization at all.

The German generals opposite these forces were strategically handcuffed and limited to minor tactical decisions, because Hitler, even farther from the front than Eisenhower, ran their war by telephone, and they could do nothing of consequence while his receiver was off the hook. If the tolerant Eisenhower was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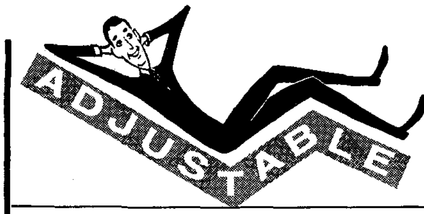

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General King Log, the interfering Hitler was General King Stork, which for an army at the end of a telephone line is far worse.

The first theme of disagreement between Blumenson and Ellis is Goodwood, the offensive that Montgomery's Army Group launched, behind a vast interallied bombardment, against the right wing of the German line on July 18th. His intention, Supreme Allied Headquarters back in Britain believed, was to shatter the Germans at the shoulder and then race on toward Falaise, Argentan, the Seine, and Paris. They believed this because Montgomery had induced them to by a series of letters to Eisenhower and his Deputy Commander, Air Chief Marshal Tedder, that are impossible of misconstruction. Montgomery later disclaimed any such aspiration, but if nomenclature can be adduced in evidence, Goodwood, named for a summer English race meeting, bespoke an ambition to go galloping on. The Twenty-first Army Group got away from the barrier well, with tanks in front—an unhappy innovation. But, met head-on by massed German armor, it ground to a stop after five blood-sodden miles, having lost thirty-six per cent of the British armored vehicles on the Continent—five hundred tanks knocked out—and six or seven thousand men. Montgomery had proposed the attack, and Eisenhower, in a letter quoted by Blumenson, had hoped it would be decisive. It was, in his expectation, to be coördinated "like a left hook—followed by a right cross" with Cobra, the American offensive planned by Bradley, which was intended to hit the left of the German line a day or two later.

Cobra was to prove, in Blumenson's words, "the key maneuvre from which a large part of the subsequent campaign in Europe developed." But if Goodwood had succeeded, the *double* rupture of the line, exploited by American *and* British armies, might have resulted in the encirclement and annihilation of the German armies in France by August 1st, instead of their near-encirclement and near-annihilation three weeks later, chiefly as a result of the singlehanded American success.

In the first case—the double rupture—the Allies, no matter how dilatory, could hardly have failed to get deep into the Reich that summer, and the Germans at home, no matter how quickly they reacted, could hardly have set up an effective defense in time to keep the Allies out of Berlin that fall. But the German *réplique* would in all likelihood have been a bit slow, because the attempt to assassinate Hitler, in the

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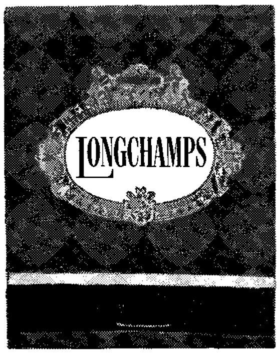

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course of which he was wounded, occurred on July 20th. I have never seen it printed that Allied Intelligence was connected directly enough with the German plotters to have synchronized the *attentat* with Goodwood and Cobra. I find it hard to believe, though, that the Allies did not sense that something was up.

Montgomery's failure may have been unavoidable, but he maddeningly insisted that his sanguinary misadventure had been intended not as a left hook but as a feint. This was as if the plotters had contended, after the event, that they had really wanted not to hurt Hitler but just to frighten him. Ellis offers in Montgomery's support a letter he sent on July 14th to Sir Alan Brooke, in Whitehall: "And so I have decided that the time has come to have a real 'showdown' on the Eastern flank, and to loose a corps of three armored divisions in the open country *about the Caen-Falaise road* [italics Ellis's]." This is an example of the difference between the British and American languages: to have a showdown, in American, surely means to go all the way.

On the same day, Ellis indicates, the British commander sent his aide, a Lieutenant Colonel Dawnay, to the War Office with this statement:

> General Montgomery has to be very careful of what he does on his eastern flank because on that flank is the only *British* Army that is left in this part of the world [italics *mine*]. . . . Having broken out in the country southeast of Caen he has no intention of rushing madly eastwards and getting Second Army on the eastern flank so extended that that flank might cease to be secure. *All the activities on the eastern flank are designed to help the* [American] *forces in the west while ensuring that a firm bastion is kept in the east* [italics Ellis's]. At the same time all is ready to take advantage of any situation which gives reason to think that the enemy is disintegrating.

Blumenson's and Ellis's citations are not contradictory; they may be mutually explanatory. Both the letter to Brooke and Dawnay's message went to *exclusively British Army destinations* (italics mine), and the Imperial General Staff was still haunted by the memory of Dunkerque, where Britain had once before found herself "without an army in that part of the world." If he were dealing with a strategos less firmly entangled in a friendly flag, no historian could fail to conclude that the author of the two sets of letters wrote one thing to SHAEF, a joint Allied command, from which he wanted "the whole weight of air power," and another to Imperial General Staff, from which he wanted

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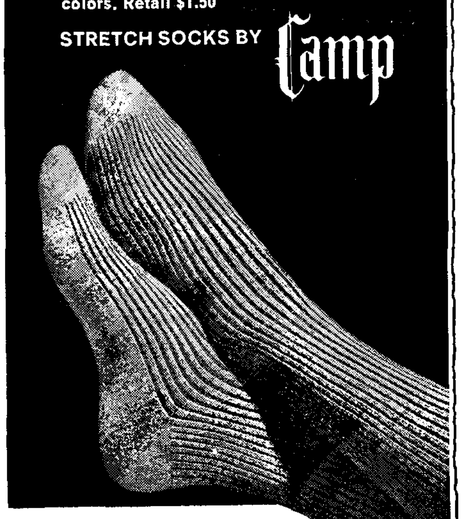

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permission to engage his army. He therefore told each what it wanted to hear—SHAEF that he would be Prince Rupert and IGS that he would be Fabius Cunctator. If he achieved the breakthrough, he would be a hero and Brooke would forgive him. If he failed, he had prepared a line of historic retreat with his letter to Brooke. In the actual event, he disappointed both his bosses—Eisenhower by failing and Brooke by incurring heavy losses. Yet he escaped censure. This was his towering gift. Of his famous predecessors, the one of whom Monty most reminds me is McClellan, a cautious fellow who always had a bold plan and a kind word for himself when he flubbed it. A horseback statue of McClellan stands in a *carrefour* in Washington overlooked by the windows of an apartment house largely occupied by retired generals and their families. Major General Clift Andrus, one of the tenants, once said to me, pointing to the statue, "There he stands, just as he would have wanted, with five avenues of retreat open all around him."

Generalleutnant Speidel, writing five years later, in 1949, was still, like Eisenhower, under the mistaken impression that Montgomery had been trying to break through. "In the course of a frightful four-day struggle in which he engaged five infantry divisions, three of armor and three armored brigades—more than 1,000 tanks on a very narrow front," the *Generalleutnant* wrote, "the Englishman progressed about five miles in depth, but did not succeed in piercing, as he had hoped." This is a picture of an offensive, not a feint, but lesser warriors never could fathom Montgomery's mind.

After the war, British journalistic historians, of whom Chester Wilmot is representative, popularized in Britain the thesis that Montgomery had won our battle by losing his, having "held the German armor off the Americans." But among those deceived, along with the foe and SHAEF, by Goodwood when it happened were all the British correspondents at the American First Army press camp at Vouilly, near Isigny, where I was then in residence. They took their quota of jeeps and drove up into the British zone on July 18th and 19th to see the Twenty-first Army Group make its attack, and when they came back they were extremely depressed. Montgomery had not told them, either, of his limited intentions. By choosing the British show, they had passed up the capture of St.-Lô, on July 18th—the culmination of a fight so long and an approach so slow that the press was bored with it—and the

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American correspondents attended the show out of a sense of duty. (The road up through St.-André de l'Epine became as familiar as the taxi ride to the office in the morning. The farthest bit ran between deep banks of earth topped by hedges that afforded concealment and protection if you didn't stand up in your jeep. Then there came a stretch where you walked until you reached a point at which you felt justified in protecting your publication's interests by returning to file a story. On the jeep trip back, you gave lifts to walking wounded and asked them what life was like beyond the hedges.)

There is nothing in the record of German troop movements—which was accessible to both Blumenson and Ellis—to support the notion that Goodwood drew Nazi armor or troops from the First Army front before Cobra started. The only Panzer divisions moved to the Goodwood area were the 116th, which came from across the Seine, and the 12th, which had been at Lisieux. Goodwood consequently brought them *nearer* to the site of the forthcoming Cobra. The other units of *General der Panzertruppen* Eberbach's *Panzerkorps* were held on Montgomery's front not by the attack but by the threat of it, which was far bigger before Monty lost the five hundred tanks. He could have achieved a greater effect simply by continuing to stand still. When von Kluge finally did move his armored divisions to counterattack the Americans after Cobra, he had no trouble in detaching them from the British front. At most it could be said that the Twenty-first Army Group, during Goodwood, had "written down" (in Montgomery's phrase) a good many German tanks and combatants, but it had lost many more of its own. In the what-would-have-happened-if-something-else-hadn't area, it is hard to overestimate what the British and Canadians could have accomplished immediately after the Cobra victory if they had retained their Goodwood forces intact.

After we correspondents had spent as short a time as possible in captured St.-Lô, which was under lively artillery fire, we raced back to the headquarters of the victorious 29th Division and asked its commander why Bradley had so insisted on capturing it. The *divisionnaire*, Major General Charles Gerhardt, said, "I guess because its name fitted so well in headlines." But a couple of nights later General Bradley unambiguously briefed the press corps. This was his scheme for Cobra: At a point midway between St.-Lô and

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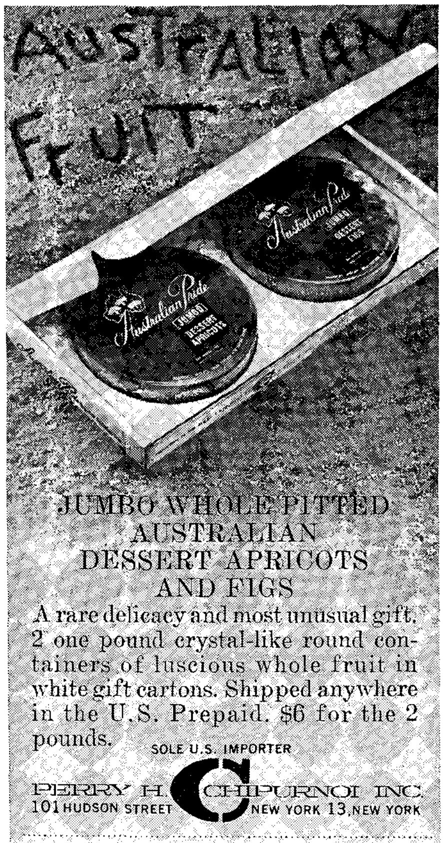
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the town of Périers, to the west, Allied heavy and medium bombers were to "saturate" an area four miles long and two miles wide with bombs of all calibres. Major General Lawton Collins, with a corps expanded to the size of a virtual army, was to attack, almost as the explosions ceased. He would put his lead infantry through this hole, and swing south and west-southwest toward the city of Coutances as his men enlarged the opening. Major General Troy Middleton's VIII Corps, now arrested on the coast of the Cotentin, would push due south toward Coutances, and between them they would cut off and destroy the extreme left of the German line of battle, replacing it with a vacancy that would release the djinni from the bottle. Bradley did not suggest that this might be a feint. The attacking forces would join at Coutances, whence some would pass south into Brittany and seize the Breton ports. Because St.-Lô was now in American hands, Eberbach's *Panzerkorps*, if it tried to seal the breach, would have to come a long way around. (Gerhardt had, of course, known all along what St.-Lô's value was.)

Cobra—like Overlord, the D Day plan—worked almost, if not quite, as plotted, although our Air Forces dropped a number of bombs on our forward infantry elements, which somewhat slowed the start. Middleton's armor got to Coutances before Collins. The bag of prisoners was disappointing, but by July 30th there was an irreparable hole in the cork. In the beginning, though, we came out of the bottle more in the manner of lunchroom tomato ketchup than like an angry djinni. First there was a long hesitation, then a trickle. Blumenson writes, "The word *breakthrough*, frequently used during the planning period, signified a penetration through the depth of the enemy defensive position. The word *breakout* was often employed later somewhat ambiguously . . . to describe the results of Cobra. . . . Reporters writing after the event and impressed with the results stressed the breakout that followed rather than the breakthrough that was planned." Blumenson, in both "Breakout" and "The Duel for France," is particularly good on this period of empiricism.

Once in a long while a set operation works out with a sufficiently recognizable likeness to its design to reduce confusion to, say, forty per cent. As soon as the set operation ends, confusion is again normal. Newspaper correspondents, restrained by limitations of space, have a habit of compressing the actions of a

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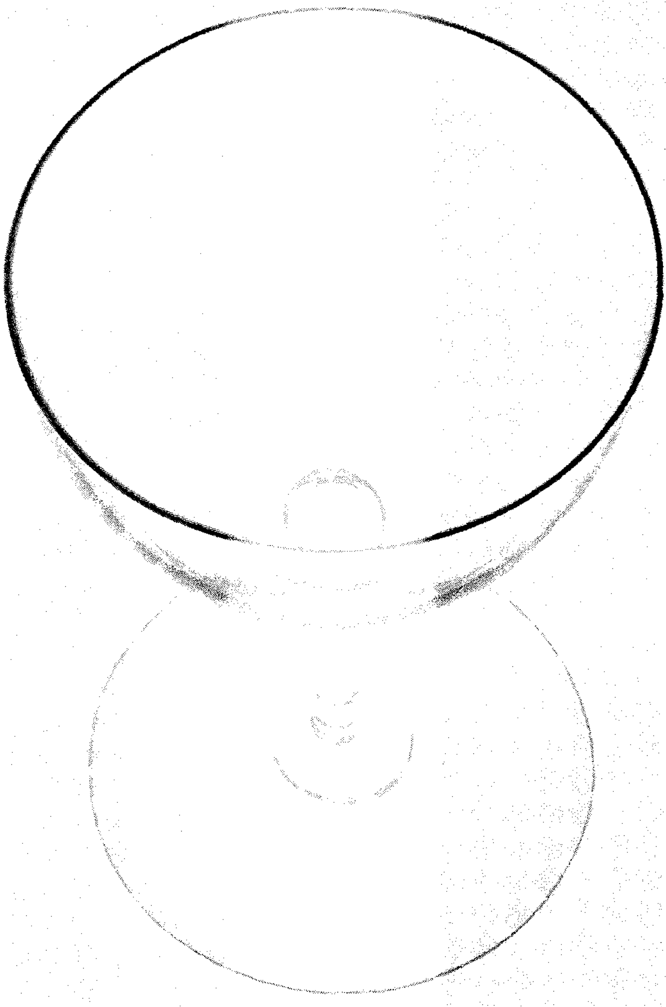

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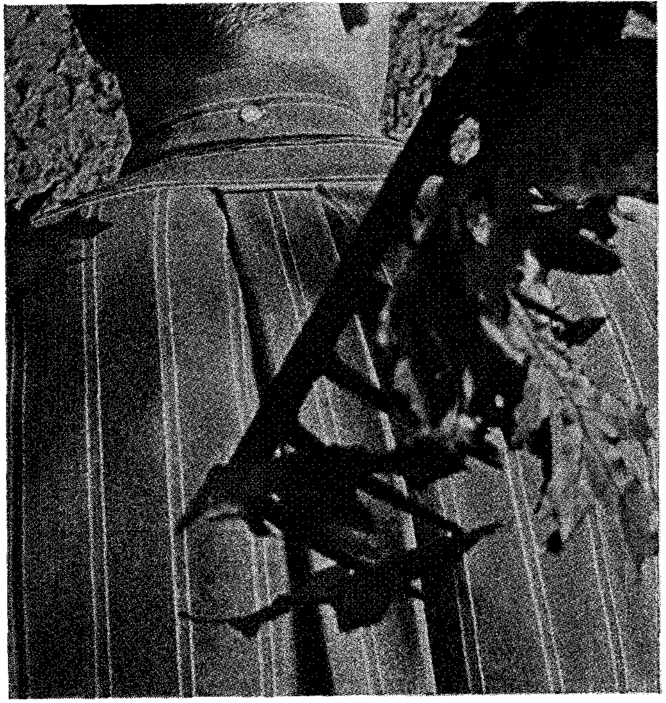
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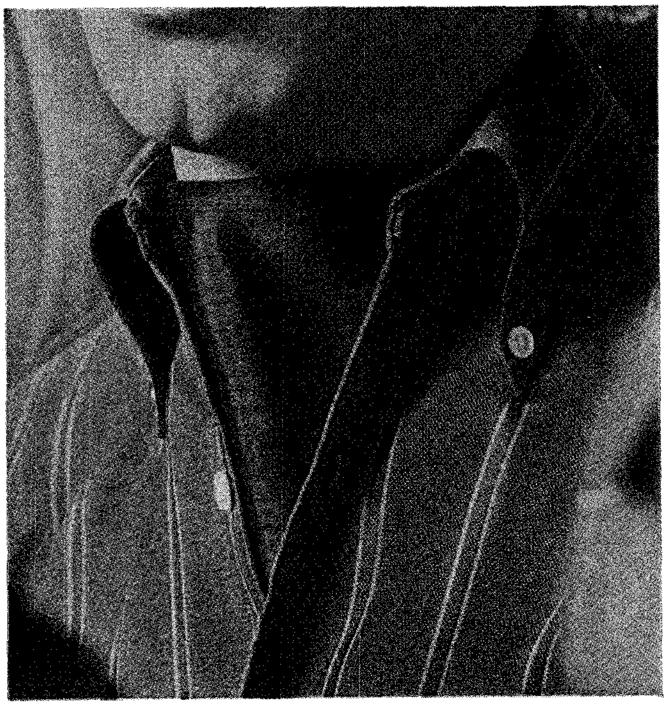
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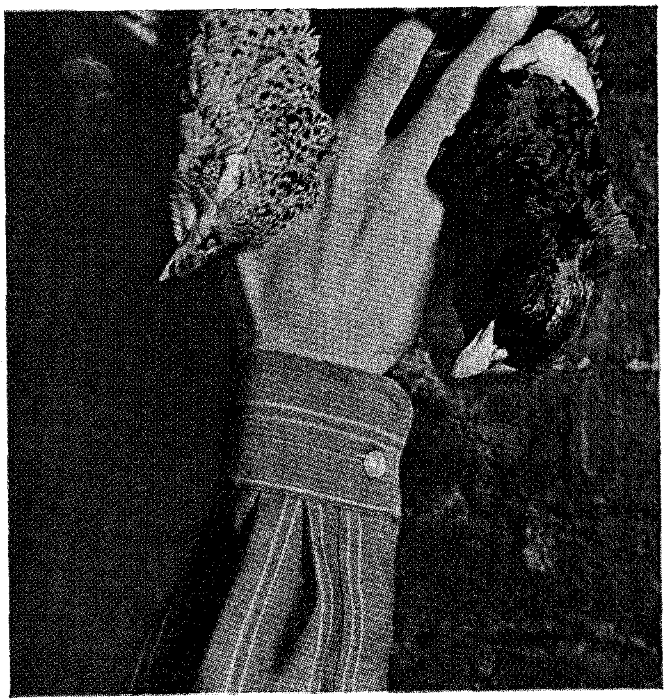
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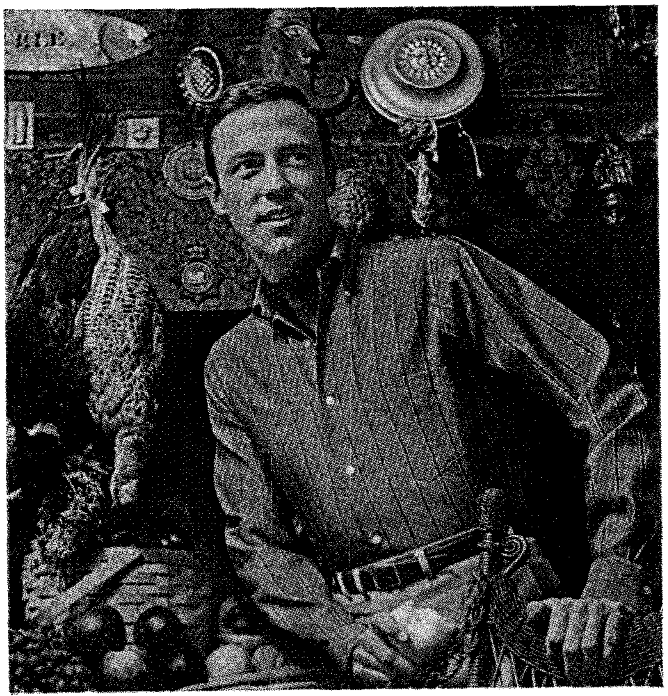
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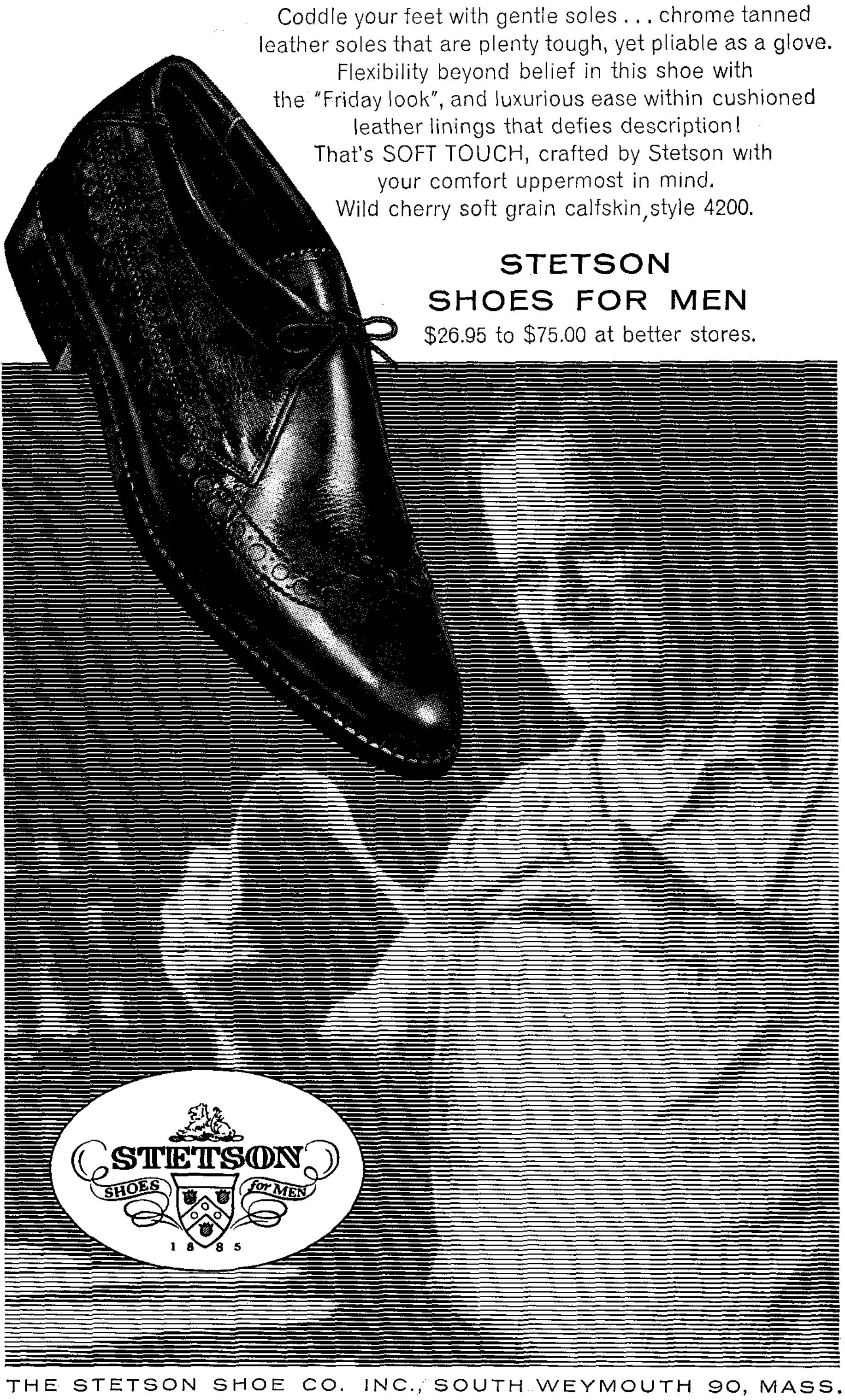
hundred units, stumbling in various directions at various speeds, and in some instances stopped dead, into the "thrust" or the "rush" of an army that "pours" or "races" or "smashes" as if it were a single creature. Headlines fix the patterns of memory; it is likely that at least half the people who read about General George S. Patton in those days thought of him as moving at the maximum speed permitted on state highways. And it is instructive now to read of the "push" to Brittany through Avranches (*Hôtel France et Londres, belle vue sur le Mont St.-Michel*), the town commanding the coastal highway that runs west from Normandy. (The hotel, when I came upon it in 1926, had a semitropical garden, with fig trees and palms. The armpit that the Cotentin forms in joining the mainland shelters the coast below and gives it an artificial warmth.)

The first tank company to creep into Avranches, on July 30th, found it "an undefended city for all its prize aspects," but Middleton, the VIII Corps commander (represented in the legend as "racing" toward the breakout), could not at first bring himself to believe that his foremost troops had got that far. The tank company, instead of "racing" on without instructions, sat there for a day, after which Middleton, "Breakout" says, "acted with dispatch" and ordered the 4th Armored Division, of which the tank company was the most advanced unit, to push on through. But in the meanwhile a German road convoy that had escaped the trap came bowling down the road at night *from* Normandy. (The only time that units of any army really move at headline speed is in flight.) The convoy's appearance from the wrong direction made the tankers, not unnaturally, think that *they* were cut off and had in some way got on the wrong side of the German Army. "But when Germans in several of the trucks opened fire with rifles the tankers returned the fire and destroyed a few vehicles, thus blocking the road." I quote "Breakout." The Germans,

Judith Shahn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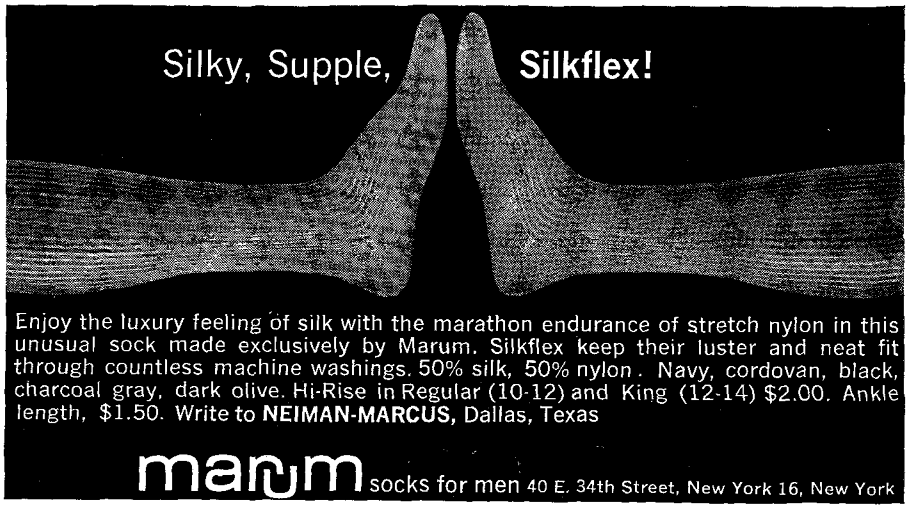
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several hundred of them, then surrendered, but the first ones to be interviewed said that a bigger convoy of escapees was coming along behind them, heavily armed. "The men of the tank company became jittery," Blumenson sympathetically reports.

The second convoy appeared, a shell from it struck an ammunition truck, and the tank-company commander "reached a quick decision. . . . Without having lost a man or a tank, the company abandoned several hundred prisoners and the Granville road bridge" and got out. Granville was the last big town north of Avranches, so the tankers were now in retreat, too. Other Germans, also in retreat, rolled over the bridge and into Avranches, which their comrades had abandoned a day or so earlier to flee south. Suddenly transformed into the recaptors of a vital objective, some Germans began to fortify it. More sensibly, "others, in a column of trucks, horse-drawn vehicles, and tracked vehicles, turned eastward and disappeared in the darkness, headed toward Mortain," a town, twenty miles inland, that was to have its turn in the spotlight a few days later. "Still others moved toward the southern exits of Avranches." But additional troops of the 4th Armored had moved on through the tank company and were now farther south. These came back toward the racket, and, "surprised, both Germans and Americans opened fire."

All this was normal confusion, but here a more serious note enters the story of Avranches. "In the confused fight, the action of one machine gunner, Private William H. Whitson, was a deciding factor. Before he was killed, he destroyed nearly 50 Germans and more than 20 light vehicles with his .30 calibre gun," Blumenson says. This frequent recurrence of the serious character is, by the way, what spoils writing about war for still another kind of author—the satirist. There are Falstaffs, but there are also Hotspurs, and both varieties make their entrances at the wrong moments for the artist. Since the division had trained long in the United States and had not been in combat long enough to receive replacements, Whitson must have been with it for a considerable period, and the fact that he was still a private indicates that he was a soldier of independent mind. He got a posthumous Distinguished Service Cross. "Breakout" goes on to say:

> The Germans turned back, but only to reorganize for a second attack that came after daylight. The CCB infantrymen were ready. Using white phosphorus mortar shells effectively and supported by

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the providential appearance of a flight of P-47's, they held their ground. When the attack collapsed, several hundred Germans surrendered. Meanwhile, General Dager had discovered the abandonment of the bridge on the Granville road and ordered the tank company commander to return. The company reached its former positions on 31 July, about the same time that advance units of CCA were arriving on the scene. When the German artillery pieces on the bluff opened fire on CCA, tankers engaged them while armored infantrymen crossed the river, mounted the bluff, and captured the pieces. [CCA and CCB, or Combat Commands A and B, were subdivisions of the 4th. Armored divisions were split into combat commands, as infantry were split into regimental combat teams.] By the afternoon of 31 July General Dager [of CCB, directing the "thrust"] was sure that the Germans at Avranches had actually been seeking an escape route and not attempting to recapture Avranches.

General Dager got a Distinguished Service Cross, too, but not posthumous.

After this action, the armor "poured" some more. Avranches, abandoned in turn by Germans and Americans, was the key to Brittany, the door to all France.

War is inevitably and perhaps essentially composed of such episodes. A "push" into the unknown is more like the hesitant progress of a child going to bed in a large, strange house. The only pushing involved comes from a headquarters that to the men out front seems parasangs to the rear and in a country safe as London, though it may in fact be only a couple of miles back.

Collins' VII Corps, reduced back to normal size, pushed south on the range of hills that parallels the coast at a distance of twenty miles, protecting the road into Brittany. The Germans made their counterattack there, with divisions withdrawn from Montgomery's front, in the first week in August. It was a *contre-attaque à contre-cœur*, against the wishes of the officers who led it. Hitler, hundreds of miles away, had noticed what a child could have spotted in an atlas: there was a corridor between Avranches and Mortain that looked narrow on a large-scale map. He could not see the hills between, and would not believe the generals in the field who told him that their divisions were reduced to regimental size. Any flinching appeared to him proof of treason. After the plot, he thought all professional officers were plotters against him anyway. The attack was to focus on Mortain, a delightful small town (*Hôtel de la Poste, alpes normandes, alt. 232 m.*). The brook trout there are remarkable.

Four Panzer divisions, all from Montgomery's front and considerably "written down," made the attack. The

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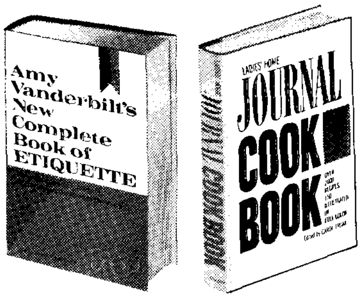
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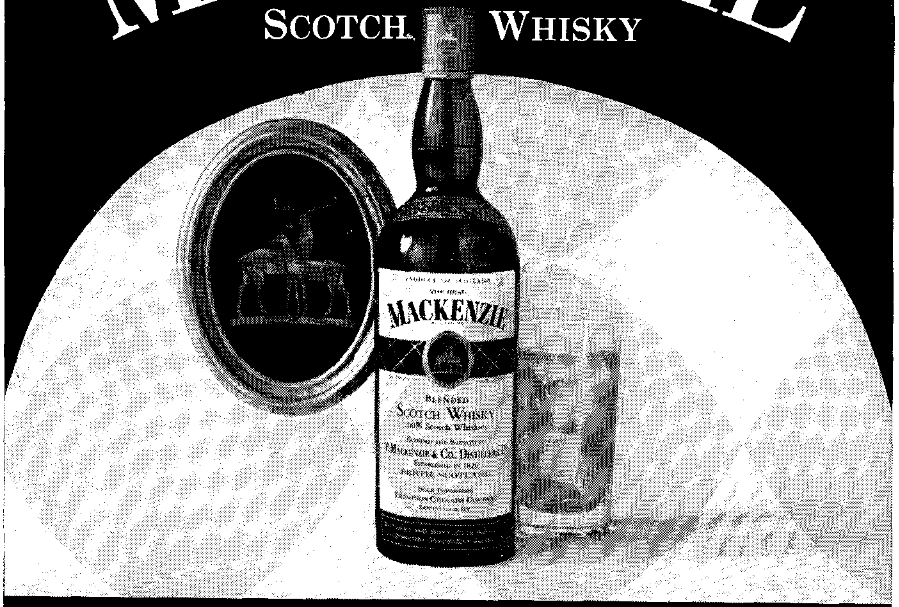

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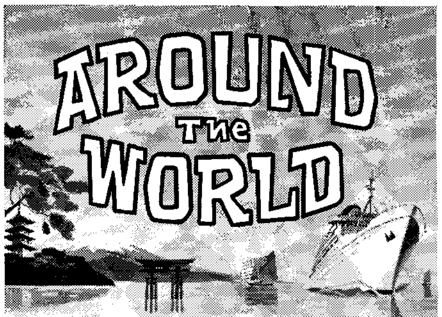

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American 30th Division was in Mortain when the assault hit, but, having arrived six hours late to relieve the 1st, which had pushed on, it was not yet firmly in the saddle. The terrain was as strange to it as Mars. The Germans, however, were also hours late in making their attack, which gave the 30th a bit of a chance to settle in. The moral for civilians is: Never stop running because you are late for a train; the train may be late, too. The attack achieved surprise but little else, since, as its unhappy commanders had predicted, it lacked the power to penetrate.

General George Patton's Third Army was activated on August 1st, *after* the breakthrough, from components of the old First Army plus newly arrived divisions, and took over the development of the enemy defeat. Patton "pushed" armored divisions toward Brest and Lorient, the chief Breton ports, but their commanders hesitated just long enough, so they found the ports barred in their faces by garrisons that a couple of days earlier had been irresolute. If Patton had then moved against the ports with his full strength, he might have taken them at the expense of just a week or a fortnight, and the supply difficulties that the Allies, particularly the Americans, were to encounter in September might never have occurred. On the other hand, the German armies in Normandy, with the road to their rear clear, might have escaped by a retreat in good order instead of succumbing in a general *sauve-qui-peut.* Falling back on prepared positions, they might have prolonged the Battle of France into winter. There is a chance, though, that they would have stayed put, as Hitler stubbornly ordered, and, like a blue crab clinging to a bait without a hook in it, would have awaited Patton's delayed maneuver. In that case, the Americans could have bagged the ports *and* von Kluge's Army Group B, and pushed on with their supply problem licked. Having missed their first snap at the ports, the Americans chose to seal them off and to go first for the Army Group and the mainland of France, hooking back east and north. They thereby almost totally destroyed the first objective and gained the second; it is only in retrospect that the thought arises that they might have made another choice and scored a clean sweep. By the middle of August, the ports were forgotten, except by the two divisions that were besieging them. The German collapse in France was so nearly total that it seemed, by optimistic extrapolation, that it must extend all the way to Berlin.

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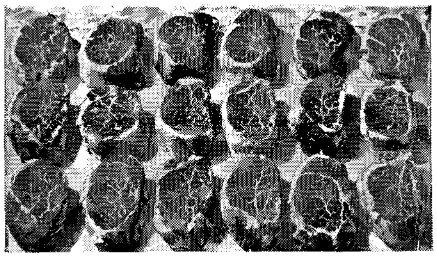

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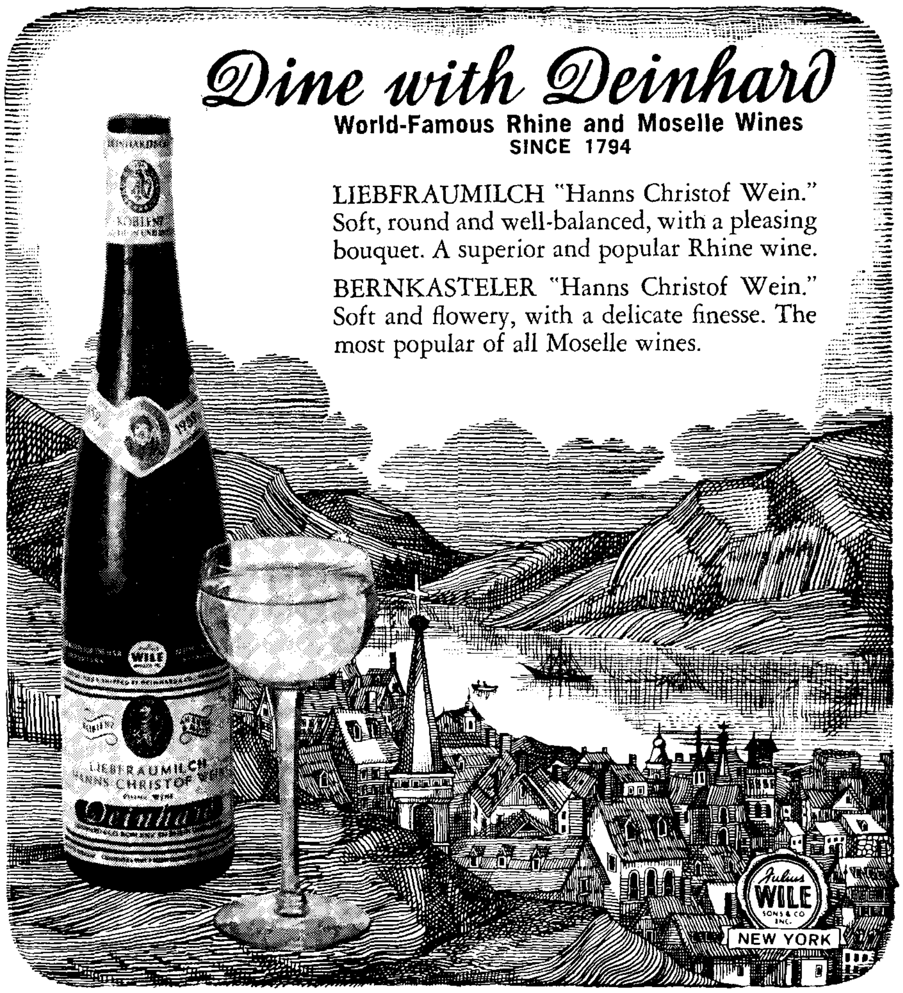
There was another muffled inter-allied row on, about the closing of the gap between the British-Canadians and the American armies in the rear of the trapped Germans as Patton hooked around behind them—the "Falaise Pocket" of popular memory. Montgomery, again assuming precedence in a maneuver that directly involved the armies of both nations, had set the date for the closing of the gap as August 13th-14th, by which time the Americans were to be on a line just south of the town of Argentan, where the British, having moved through Falaise, would join them. By the appointed date, the Americans had reached their line, but Montgomery had not yet got Falaise; moreover, he forbade our people to move up into his zone. I cite General Bradley, in a press conference at Laval on August 20th.

The Twenty-first Army Group's progress from Caen to Falaise was of almost pre-Cobra deliberation—twenty-one miles in thirty-eight days. Between August 13th and August 21st, when the Polish Armored Division, which was attached to the British forces, and the American 90th sealed the gap, an estimated forty thousand Germans, without vehicles or armor, managed to escape, but this number seemed so inconsiderable at the time that nobody really worried about it. It was only later, when these experienced soldiers reappeared, reëquipped, in the German ranks at the Battle of the Bulge, that recriminations warmed up.

THE British-Canadians, definitely uncorked after the Falaise battle, began to move along the north coast as rapidly as the Americans were moving toward the upper Seine; another American Army, with French components, had landed in the south of France and was moving north, almost without opposition, to join the chase. It was at this point that the revolt of the civilian population of Paris, on August 18th, forced the hand of the American command, which had intended to bypass the city on both sides and pick it up later. It is also here that a reader of "Breakout and Pursuit" has the sensation that something has gone wrong at the bindery, resulting in the inclusion of a chapter of another book, and one considerably inferior. This is Blumenson's chapter on the liberation of Paris, an excursion outside his military specialty for which he apparently was coached by a member of a State Department sect—since discredited by events—that for four years persuaded President Roosevelt that General de Gaulle had no real support with-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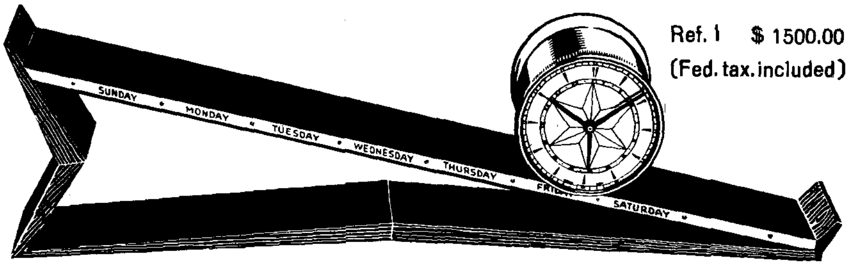
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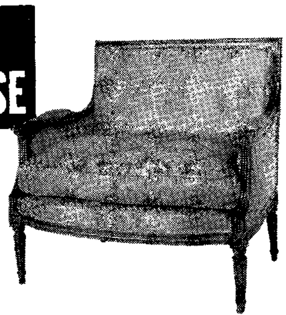

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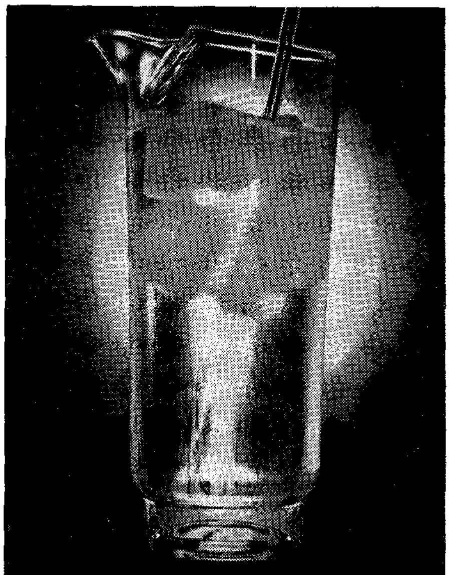
in France. Like the stray Mormons who every now and then are discovered practicing crypto-polygamy in the desert, the survivors of this odd fraternity still exist, perhaps in some cranny of the Metropolitan or the Cosmos Club, from which they sally forth to capture the ear of the innocent military historian.

"The political factor working against immediate liberation [of Paris in August, 1944] stemmed from the aspirations of General Charles de Gaulle, chief of the Free French movement," Blumenson writes. "Though Marshal Henri Pétain headed the government in France, de Gaulle several days before the invasion had proclaimed his own National Committee of Liberation the provisional government of the French Republic. . . . The result [of freeing Paris too soon] might be the imposition of a government on France that the French people might not want." This was a reflection of the cult view, in 1944, that de Gaulle commanded the support of "less than fifteen per cent of the French." (I cite the veteran diplomat J. Rives Childs, who heartily disagreed.)

Pétain was at the time not the head of a government but a captive of the Prime Minister, Pierre Laval, and refused even to go through the forms of exercising power. The "government" in Vichy was the captive of the Germans, who had occupied all France in November, 1942, abrogating even the fiction of continued French sovereignty south of the Allier. The National Committee, which had functioned as a government since June, 1943, in North Africa and all the French colonies, provided the French troops operating with the Allies in Italy and France and frequently proved its independence by refusing to take orders from its English-speaking Allies—a reason for the strong Washington bias against it. Within France, de Gaulle had no rival in popularity, as the days following liberation would prove. To the old prejudices of the diplomats Blumenson adds the petty peeves of a couple of generals who apparently thought of the Free French as a kind of Pawnee scouts attached to the Army. The Free French thought of themselves as the equal army of an equal Ally.

The French 2nd Armored Division, which was under the command of General Philippe Leclerc, and which was equipped like an American division and had the same table of organization, had been selected by the Allied command even before the Division reached France as the instrument



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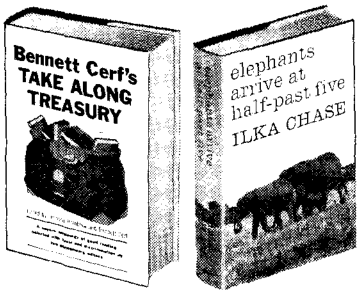
for the liberation of Paris when the appropriate day arrived. This was a wise decision, designed to bolster the pride of France, and it was a political decision, since any other division could have performed the same mission. But when the date of liberation was advanced, the 2nd found itself more than a hundred miles from Paris and had to be brought into position.

De Gaulle called the French 2nd Armored a French division that he, as provisional head of the French state, had lent to the American Army for the campaign. General Leonard Gerow, commander of the V Corps, and, as such, Leclerc's official superior, held that it had the same status as any other unit: "For his part, General Gerow saw no reason to employ the French Division any differently from the American units, for Paris was no specific concern of his," Blumenson records. Gerow ordered it not to march in de Gaulle's victory parade on the day after the liberation, because it was "needed" to clean up possibly disorderly elements in the streets, which were as safe as those of Allentown, Pennsylvania. Gerow apparently failed to realize that for Frenchmen all over the world the day was the first assuagement of four years of defeat. He also entertained a notion that he should be hailed as the Liberator of Paris, for his superior, General Courtney H. Hodges, commander of the First Army, had decided that "it would be fair for General Gerow, the corps commander, to have the task of liberating Paris because he and Collins had been the two American D-Day commanders and Collins had had the honor of taking Cherbourg." But General Leclerc captured von Choltitz, the German commander of Paris, and made him surrender the city to the French alone, which Gerow *apparently* still thinks of as a personal affront.

Even more poignant was the case of General Raymond O. Barton, of the American 4th Infantry Division, which entered Paris on the same day:

> Leclerc had installed his command post in the Montparnasse railway station, but he himself went to the Prefecture of Police. Barton, who was in Paris and wanted to coördinate the dispositions of the divisions with Leclerc, located him there having lunch. Holding his napkin and appearing annoyed at being disturbed, Leclerc came outside to talk with Barton. Without inviting him to lunch, Leclerc suggested that Barton go to the Montparnasse station. Barton, who was hungry as well as irritated by Leclerc's attitude, finally said, "I'm not in Paris because I wanted to be here but because I was ordered to be here." Leclerc shrugged his shoulders. "We're both soldiers," he said. Barton then drove to the Gare Montparnasse,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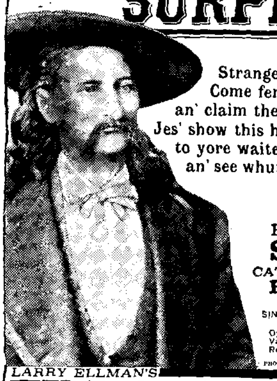

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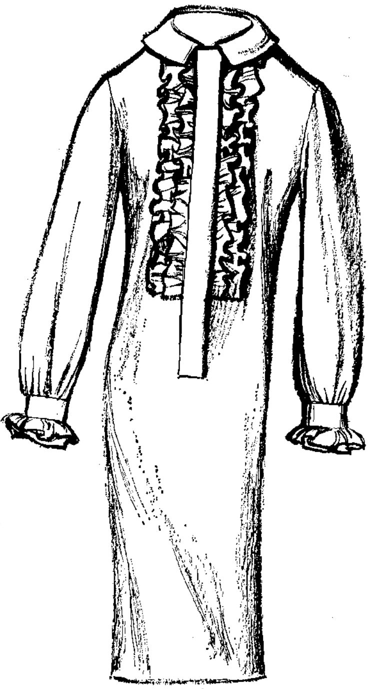

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where he found General Gerow already taking charge of the enormous responsibility of Paris.

That afternoon, at the Gare Montparnasse, I saw both the American generals, looking uncommonly gloomy for such an occasion, but then I didn't know they had lunched on K rations, like me. By courtesy of M. Robert Aron, author of "Histoire de la Libération de la France" (1959), I am now able to tell General Barton about the lunch at the Prefecture. It was a good one, but Leclerc had time to touch it only "with the tips of his lips;" he was, besides, distraught. M. Luizet, the Prefect of Police, had had a table "set with all the luxury with which, in times of peace, the City of Paris habitually entertains her guests of honor: white tablecloth, de luxe china, flowers from the municipal greenhouses. Leclerc sits down, but the street fighting continues and does not leave him the leisure to enjoy such a meal. He will remain seated only ten minutes, receiving meanwhile the reports of couriers." When Barton arrived, therefore, Leclerc probably had finished lunch. I feel it incumbent on me, as a brief and slight acquaintance, to make Leclerc's excuses for him, he having died sixteen years ago in the crash of a plane upon a hill in Africa.

Blumenson follows another cultist line in praising Raoul Nordling, the Swedish Consul-General in Paris, a half-Frenchman who all through the Occupation ran a factory that made ball bearings for the Luftwaffe. Nordling acted as intermediary between the Resistance and von Choltitz in arranging an imperfect truce that lasted from the twenty-first to the twenty-third of August, when the insurrectionists, who had never honored its terms anyway, repudiated it. It is significant, as an indication of Blumenson's sources of information, that he says the Resistance leaders were "fortunate" in securing Nordling as an intermediary, while Aron says that the demi-Swede "proposed himself" for the role. Nordling remains an equivocal figure, whose success would have left the Germans in possession of the city until the arrival of the Allied armies, not only depriving the Parisians of the consolation of thinking they had liberated themselves but opening the way for a deal with some anti-Gaullist faction of *attentistes* (chaps on the fence, and not too seriously compromised as open collaborators)—a deal that de Gaulle feared up to the last minute. Gaullists and Communists, united in the insurrection, were also united in this fear. Blumenson likewise repeats the canard about the French in Paris fighting among

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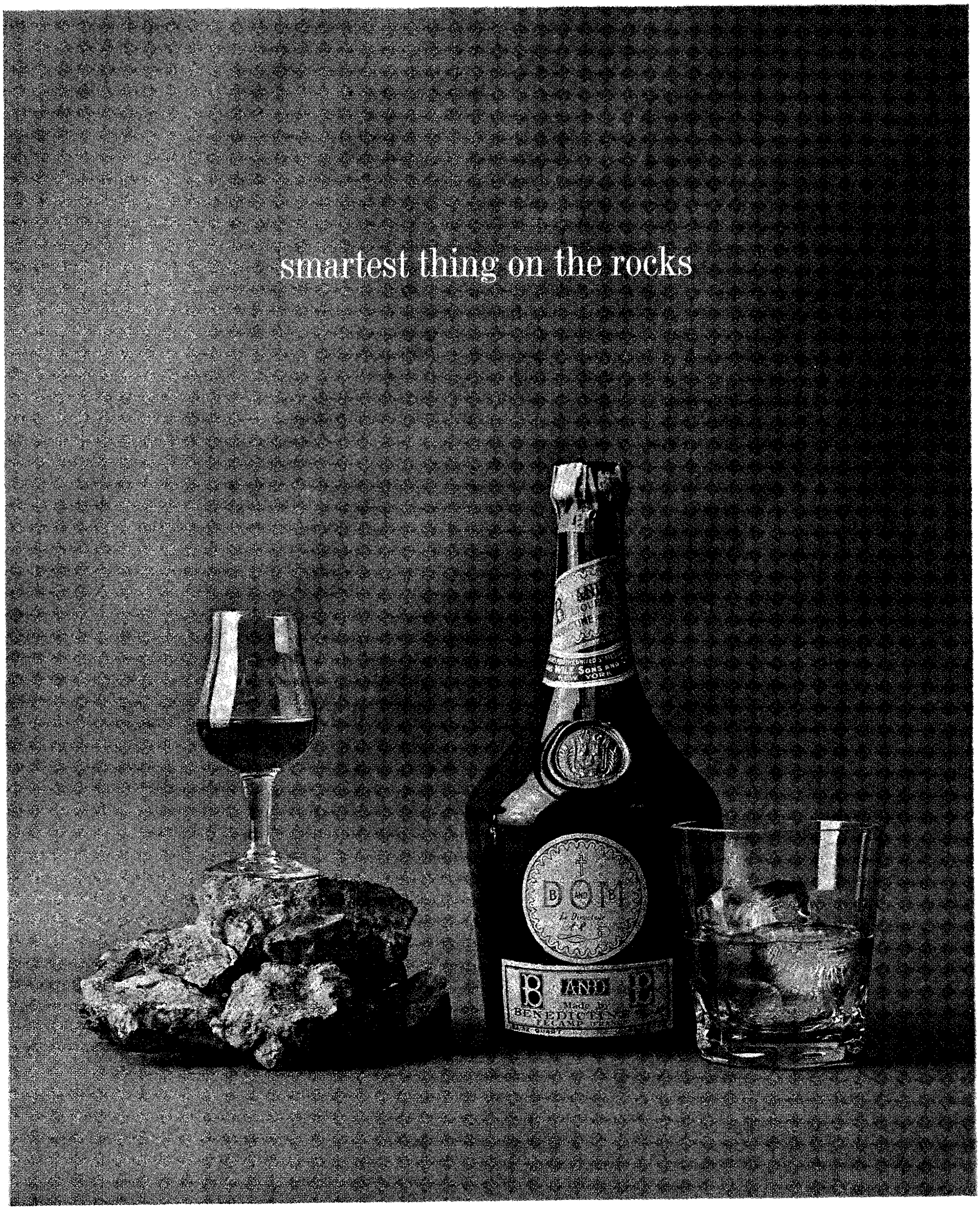

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themselves, citing as authority von Choltitz! The traumata set up in this period of de Gaulle's dealings with his Western Allies have affected his feelings about them ever since, and American diplomacy is still paying for the mistakes of the Vichy cult in our State Department.

What Blumenson never describes in his brief excursion into a strange world is the chief reason de Gaulle had to distrust the Americans, which was that an American administration group had consistently tried to short-circuit him and bring in a Giraud, a Darlan, a Peyrouton, a Flandin. The intrigues of factions that claimed American support continued, with increasing intensity, even as the armies neared Paris. De Gaulle, because of his unhappy experience, had no way of knowing how far the claims were justified. Aron says that the Resistance Intelligence service had reported a group within Paris that consisted in the main of *attentistes*, "who now believed that, in liaison with the Americans, their hour had arrived. Monzie, Frossard, Bonnet [Georges, an ex-Minister, not Henri, who was later Ambassador at Washington], Paul Faure, were supposed to be among the promoters of this movement; Chautemps and Monzie, in indirect contact with Admiral Leahy and Robert Murphy, were said to be extremely busy. It was said even that the group wanted to keep Marshal Pétain." (Leahy had been our Ambassador to Vichy after the Armistice of 1940, Murphy the *Grand Manitou* of our thinking about France.) "This new movement," the Intelligence bulletin concluded, "recruits its strength particularly among *attentiste* officers of the regular army. [These men had been from the beginning de Gaulle's bitterest enemies.] It seems, in any case, according to a report of Brinon's, that the Anglo-Americans have already given personal assurances to certain pro-Vichy elements."

It is doubtful that such assurances were being honored as late as August, 1944, although with a certain type of diplomatic mentality anything is possible. But it is definite that Pierre Laval, the archplotter of collaboration, who was assuredly not a fool, had come to Paris from Vichy early in the month to make a last stab at forming such a government and setting up such a deal with the Allies. Laval must have thought he had a chance. He left Paris only on the day the insurrection broke out. De Gaulle, still recalling his long experience of American intrigue with his enemies, could hardly be blamed for his suspicions, which he transmitted to his subordinates, among whom he counted the command-

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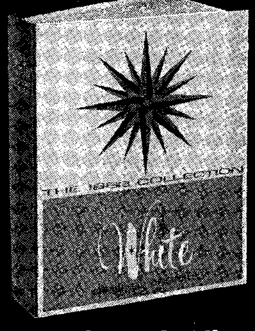

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er and officers of the French 2nd Armored Division as well as civilian officials in Paris.

By omitting from "Breakout" any of the four-year background of relations between the Roosevelt administration and de Gaulle, Blumenson endorses the picture, given by his military interviewees, of the French as petty, irritable, unduly suspicious, insubordinate, and frivolous. Once out in the open country again, though, he regains his, and the Allied forces', stride. The last week in August and the first days of September were a winner's dream of war—an enemy, apparently demoralized, intent only on escape or surrendering on sight. "The German situation was every bit as bad as the Allies thought." But the Allies were running into supply difficulties. An armored corps needed a quarter of a million gallons of gasoline to move fifty miles, and some of the American corps were grounded for days at a time, except when they captured German fuel with which to piece out their own. "The Third Army's eastward advance during the last week in August was a spectacularly fast movement against disorganized opposition—pursuit warfare at its best. . . . By its nature opportunistic and relatively uncontrolled . . . it was a motorized advance, everybody riding on tanks, trailers, and jeeps. It was a frantic search for bridges or fords. . . . It was a period of confusion when a jeepload of soldiers who had missed a turn in the road might capture a village, when an anti-aircraft battery or a few Quartermaster truck drivers might take a hundred Germans prisoner, when a single officer might go way ahead of his unit only to find that another outfit had already seized his assigned objective."

Major Ellis, for the British, writes, "It has been aptly said that a rapid advance is paradise for the tactician but hell for the quartermaster."

In this situation, another discussion now arose. Three great units—the British Twenty-first Army Group (Montgomery) and the American First Army (Hodges) and the Third (Patton)—were pushing the pursuit and advance from different directions. There was not enough gas and ammunition to keep them all moving and shooting, but there was, conceivably, enough to keep one moving full tilt if the others stopped dead. In the enemy's apparently difficult state (*v.* Speidel), this one might be able to smash on into the heart of Germany and perhaps end the war. There were, then, two chief subjects of debate. One was whether the circumstances justified such a gamble, for in

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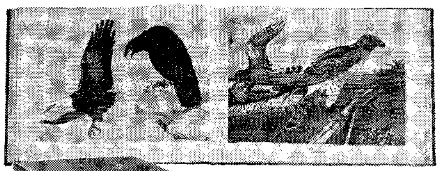

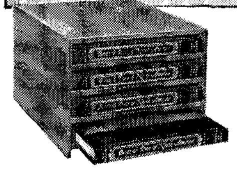

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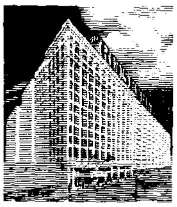

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the event that the Germans behind the border were in better shape than seemed possible, the thrust force might find itself in a perilous position. The second, in the event there was to be a gamble, was which of the three forces should receive the gas and the go-ahead while the others waited.

It was at this point that General Dwight D. Eisenhower moved Supreme Allied Headquarters to France and assumed personal control of all the armies. He had theretofore, as has been said, operated a chain of command through Montgomery over Bradley and through Bradley over Hodges and Patton. The Montgomery link was now eliminated, and the supreme chief was to operate through Montgomery and Bradley as equals. Eisenhower has never been a gambler, and he announced a "broad front" strategy, with all the armies advancing simultaneously at the best rate they could manage on the supplies made available to them, which he divided equally. Pursuit, in consequence, slackened everywhere, and the Germans' "miracle of the West" was accomplished. They got away and achieved an astonishing cohesion behind the West Wall, which a week earlier had appeared to all the Allies to be a paper barrier. (Officers of the 1st Division, in Paris on leave, said they actually had been through the West Wall once with exactly one casualty. Then they had been halted for lack of fuel and recalled to a less exposed position.)

"Perhaps strong leadership at this point in the campaign was not important," Blumenson writes charitably. "Eisenhower judged the hostile army 'no longer a cohesive force, but a number of fugitive battle groups, disorganized and even demoralized, short of equipment and arms.' " Nevertheless, they got away. The fantastic notion obtrudes, at this interval, that since the fleeing Germans mostly were on foot, or horse-drawn, the Americans and British, abandoning their stalled vehicles except for guns and ammunition trucks, might have improvised a pursuit on foot, with a minimum of fuel.

That military empiricist Major General Terry de la Mesa Allen, faced with a similar situation on a much smaller scale (one battalion) in North Africa, had once said, "Damn it, let the infantry walk!" General Allen, however, was now at home, training a new division, and the concept was too bold to occur to generals committed to the idea that a corps must move fifty miles a day or not at all. So the pursuit ceased, except for feverish bursts of movement when gas arrived. An army on foot escaped

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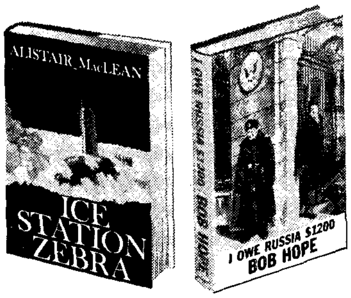

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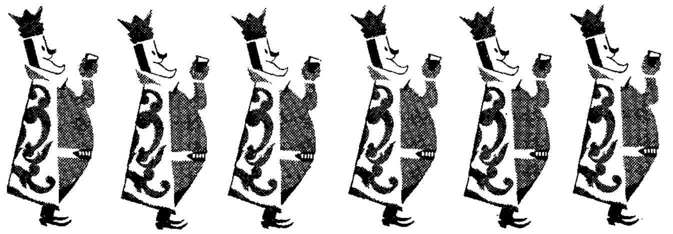

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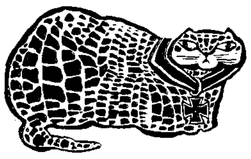

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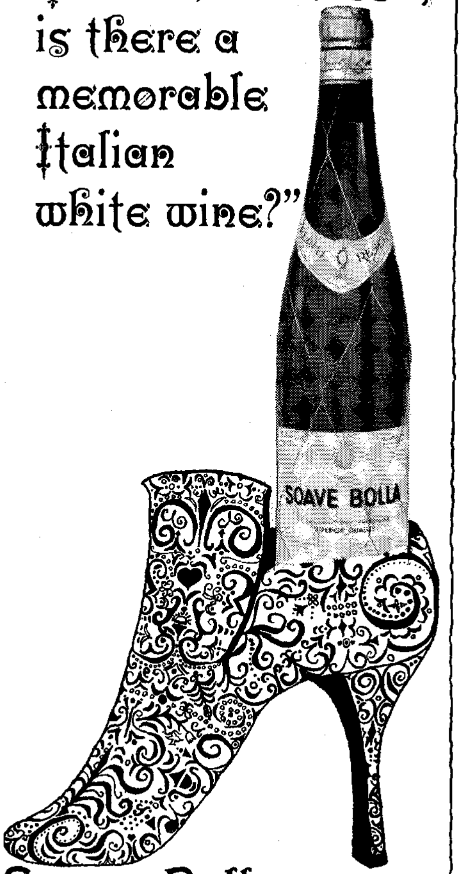

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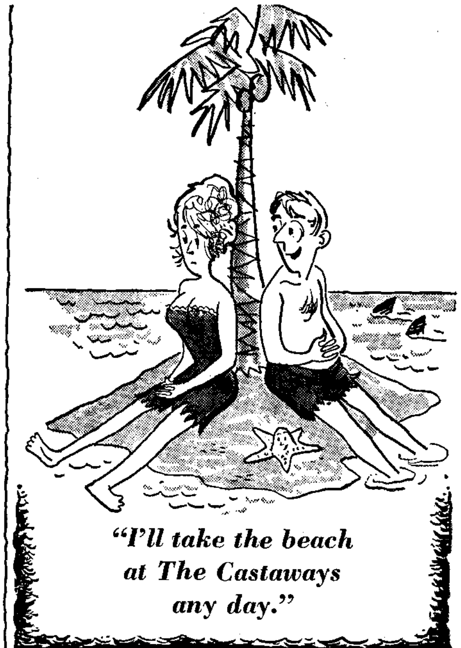
MACMILLAN

from an army on wheels. Major Ellis writes:

> With the end of the battle of Normandy in sight, General Montgomery meanwhile had first disclosed his view of future policy in a telegram to the C.I.G.S. on August the 18th:
>
> "HAVE BEEN THINKING AHEAD ABOUT FUTURE PLANS BUT HAVE NOT (REPEAT NOT) DISCUSSED SUBJECT WITH IKE. MY VIEWS ARE AS FOLLOWS. AFTER CROSSING SEINE 12 AND 21 ARMY GROUPS SHOULD KEEP TOGETHER AS A SOLID MASS OF SOME 40 DIVISIONS WHICH WOULD BE SO STRONG THAT IT NEED FEAR NOTHING. THE FORCE SHOULD MOVE NORTHWARDS. 21ST ARMY GROUP SHOULD BE ON WESTERN FLANK AND SHOULD CLEAR THE CHANNEL COAST AND THE PAS DE CALAIS AND WEST FLANDERS AND SECURE ANTWERP. [He would get Antwerp on September 4th, but would not free the port until November 9th.] THE AMERICAN ARMIES SHOULD MOVE WITH RIGHT FLANK ON ARDENNES DIRECTED ON BRUSSELS, AACHEN AND COLOGNE. THE MOVEMENT OF AMERICAN ARMIES WOULD CUT THE COMMUNICATIONS OF ENEMY FORCES ON CHANNEL COAST AND THUS FACILITATE THE TASK OF BRITISH ARMY GROUP. THE INITIAL OBJECTS OF MOVEMENT WOULD BE TO DESTROY GERMAN FORCES ON COAST AND TO ESTABLISH A POWERFUL AIR FORCE IN BELGIUM. A FURTHER OBJECT WOULD BE TO GET ENEMY OUT OF V-1 OR V-2 RANGE OF ENGLAND. BRADLEY AGREES ENTIRELY WITH ABOVE CONCEPTION. WOULD BE GLAD TO KNOW IF YOU AGREE GENERALLY. WHEN I HAVE GOT YOUR REPLY WILL DISCUSS MATTER WITH IKE."
>
> He had discussed future policy with General Bradley the day before he wrote this, but apparently he was mistaken in his belief that Bradley agreed entirely with him. For Bradley wrote afterwards that he and Patton had been thinking of a quite different plan for future action. "The first or predominantly American plan called for emphasis on a thrust to the Reich straight through the middle of France to the Saar and beyond the Saar to the Rhine in the vicinity of Frankfurt. . . . Both the First and Third American Armies . . . would be required for this major effort." [Ellis is here quoting Bradley.]
>
> Montgomery saw Bradley again on the 19th and learned from him then that "Ike wants to split the force and send half of it eastwards towards Nancy." Knowing this when he issued his directive on the 20th he told the C.I.G.S.: "I have so worded my directive that *we shall retain the ability to act in any direction*" [italics again mine].

This had all the built-in marks of the Montgomery mind—the demand for an overwhelming force that "need fear nothing," the use of the Americans to "facilitate" the task of the self-chosen instrument, the misrepresentation of Bradley, and especially the reservation of the intention, withheld from the Ally, to do anything he pleased if he felt like it. But here he faced disappointment, as did Bradley and Patton:

> General Eisenhower, however, was holding to the concept of policy for the advance into Germany on two axes which he had approved on May the 27th and the command arrangements foreshadowed in his directive of June the 1st. Reporting to



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the Combined Chiefs of Staff, he gave September the 1st as the target date on which the final system of command, as foreseen from the beginning of the campaign, would be put into operation and General Montgomery's responsibility "for coördinating actions between 21st and 12th Army Groups" would terminate.

For Eisenhower, who disliked the work of arriving at a decision, a policy once adopted was too valuable to be thrown away, and even though both of the policies cited had been arrived at in advance of the first landing, and although events since had not been foreseen, he stuck to them. Eisenhower could, at that, be excused for being slightly leery of Montgomery's projects after Goodwood. Ellis says:

> Thus, General Eisenhower envisaged that two groups of armies, each with its separate Commander-in-Chief acting directly under orders of the Supreme Commander, might, if conditions allowed, advance north and south of the Ardennes, the Central group giving such assistance as might be needed to the Northern group in its advance through northern France and the Low Countries. General Montgomery, on the other hand, held that both groups of armies should advance together north of the Ardennes, and both remain under the control and direction of a single commander. It will be found, as the story of the campaign develops, that this difference of opinion persisted and had effect on the conduct of operations—and indeed on the final outcome of the Allied campaign in the West.

It did. The insufficiently fuelled Army groups broke down on both axes, the home-field spirit of the Germans asserted itself, and it was not until the following May that Breakout and Pursuit had their final effect.

But in the I hope immortal words of Major General Leland S. Hobbs, commander of the 30th Division, which led Breakout, and got bombed by the Air Forces: "I claim we may be the spearhead that broke the camel's back."

—A. J. LIEBLING

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE PALACE, by Claude Simon, translated from the French by Richard Howard (Braziller). This is not a novel but a prolonged experience in patient listening, and the reader's enjoyment of the book will depend on the degree to which he can tolerate an excited, self-pleased, and mercilessly demanding personality. The narrator, who never stops for breath, and only occasionally for the most irritable stabs at punctuation, is a Frenchman who took part in the Spanish Civil War and who returns to Spain fifteen years afterward to

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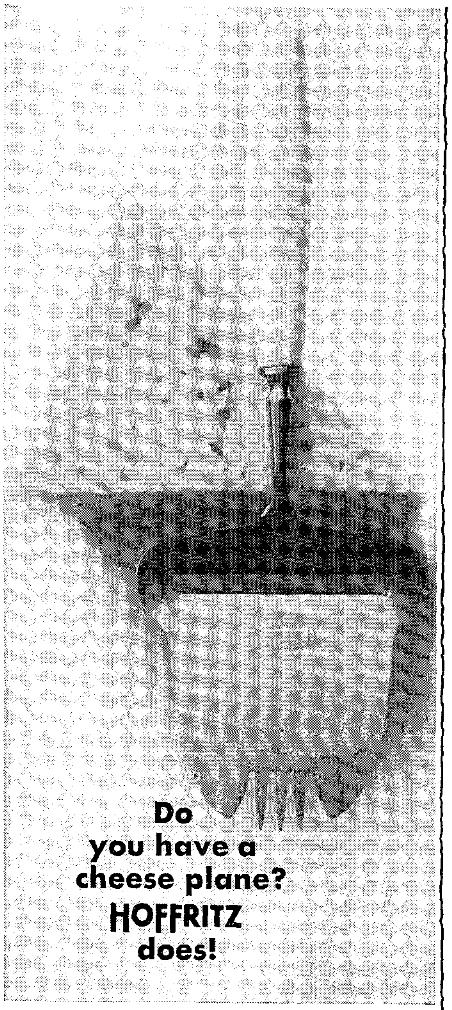

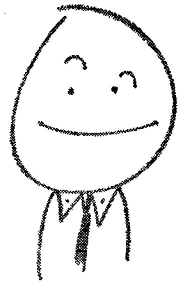
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remember the part he played and to review the results of his act of faith.

ALL THE GODS AND GODDESSES, by Kay Martin (Putnam). A disconnected account of male and female doctors in some hospital in Los Angeles. It is told with the sordid pomp usually accorded medical fiction, and concerns itself with the pitiful plight of a very famous but very sick surgeon (he has a dreadful brain ailment) who keeps killing patients by mistake. The Putnam Award novel for 1963.

THE STORIES OF WILLIAM SANSOM, by William Sansom (Atlantic-Little Brown). These stories are fairly competent exercises in the short-story form, but none break through beyond the formal exercise. Location, character, and crisis are established early; there is a moment of uncertainty; and, finally, fatality resolves the tale, not as internal necessity but as a kind of convention between author and reader—no story shall come to an unanticipated end. On the way, there are some unnecessary convolutions of style. ("It is difficult to express the acceptance of these my dead that I felt at that moment—can one recollect, for instance, some almost parallel episode of unusuality and the way in which one's sense of personal ignorance placed this firmly, in the first startling second, within the reasonable plan of expected existence?") In general, the effect is that of manufacture by a slightly flawed machine.

GENERAL

THE BLUE LANTERN, by Colette, translated from the French by Roger Senhouse (Farrar, Straus). "Our first meeting—1894 or '95?—took place before lunch at the house of Catulle Mendès. The sun was streaming into the room, and at that midday hour its light gave a vivid outline to the long silhouetted figure of a slight young woman who was leaning forward under the weight of the load she was carrying; this turned out to be a fine, heavy child of between eighteen months and two years old. Fair as summer, he turned to look at me with his grave dark eyes, inherited from his mother. This splendid child, whose birth had all but caused the death of so frail a mother, this child of light himself died of meningitis before he was three, after battling against death with a strength already far beyond his years. There are few of us left now who remember his short life." That is Colette recalling her first meeting with Marguerite

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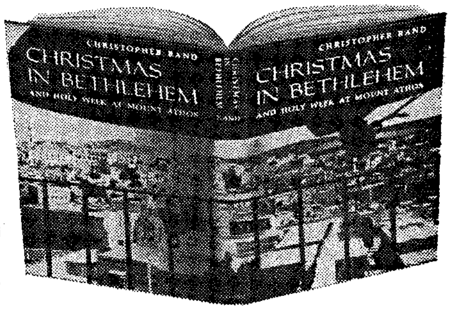
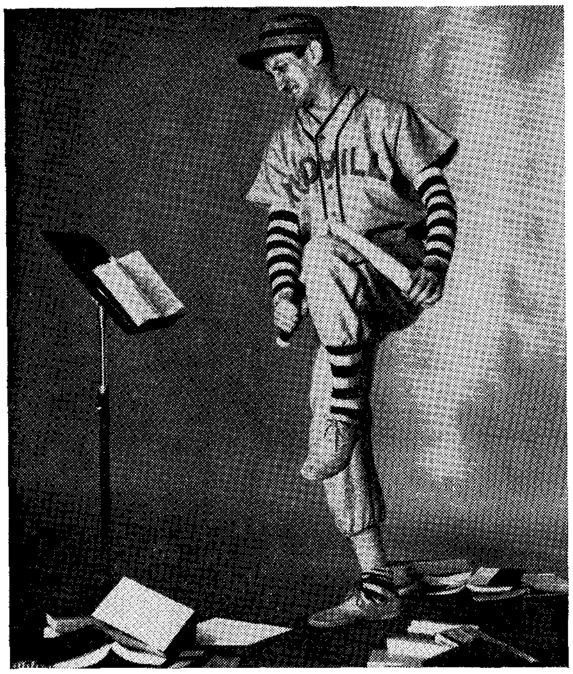


captures the sight and sound of modern Jerusalem and all the rich pageantry of the Holy Land at Christmas time. $4.00
Oxford University Press • New York
Most of the material in this book originally appeared in The New Yorker *in somewhat different form.*

Moreno, the actress who remained her dear friend until Mme. Moreno's death, in March, 1948. Colette died six years and five months later, in August, 1954. She was eighty-one years old. These souvenirs and observations, written as she approached the end of her time, reflect the difficult calm imposed on her by her enfeebled body; she was bedridden and in pain while she worked, and so surprised to find herself old that we are astonished to find her old. It has been said that a poet is one who never gets used to anything, and Colette died without ceasing to wonder at the world where she found herself. She was one of those inhabitants who illuminate and amuse the earth. This last book, produced in a fading light that is still clear and ironic, benign and restless, is a significant detail in the great structure of her work.

THE LAST CONFUCIAN, by Denis Warner (Macmillan). The author, an Australian journalist, describes the present complex situation in Southeast Asia, gives the genealogy of its troubles, and explains how, and with what success, the United States became involved in them. Mr. Warner's fine style relieves a gloomy story that begins with colonialism—mostly French and all ghastly—and continues with the creation of a number of incoherent states composed of members of different tribes, faiths, and cultures. He is remarkably clear about South Vietnam. He tells us, among other things, why Americans dislike Diem and why he dislikes us—a quarrel in which both parties seem to be quite right. Luckily, Mr. Warner offers us a ray of hope. Good as Communists are at overthrowing governments, they can't always run countries. North Vietnam, Mr. Warner says, is in as bad shape as China. Southeast Asians have heard about the horrors to the north, and this has been slowing down the Communist advance. If the United States continues to insist on the likelier ventures into guerrilla war and on social justice, Mr. Warner thinks, we may save both our cranky allies and our national pride.

MANHOOD: A JOURNEY FROM CHILDHOOD INTO THE FIERCE ORDER OF VIRILITY, by Michel Leiris, translated from the French by Richard Howard (Grossman). The element of confession in literature can take many forms: autobiography, journal, lyric poem. It may be abstracted in philosophy or distilled in fiction. Michel



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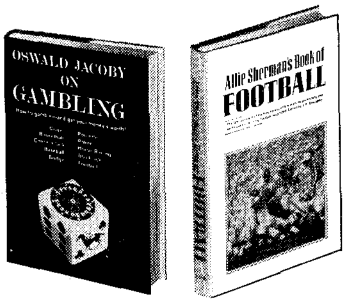

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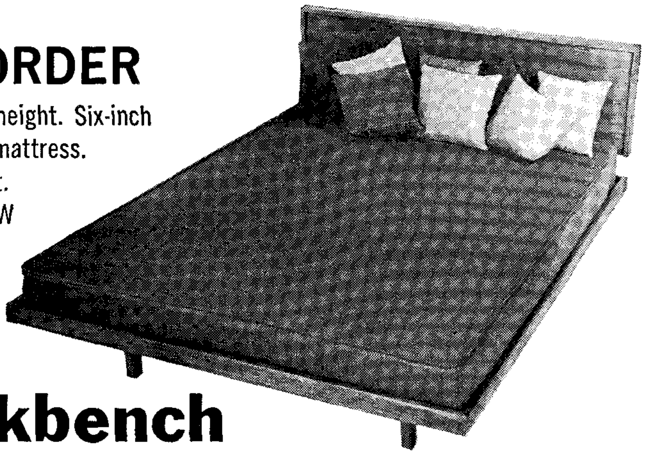

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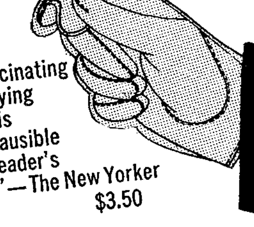

Food for Thought

Novice investors are sometimes puzzled by the facts of economic life that they encounter when they first start reading the financial news.

For example, take percentages. They can be pretty confusing. If the price of a stock rises from 40 to 80, it rises 100%. If it falls from 80 to 40, it falls only 50%—and yet the dollar amounts are the same in both instances.

Then there's the matter of yields. The yield of a common stock is the return per year, expressed as a percentage of its current market value. It is calculated by dividing the current annual dividend by the current market price of the stock. Obviously, the yield of a stock increases when the dividend rate is increased and decreases when the dividend rate is decreased. And interestingly enough, the yield also increases when the price of the stock declines and decreases when the price advances — assuming that the dividend rate remains the same.

The major mystery is probably that of fluctuating prices. Why should the price of a stock vary from day to day when the company (of which the stock is a share of ownership) is likely to be very much the same on Tuesday as it was on Monday? The company's prospects clearly do not change as often as the price of its stock fluctuates. Probably the only answer to that riddle is that in the market, any market, a thing is worth what it will fetch—for whatever reason, perhaps for no discernible reason.

MEMBERS N. Y. STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES

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Leiris lays bare his personality in terms of myth. The conflict of his life is embodied in his attitude toward women, whom he places in the categories of two legendary figures—Judith, the bloodthirsty, and Lucrece, the violated. The author scrutinizes his own views with a certain fascinated revulsion; he regards the writing of this book as an act of courage—an offering of testimony in the trial of a society that has made him what he is. The reader may not share the author's interest in his own anxieties, scratchings, and erotic fantasies, or his faith in the value of his testimony, but the book has a certain merit—if only as a transliterated document in clinical pathology.

THE DOMESTICATED AMERICANS, by Russell Lynes (Harper & Row). A historical review of American domestic architecture "from stylelessness to contrived gorgeousness back to stylelessness again." Mr. Lynes shows us the log cabin, the sod house, the clapboard box, the Greek Revival temple, the turreted Queen Anne fortress, the bungalow, the apartment hotel, the split-level ranch house. He leads us into every room. He lets us open all the drawers and cabinets and closet doors. He shows us what the family eats, and where and when and how much and how. Much of what he has to say is highly entertaining, but more of it is mere detail—trifling and tedious, and included, it is impossible not to suspect, only because it was available. Illustrated with photographs and contemporary drawings and prints.

•

A carload of construction workers narrowly escaped serious death when their auto stalled on a South Side railroad crossing late yesterday.—*Pittsburgh Press.*

No vivid writing, please.

•

One cannot, for example, create a good classroom for 100 pupils merely by drawing back the partitions separating three thirty-seat classrooms in a row.—*Saturday Review.*

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